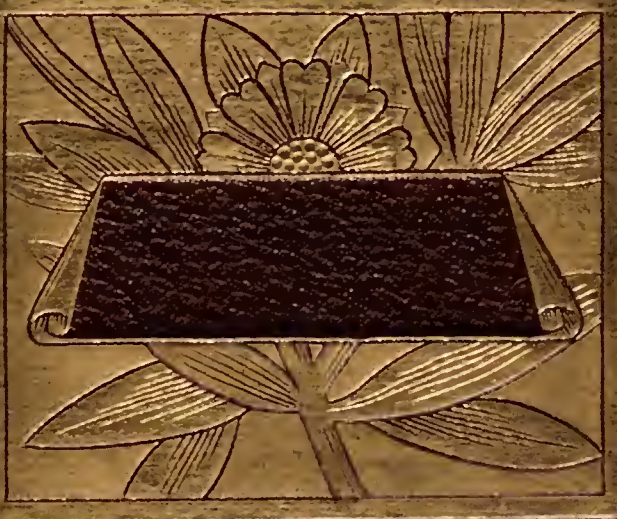




THE  
CHEFS-D'OEUVRE  
D'ART  
OF THE  
PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION

1878







1878-08

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CHEFS-D'OEUVRE  
D'ART

OF

INTERNATIONAL AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS











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G. L. F. F. F. F. F.

THE LITTONS' SONS.



EDWARD STRAHAN

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OF

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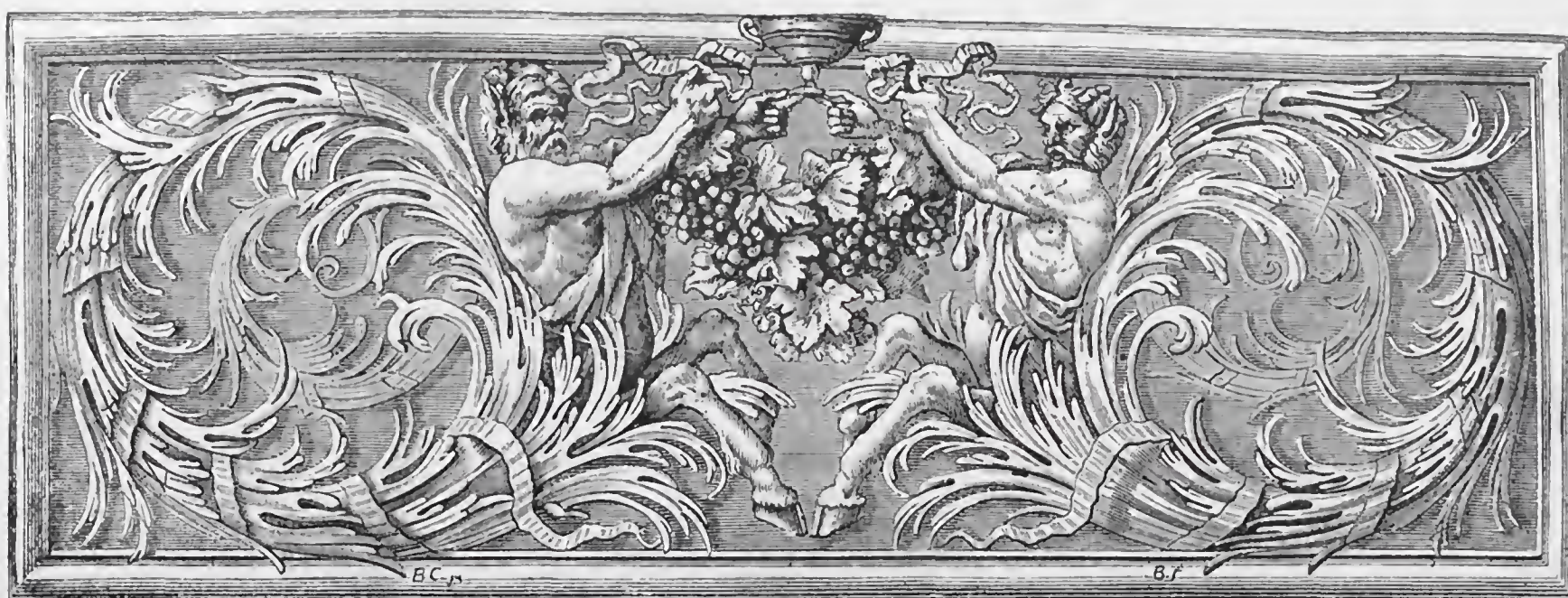






PHYLIS AND TYRUS





## PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

BY F. A. DELOBBE.



FAC-SIMILE OF DESIGN BY MADRAZO.

AN we find any love-story older—is there any love-story tenderer—than the quaint Babylonian legend of Pyramus and Thisbe, which was doubtless written in cuneiform characters for school-girls who were contemporary with Semiramis? Though we get this tale in the Latin diction of Ovid, it is evidently brought down from a date older than the incipency of Latin literature, older than that of Greece. All the touches in the story—the lion, a beast unknown to Greece or Italy, making his lair in the most primitive manner close to the royal cemetery of Babylonia—and Pyramus seeing the lion's prints “in the deep dust”—speak of the desert, of the Orient. The Roman poet has only been the faithful conduit of an infinitely old tradition. We are transported to an epoch (whenever that was) while Ninus's tomb was standing and sturdy; to an epoch (whenever that was) while the mulberry tree bore a cloud of fruit as

white as sugar-plums. Thisbe, advertised through that primitive post-office, the slit in the wall, seeks the rendezvous, at night, far from home, among the tombs. The lion finds her veil, which she had mislaid with all the confirmed lack of the organ of place characteristic of modern girls mislaying perpetual gloves. The beast—his mouth already bloody from the cattle-sheds—tears and stains the veil, whereupon Pyramus



sees the rags and kills himself, and his purple blood dyes the mulberry roots, and all the fruit turns instantly dark. Then Thisbe coming up, "when she observed the changed appearance of the tree, the color of the fruit making her all uncertain, she doubted if this was the place," saith Ovid. But she finds poor Pyramus, still occupied in dyeing mulberries with his young life-blood, and falls on her lover's sword; and over the two pretty bodies the rival heads of the families become reconciled, quite in the Montagu and Capulet manner; and mulberries have never succeeded in growing white again since. The archaic grace and directness of this legend—whose periods are primitively short and bloody, and overturn the dramatis personæ like ninepins—have been very elegantly rendered by M. François Alfred Delobbe, a young native of Paris, in his picture at the Exposition. "Pyramus and Thisbe" was first exhibited at the Salon of 1875, where it gained its author a second-class medal, and was purchased for the Musée de Bernay, whence it has been brought to the present Exhibition. M. Delobbe is a pupil of MM. Bouguereau and Lucas. Besides "Pyramus and Thisbe" he exhibits three portraits.



## THE FAIRIES' PROTEGÉE.

BY A. J. MAZEROLLE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

IN arranging his lovely decorative work of "The Fairies' Protégée" M. Mazerolle has felt that he must rest within the bounds of a purely conventional form of art. The composition is a model for the tapestry establishment of the Gobelins, and the forms and colors are restricted to the limitations of that special industry. It may be objected perhaps, that his architecture in the background plays too important a part, and belongs to a special period of human history, thus mistakenly squaring to a rigid framework the graceful liberties of folklore. M. Mazerolle places the actions of good fairies and wicked fairies in a building belonging to the land of Greece and the time of Pericles. This sort of objection has been gracefully answered, however, by the poet Campbell, in disposing of Skottowe's strictures against the introduction of fairies into the period of Theseus, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." "If there were fairies in modern Europe, which no rational believer in fairy-tales will deny, why should those fine creatures not have existed previously in Greece, although the poor blind heathen Greeks, on whom the gospel of Gothic mythology had not yet dawned, had no conception of them? I am not aware that Shakespeare makes any of the





LA FILLE DE DES FÉES

VON BATHING PROTECTOR











PREPARING FOR THE FIGHT.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY CARL BODMER



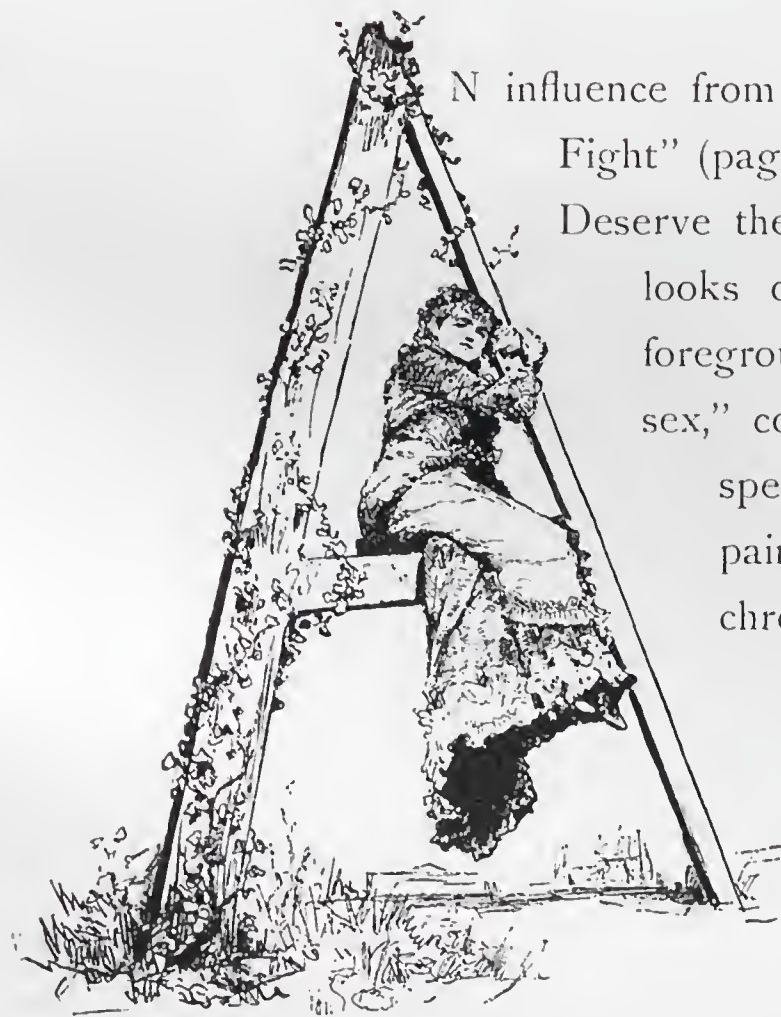
Athenian personages believe in their existence, though they are subject to their influence." And similarly unconscious is the Greek girl-baby in this classic portico, whether of the good fairies who pour every blessing on her sweet head, or of the wicked fairy who marches off baffled and muttering.

M. Mazerolle was born in Paris and is a pupil of Gleyre and Dupuis. He received his first medal of the third class in 1857, and Medailles d'honneur in 1859, 1860, and 1861. In 1870 he was made a chevalier of the order of the Legion of Honor, and since then has worked frequently on panel subjects, and ceiling decoration. Mazerolle sends only one other picture to this Exhibition, "Les Agapes," which delineates one of the customs of the early Christian Church; it was the practice before the Holy Communion for the devout to gather together for "Les Agapes," or a feast, and at this repast one of the number engaged in prayer whilst the company saluted each other with the kiss of peace.



## PREPARING FOR THE FIGHT.

BY KARL BODMER.



N influence from Landseer is discoverable in M. Karl Bodmer's "Preparing for the Fight" (page 7.) It tells the same story as Sir Edwin's "None but the Brave Deserve the Fair." The Bluebeard of the forest, surrounded by all his wives, looks out haughtily from the morning curtains of mist, while in the foreground a rival, not less brave but apparently less popular with "the sex," comes boldly up, challenging and bragging, with a whole arsenal of spears on his head, freshly sharpened against a tree. Bodmer is a painter and an etcher, the historian of woods and thickets, a chronicler of the little scandals, anecdotes, and adventures, that take place under the greenwood leaves. His heroes are stags, foxes, partridges, rabbits. The illustrations from his hand avoid the bad look of plates from a work on natural history; they always speak of an event, a catastrophe—the narrative interest is insisted on, not the scientific. His painting in the Luxembourg Gallery ("Forest Interior in Winter") is of this gamey description, and so are the lively and highly-finished etchings which he produces in such profusion.

Karl Bodmer was born at Zurich, Switzerland, but lives at Barbizon, (Seine-et-Marne) and has his studio in the rue d'Assas, Paris. Among the other paintings which M. Bodmer exhibits are, "Interior of a Forest," "A Quarry in the Forest of Fontainebleau"—exhibited in the Salon of 1874, and two panel



subjects of flowers, birds, and insects. The "Preparing for the Fight" was first exhibited at the Salon of 1877.

Switzerland has never distinguished itself at any International Exhibition by the number of its paintings; but at Paris in 1867, at Vienna in 1873, and at the present one it deserves special mention for the taste and evidences of originality which distinguish its small number of painters. It is still to be regretted that it made no display of its Fine Art at the 1876 Exhibition in Philadelphia, as several of the oldest Republic's artists are well known and much appreciated by their works in the private collections of the United States, and they lost this opportunity of increasing their constituency of disciples. As compared with 1867 the present year shows a marked improvement in the works of Swiss painters; now there is less of the pretentious fantasies which they had borrowed from the Italian and Spanish Schools, and of the enigmatical ideas from the German School of nearly two decades ago. This year they have reproduced on their canvases some of the marvellous scenery of their country; one, the "Gorge de l'Areuse" by M. Jeanneret, an agreeable landscape in color, left with us a very excellent impression, whilst two by M. Rudisuhli, "The Source," and "Solitude," would arrest the attention of all connoisseurs of good painting and picturesque nature. Of M. B. Vautier, who exhibits only one picture, "Le Diner de Circonstance," of M. E. Burnand's "The Village Oven," and of Simon Durand's "The Bride is made to Wait," we hope to speak more fully in succeeding pages.

We embellish this page with a fac-simile drawing from the painting furnished us by M. Robinet, who has studied in the schools of Meissonier, Cabat, and Barrias: although born in France, he lives nearly all the year at Luzern, in Switzerland. The "Trappists" was exhibited at the Salon of 1877, and again makes its appearance at the Exposition Universelle of this year.



FRENCH SECTION

TRAPPISTS WORKING IN A FOREST IN WINTER.

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. ROBINET





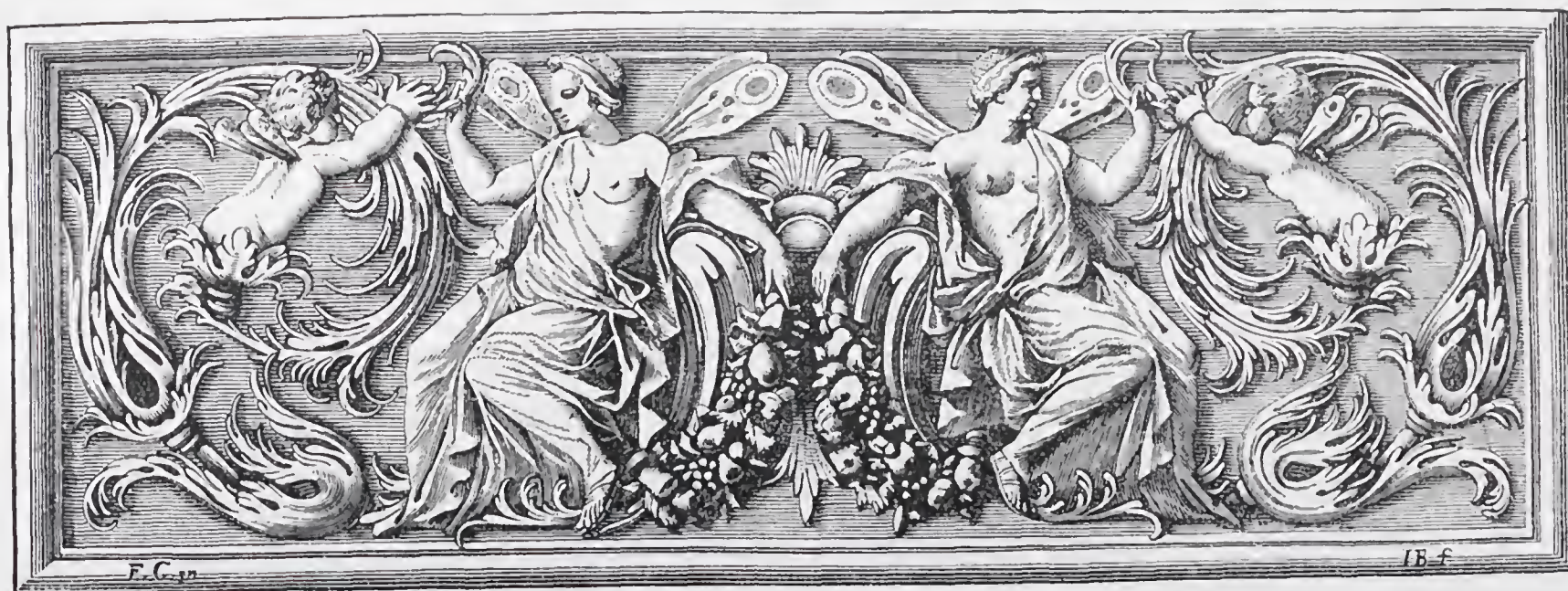




THE SLAVE OF SARINA

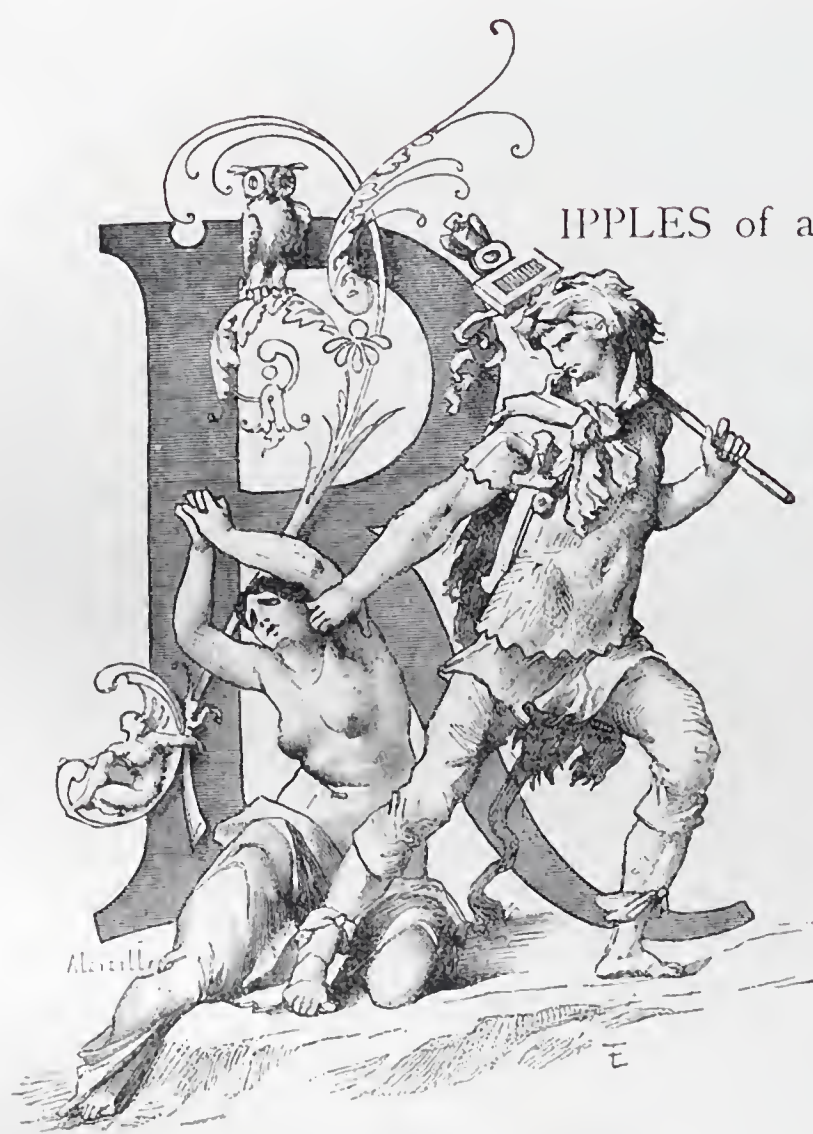
THE SLAVE OF SARINA





## THE DEATH OF RAVANA.

BY FERNAND CORMON.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

RIPPLES of astonishment pervaded the art-circles of Paris, in the year 1875, when it became known the grand prize had been awarded to the work of a young painter, who had only at one previous Salon exhibited two portraits, and this, his first work suggested by literature,—which by-the-way affords to the painter and the sculptor unlimited pastures from which to cull subjects,—carried off the prize, possibly as much to his own surprise as to that of the public.

M. Cormon has been a pupil of Cabanel, Portaels, and Fromentin,—the latter two of these geniuses, alas! no more,—and infinite credit he does to his masters. As a good picture should do, it tells its own story. On the following page we add a translation, describing the incident of our engraving, from the “Ramayana” of Valmikié.

M. Cormon was born in Paris, and studied as we have seen under three great masters. At the Salon of 1873 he received a medal of the second class. “The Death of Ravana” is the only picture which Cormon sends; but in the Pavilion of the City of Paris there are several works by this young artist, one an allegorical subject called “Education,” painted in gray tone for a panel; another, to match the “Education” in size and color, “Beneficence;” both of these are let into the wall of the Salon for Marriages, in the Mayor’s Office of the fourth arrondissement, or ward, in Paris. Near to these are four subjects, intended for the ceiling of the same room; they represent “Birth,” “Death,” “Marriage,” “War;” they are each nine feet high, and nineteen feet long, and remind



us of the similar work on the ceilings of the palaces in Italy by Paul Veronese. To give an explanation of their relative positions, the artist has made and exhibited a sketch showing the four subjects as they will appear when put in place.

When, slaughtered by the sacred scimitar  
Of Rama, Rama never foiled in war,  
Fell with a groan Ravana, Lanka's king,—  
Then came his queen and women, sorrowing.  
They found his corse, all rolled in bloody mire,  
Straining the life-streams through its gashes dire;  
And there they drooped like lilies o'er a flood,  
Bending their white necks to those waves of blood;  
And some enlaced him, like the clinging vine,  
And some poured tears, that stung his wounds with brine;  
But from their pale lips only sighing broke,  
For none, 'mid these Rakshasis, moan'd or spoke.

So from that silence, outraged, eloquent,  
Poured the queen, Mandaudari, her lament.

"Oh, my Ravana, dreadful lord, whose knee,  
A yoke of iron, oft made bend to thee  
The backs of conquered elephants, what foe  
Had force to bring thy mighty strength so low?  
'Tis some fierce heavenly spell hath done thee harm.  
Vishnu incarnate lived in Rama's arm!"

*Valmiki, the Ramayana.*

## HOMER BEGGING.

BY J. J. A. LECOMTE-DU-NOUY.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY G. ROCHEGROSSE.

OBVIOUSLY it is in the great picture of Ingres, the "Apotheosis of Homer," that Lecomte-du-Nouy finds the idea of personifying the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Ingres represents them as sitting figures, both war-worn and sombre; the Odyssey grasping an oar, to express the idea of traveling. The young pupil of Gérôme depicts the Iliad and Odyssey as standing forms; the Iliad tramples upon the head of Hector, and holds up a sword in dedication to Phœbus, before the altar of Troy. The Odyssey, supporting herself on the oar, returns, veiled, to the palace of Ulysses, where the crescent of Hecate dimly illumines a twilight scene, and Penelope's interminable tapestry waits in the basket, not to be finished till the husband's reappearance. Framed by these upright figures the painter places in the midst the inspired mendicant, their progenitor. The boy who leads him, in an attitude of confidence, sinks sleeping in his lap, as the blind bard reposes by a well in some antique city. Is it Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, Salamis, Rhodes, Argos, or Athens,—cities the disputants of his birth, and mourners of his death,

"Through which the living Homer begged his bread?"

The inspired harp reposes idly by the well-curb, strangely associated with the wanderer's cane and the mendicant's platter. Homer is awake, turning up the balls of his sightless eyes to the evening which





ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΝΔΕΛΤΕΡΟΝ







closes upon them, night upon night. Fatigued to the last degree by the day's wanderings, he meditates a new canto of his poems—not now of the stirring Iliad, but of the weary Odyssey. And as he counts the cities he has delighted with his songs, without receiving from any of them the poor boon of a home, he thinks of the journeys of Odysseus, and as the prototype of his wandering hero, he sees sublimely—himself.

People familiar with Gérard's "Belisarius" will discover a striking resemblance in motif with M. Lecomte-du-Nouy's work and "Belisarius;" except that the latter work is not balanced by battles of the victorious general. The dreamy sentiment which pervades "Homer" characterizes "Belisarius," both appealing to our compassion and not vainly.

No one can tell the place where Homer was born, whether he was a European or Asiatic Greek, or whether, in fact, a Homer ever lived at all. Wolf, in his famous *Prolegomena*, first made popular the startling theory that the poet whom men had so long worshiped and imitated was no more a real character than Romulus or Theseus, and that the Homeric poems had been composed at different periods, by various writers, whose names were forever lost. But modern critics still cling to the real existence of a Homer, and the Iliad and the Odyssey bear everywhere the traces of the labors of a single mind. They are so admirable that it is impossible to believe that they are only a combination of irregular ballads and the work of various writers. So brilliant a piece of mosaic would not have escaped the scrutiny of ancient criticism, and must apparently have been recorded in history. We assume, therefore, that Homer lived, and that some of the legends told of his early life are true; that he was a poor bard who wandered from town to town chanting his ballads for money; that he was blind in his old age; that he was a native of Ionia, and lived in some prosperous Greek city on the Asiatic shore, and perhaps left descendants in Chios.

Jules Jean Antoine Lecomte-du-Nouy was born at Paris, and is a pupil of Gleyre and of MM. Gérôme and Signol. The first of his pictures which left an impression on our mind was "Job and his Friends;" an often-treated subject, it shows the principal with his friends, telling them that they are false. At the same Salon he exhibited a "Dancing Fellah Woman," a study which he had made at Kaphra, in Upper Egypt. This was in 1867, when all the world was agog with the Exposition Universelle of that year. Next year he exhibited "La Folie de Ajax le Telamonien," illustrating a passage from the "Ajax" of Sophocles, when the hero reproaches himself for permitting the accursed Atrides to escape from his hands.

A portrait of a young lady was, we think, the only one he sent in 1869, and for this he obtained a medal; an idyllic subject, the "Charmer," was his subject in 1870; it was purchased for the Art Museum of Rheims, and in 1872 he exhibited two pictures, his success with which induced a departure from his choice of subjects; in this change he has continued his successes, and to those he owes his present fame. "Demosthenes on the Sea-Shore." Demosthenes the weak-lunged, Demosthenes the stutterer, who by the power of will and perseverance became the greatest orator of antiquity. An admirable lesson and prototype. In the same Salon (1872) as "Demosthenes" hung "The Bearers of Bad News Killed by Pharaoh," and for this picture was awarded a second-class medal to its artist. It illustrates a passage in Théophile Gautier's "The Mummy." "The Bearer of Bad News" has been sent to the Exhibition of this year from the Gallery of the Luxembourg, where it has rested since 1872, serving its probation for possible entrance to the Gallery of the Louvre; we shall have more to say about this in future pages, when we offer an engraving of it to our readers. At the Salon of 1876, M. Lecomte-du-Nouy met his greatest triumph by receiving the ribbon of a chevalier of the order of the Legion of Honor. His pictures that season were the "Homer Begging" of this article, and "St. Vincent de Paul Relieving the Galley Slaves," the latter painted for the chapel of St. Vincent de Paul in the Church of the Trinity at Paris; it is exhibited in the Pavilion of the City of Paris. Among the other pictures of M. Lecomte-du-Nouy's at

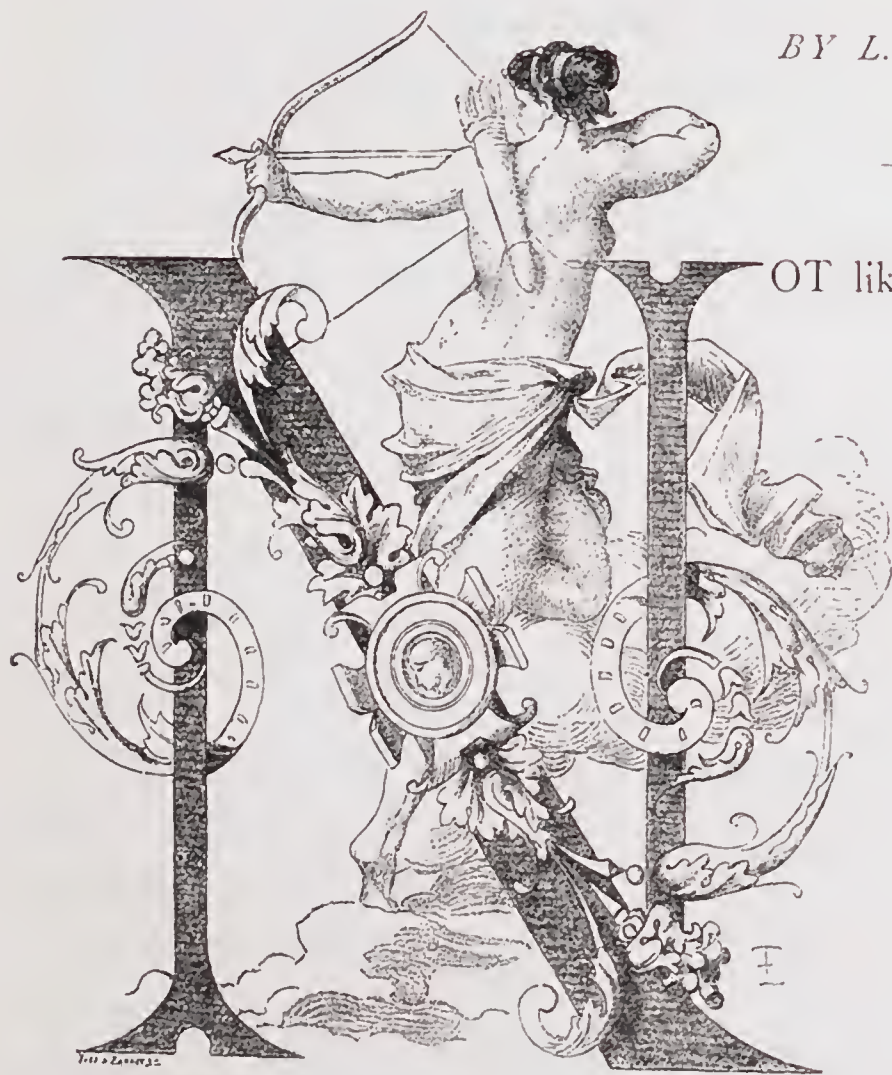


the Paris Exhibition are two remarkable ones, "The Death of Jocasta," sent from the Musée d'Arras. Also, "The Dream of Cosrou:" it represents the eunuch in the interior of a mosque, asleep on a profusion of rugs, whilst his mind perceives the aerial beauty floating in the atmosphere. It well depicts the passage in Montesquieu's *Persian Letters*—"Never was there passion more intense than that of my eunuch Cosrou for my slave Zélide."



## THE VALLEY OF CERNAY.

BY L. G. PELOUSE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHRMANN.

NOT like the valleys of our own more accented country, where the hills rise high and the vales nestle deep in their shadow, is this shallow Valley of Cernay, one of the sweetest and sunniest that the Department of Seine-et-Oise has to offer. The slopes merely rise around it in green acclivities; a rivulet spills its white threads of foam. The delicate birch-tree, which Thoreau praises for what he called "her high-bred instep," lifts its slender shaft like a pining Dryad carved in marble. The poor farmer's wife, in wooden shoes and old-time muslin cap, stoops to bind the faggot of sticks she has gathered. Woe betide her if she has ventured to cut one from the living tree, or plucked a fallen bough that may be considered large enough for timber. French law is inexorable for such an offence, and the immediate deprival of her store of firewood, followed by a fine, and a lengthened withdrawal of her right to glean fuel in the woods, will follow. Even as she stoops, she looks timidly round for the awful form of the garde champêtre, whose office makes him the executioner in such a case. She will steal away like a guilty thing as soon as she has tied her miserable sheaf of sticks, and get her home to the comfortless, almost windowless, stone cottage behind the hill. Meanwhile the sun basks smilingly over the gentle little Valley of Cernay. The tremulous ash-trees lift their timid attitudes and vague shapes against the sky. The aspen, ash and birch, those graceful cowards of the forest, make up the fringe of foliage that tufts these placid slopes. Their branches, to which the painter has succeeded in giving an astonishing variety of curves, weave a canopy of lace all across this still summer firmament. Not a breath of air stirs them. It is the sultry fullness of the year, when Nature, tired of growing, pauses and bethinks her of the coming Fall.





THE VALLEY OF CERNAY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. G. PELOUSE.









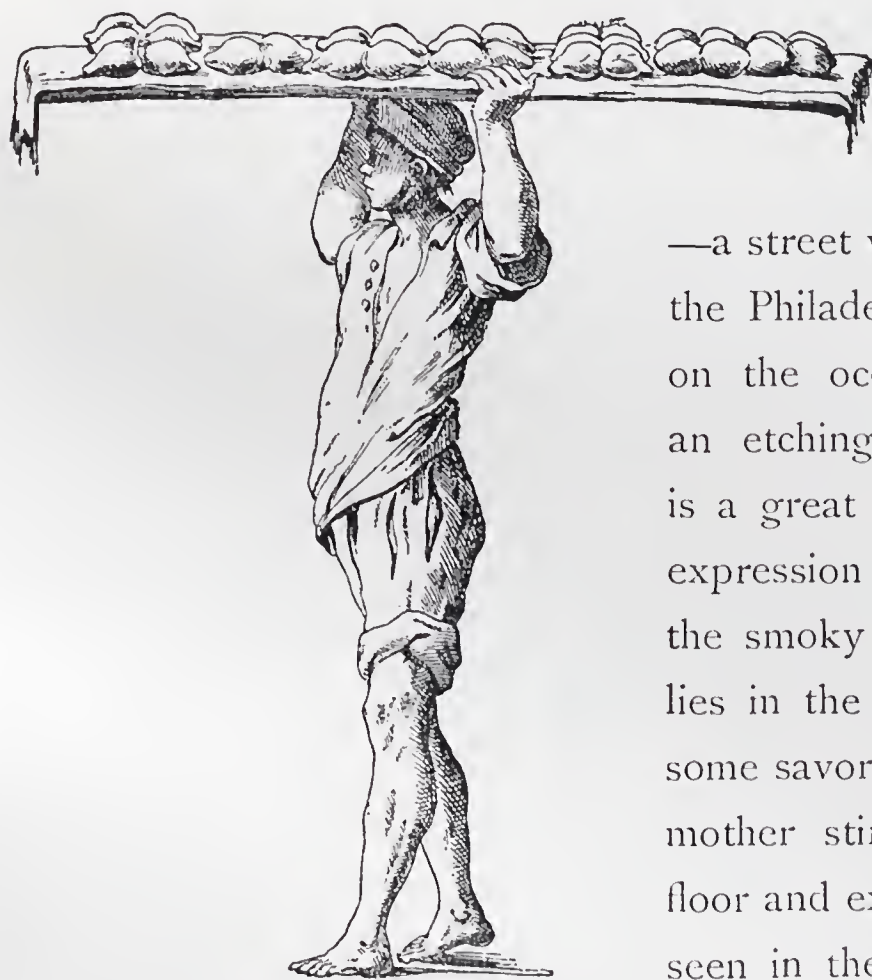
SWEDISH SECTION.

LAPLAND INTERIOR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MME. M. ZETTERSTRÖM.

## LAPLAND INTERIOR.

BY MME. M. ZETTERSTRÖM.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY MITELLI.

THE painting by Mme. Zetterström was executed in 1876, at Paris, where the lady has a studio, No. 9 rue de la Pépinière—a street which lingers in our memory with artistic associations, because the Philadelphia genius, William T. Richards, lived in it for some time on the occasion of his second visit to Europe, in 1867. We present an etching—a fac-simile of a pen-etching—by the artist herself, which is a great deal more faithful, and contains far more of the inner life and expression of the scene, than the smoothest wood-cut. Six figures occupy the smoky cabin delineated by the Swedish lady. A bare-legged child lies in the foreground, on an enormous hide, waiting for the cooking of some savory mess,—some *matelotte* of fish and caviare,—which the laughing mother stirs over the fire. Another figure, pipe in hand, lolls on the floor and exchanges jocular remarks with the standing housewife. Dimly seen in the background, an old woman is engaged in net-mending. In front, seated on a chest, which is the only sofa in the apartment, the

handsomest, or least homely, of the group, a robust woman, who smokes her pipe genially and listens sympathetically, catches the full light of the fire: to her back is strapped a portable cradle, with hooded canopy and rigid sides complete, within which lies a sleeping pug-nosed babe. This squalid scene of “home, sweet home” is at least cheerful, warm and snug. The company—“broad-headed, wide-mouthed,”—



are laughing heartily at the latest joke or *bon mot* of Laponian society. The baby does not cry, the child rolling on the rug is quiet and docile. But the impression of cleanliness certainly does not emanate from Mme. Zetterström's scene. One scents from afar the odor and smoke of dried fish clinging to the walls, the peculiar marine smell of the nets hanging from the poles, the unventilated perfume of these amiable personages, in their never-changed garments. How could the Swedish lady have consented to penetrate so foul a den, set up her easel there, and, for many a day, transfer to her canvas the types and modes of peasant-life in Lapland? We are obliged to her for what is evidently a literal and faithful transcription. The details of costume are especially piquant—the women's surtouts, wrapped around the form like the overcoat of a Russian cab-driver, and girt at the waist, the long twin tresses of hair hanging down the back, the fanciful and rather coquettish cap, the embroidery at the bosom; these details would come in well for a theatrical stage-set; we could enjoy them at the theatre; but this lady artist has got them for us by close observation of the originals—we are afraid to think at what a cost to her delicate nose, when she followed it into this high-flavored "Lapland Interior."

The picture which Mme. M. Zetterström contributes to the Swedish Section is marked with reality and life. It is a scene of Lapland felicity, and appears as if predestined to illustrate that quaint song of Heine's, which we know from the translation of Godfrey Leland:—

We sat by the fisher's cottage,  
And looked at the stormy tide;  
The evening mist came rising,  
And floating far and wide.  
  
We spoke of storm and shipwreck;  
Of sailors, and how they live;  
Of journeys twixt sky and water,  
And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,  
In regions strange and fair,  
And of the wondrous beings,  
And curious customs there.  
  
Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—  
Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small—  
Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,  
And chatter, and scream, and bawl.



## INSULTING THE CAPTIVE ALBIGENSES.

BY A. MAIGNAN.



AN episode in the history of France, in the year of grace 1211, during the persecution of the Albigenses. At that time King Philippe-Auguste determined to exterminate the Protestants, who had accumulated in formidable numbers in the South of France,—in Languedoc and Provence. The king sent against them Count Simon de Montfort, then recently returned from successes in the Holy Land. The cruel war against the Albigenses furnished a long roll of martyrs to the cause of Reformed Christianity. We see in M. Maignan's picture the results of a siege conducted against a city of Languedoc. De Montfort's troops are weary of killing. A legate of the Pope has cried to the bigoted soldiery,—“Kill every one! The Lord will know you for his own!” The walls of Béziers, lifted on their basaltic rocks, have given issue to the last Protestant sally. On their towers will be heaped the awful funeral piles, where thousands of the Albigenses, patricians and plebeians





M. J. VAN DIJK

ALBERT MAI VAN  
1875  
HARRIS, PUBLISHER

WAITING THE PRISONERS







alike, will mount to meet the deadly flames, singing canticles of love for Christ, like the martyrs under Nero and Diocletian. But before the martyrdom they must endure the ignominy. As the victims lie bound, awaiting the funeral stake, a throng of gay ladies and laughing children wind along the road that leads down from the city. These dames taunt the prostrate prisoners with a scornful curl of the lip. The little ones, no longer fearing the great ones, insult the captive heroes with those kicks which folly ever thinks meet for dying lions. The guard, with the shield he has brought back untarnished from the Holy Land, sits approvingly by. At the extreme right, the Reformers are driven in troops to the flaming piles upon the hill; while in front stray two sad and beautiful women of Reform sympathies, sadly pitying the captive martyrs, but afraid to testify their compassion.

Simon de Montfort, the persecutor of these early Reformers, met with a sudden and fearful end. Born of an illustrious family, distinguished for his prowess in the Holy Land,—when he dyed his maiden sword in the blood of the infidel, in the company of the Count of Champagne,—he became the infamous captain of the cruel wars of persecution of the thirteenth century. In 1213, he obtained a complete victory over Peter, King of Aragon; Philippe-Auguste endowed him with the estates of the Count of Toulouse; but Raymond VII succeeded in retaking Toulouse; and it was in endeavoring to recover these possessions that Simon came to his death. While leading the assault in person, beneath the walls, a stone was hurled from the battlements, and Simon de Montfort fell dead, with his skull crushed by the ponderous missile. So the exterminator of the Protestants, by whose order many a faithful Christian had died like the victims of the old Roman persecutions, met his fate by the doom of lapidation—the form of the ancient Jewish execution, the form of death suffered by Stephen, the first martyr. This, too, is a fine scene for a picture, which would make a fitting pendant for Maignan's canvas—the fate of the oppressor depicted alongside the fate of the oppressed.

Albert Maignan gained a medal at the Salon of 1874 for his "Departure of the Fleet of William the Conqueror;" the next year, still youthful, he painted this fine picture. His "Departure of the Fleet," besides procuring him the honor of a third-class medal, was purchased for the Gallery of the Luxembourg. In 1876, M. Maignan gained a medal of the second-class. In 1877, the painter sent to the Salon, from his studio, 26 rue Laval (Avenue Frochot), in Paris, a remarkably striking picture, entitled "The Insurrection of Anagni," and representing the conspirators, who had intruded upon Pope Boniface VIII, for his murder, seized with hesitation and dismay, at the view of the old Pontiff receiving them calm, erect, and alone, upon which Sciarra Colonna, one of the leaders of the revolt, summons the ancient Pope to abdicate and give them up his person at discretion.

M. Maignan was born at Beaumont, in the Department of Sarthe, and received his studio education from Luminais, the eminent colorist and painter of subjects from early Gallic history, and from Jules Noël, a Breton painter, whose subjects are chosen from the scenery of his native Finistère.



GALLIC WARRIORS.  
BY E. V. LUMINAIS.



# LOCUSTA AND NERO TRYING, ON A SLAVE, THE POISON PREPARED FOR BRITANNICUS.

BY J. N. SYLVESTRE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHRMANN.

SYLVESTRE, when he sent to the Salon of 1876 his picture of "Locusta trying, on a Slave, in the presence of Nero, the Poison prepared for Britannicus," had not been forced to experience the miseries of hope deferred and the cruelty of neglect. He was but twenty-six, and he made his entry into French Art like a young emperor, in a triumph. His name, pronounced from lip to lip before the opening of the Exhibition, amongst the initiated members of the jury of admission, became known to the art-public, who thronged towards the picture when the doors were opened.

The scene is one of those which history has forgotten to describe, but which reason accepts as truthful. We are in the subterranean halls of the Palace of the Cæsars. The two artists in

crime, the emperor and the horrible witch, are watching the death-struggle of the victim who has fed on the cup of their brewing. This antique subject makes a striking theme, and its first merit is that it gives the painter an occasion to treat a nude in the tragic way. Sylvestre has not neglected his opportunity. This nude study is indeed the occasion of the whole picture; the anatomy is noble, the modeling and relief illusory. The artist has steered between the Scylla and Charybdis of bad taste, and neither made a fifth-act hero dying gracefully for the gallery-gods, nor an attitude repulsive by its contortions.

The shading of the picture leans to blackness, and one would say that the artist had borrowed the shadowy octave in which Géricault's muse disported, along with the science, energy and pride of that master. But this may be considered a case where the tendency to darkness adds to the drama.

It is interesting in a work of art to seek through the finished effort the manifestation of its author's more secret design. When he made the gloomy mistress of drugs lean her elbow thus on the knee of an emperor of Rome, did M. Sylvestre intend to degrade his emperor to the level of the poisoner, or to elevate that repulsive confederate to the height of the dreadful monarch? The abandoned gesture of this fearful Nubian is so strange, original, and unexpected, that it forms a trait of real eloquence on the painter's part; no common mind would have found that action. We should have preferred, however, something more Roman, something less trivial, in the Nero. Nero might be base and animal, but he is the emperor of crime, he is a monster of epical dignity. He is of the blood of the Cæsars; when he picks his victims, they are of the race of Germanicus and Poppæa; when he kindles a fire, the horizons of the Campagna are lighted; when he dies, he dies as an artist: "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" In the painting's round chin and hanging cheeks we find too little of Nero, too much of Vitellius. There might have been introduced some sparkle into that degraded eye, for the emperor is content, his monstrous experiment has succeeded. "*Placuit venenum.*"—Tacitus stops there. Tacitus has these abridged expressions, and they carry a shudder in them.





SYLVESTRE PINXY

C. BARRIE, PUBLISHER

LOCUSTA IN THE PRESENCE OF NERO TRYING  
THE POISON PREPARED FOR BRITANNICUS.







The "Locusta and Nero" is above all things a scholarly work—an academic work. It is at once an exercise and a lesson in the arts of design. M. Sylvestre, in achieving this most learned nude figure of the slave, has exulted in the exhibition of his skill in drawing, while it is pointed out to youthful pupils as the proud trophy of a young man but a little before them in the course, and a demonstration of what may be achieved by an assiduous attendance at the Government School of Fine Arts. For in public and rude competition at the

Ecole des Beaux-Arts, without favor or coaching, and without being put to the least expense for his instruction, did the young Sylvestre attain the skill that enabled him to produce so wonderful a bit of anatomy.

This book is not the place in which to give an account of this famous school, into which so many Americans are pressing to enter, but a few words dedicated to the glorious establishment in

the Rue Bonaparte may not be out of place. Besides the professors of sculpture, as Dumont and Guillaume, there are three principal professors of oil painting. Alexandre Cabanel, the instructor of our friend Sylvestre, is one. He was born at Montpellier, was instructed by Picot, and is a member of the Institute, and the recipient of various medals. His "Florentine Poet," "Death of Francesca di Rimini," his "Venus" (in the Gibson collection at Philadelphia), "Aglaia," and many other subjects, are widely known. Cabanel's class has never been a favorite—the entering pupils, of course, selecting the Professor of their choice—with American students. We present the portrait of M. Cabanel, to act as a sort of patron over the work of his most promising pupil.

Pils was a rival of Yvon in the painting of battle-fields on a large scale. As Yvon painted the "Capture of the Malakoff," so Pils executed the "Battle of Alma" and the "Reception of Napoleon and Eugénie at Algiers," both pieces being exhibited in places of honor at the Exposition Universelle of 1867. We give a sample, in small, of this painter's vivid representation of military character.

The class of Pils has been inherited by Jules Lefebvre, a painter renowned for his female nudities, which are all, however, of a chaste, austere and classic character. There are few better teachers of the female anatomy to be found. A life-size painting by M. Lefebvre was sold at New York, in the spring of 1878, in the collection of the California banker, Mr. Latham. The sketch may remind the reader, at least, of the steel engraving published from it, which is very popular. The

subject is the improvident "Grasshopper," who, having sung all summer, was told by the Ant to dance all winter.

The third and favorite class, at the end of the long corridor, in a large room that is often filled to overflowing, is that of Gérôme. Such are the artists whom France appoints to conduct the rising talents among her people in the vocation of art. All that an academy of the first rank can do, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts performs. It is to the instruction of indigent youths gratuitously in this school that the present prosperous condition of French art is due.



REGIMENTAL COOK, BY THE LATE ISIDORE PILS.



CIGALE (GRASSHOPPER) BY J. LEFEBVRE.



ALEXANDRE CABANEL, PROF. B.-A.



C. J. B. R. GUILLAUME, DIRECT. B.-A.



## CHARITY AND MILITARY COURAGE.

BY PAUL DUBOIS.



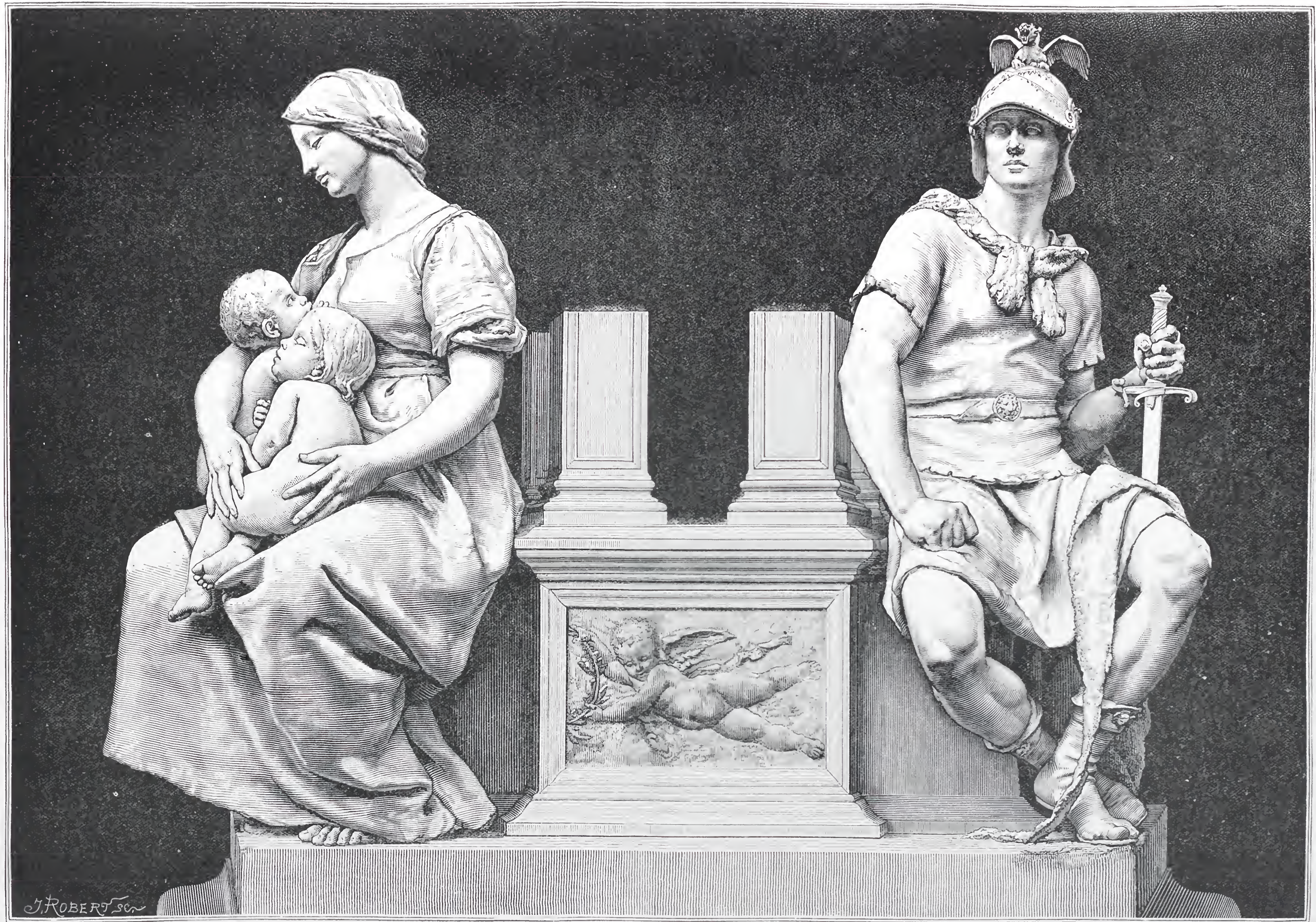
PAUL DUBOIS.

FOR the tomb of the late General Lamoricière, the Cathedral of Nantes was selected; and the Chapter gave leave to place the monument in the parallel archway to that long since adorned with one of the finest works of the renaissance, Michel Colomb's mausoleum of Francis II, Duke of Brittany. The work of Paul Dubois, however, will endure the comparison. The design of Dubois comprehends five figures, of which the crowning one will be the body of the dead warrior, lying on its back, while the four corners beneath will be guarded by figures typifying the public and warlike virtues. The two which we are now to judge are the symbols of "Military Courage," and "Charity." Courage, in the form of a fine young man in helmet and chlamys, leans upon a sword. Charity, the long-consecrated symbol, is the woman receiving and nourishing the offspring of another. The first of the two statues undoubtedly makes us think of Michael Angelo's *Penseroso*, on the tomb of the Medici; yet we cannot exactly define what part of its conception lingered in the mind of the artist. It is a family resemblance, a sympathy of caste—the character of great families of ideas, transmitting itself and shining in glorious reflections through the faces of noble sons of great fathers. In this serious figure—on which the mind reposes with a grateful confidence—we have the young, strong arm leaning on the knee in an attitude of preparation; the generous, vital breath of the vigorous bosom traversing the mail of buffalo-hide, the hand grasping the glaive, the strong feet, the compact head, the youthful shoulders fit to bear the stress of government and power. All is distinguished, strongly marked, and valorous. The figure of Charity is not easily described, its simplicity is so complete. The bosom is a little opened, the arms fall upon the knees as they hold the infants. The robe even, with its large calm laps and folds which so broadly indicate the action of the limbs, is enough to betray the master hand; while its arrangement has a directness revealing that, like all really superior work, it has been adjusted without trouble or correction. The artist who has achieved this manly task (the artist likewise of the "Florentine Singer,") is not yet forty years old, and he obtained a first-class medal for painting in the same year (1876) that these statues were first exposed to the public.

Paul Dubois was elected in 1877 to fill the vacancy in the section of sculpture at the Académie des Beaux-Arts, caused by the death of M. J. Perraud. M. Dubois has also won success as a painter. Still young, he may look forward to a splendid career.

Dubois is Champenois by birth, thus proceeding from a part of France that has been rich in production of sculptors; he does not contradict the characteristics of the old school to which he belongs, and to which he is now adding his own personal worth. Simart, who contributed to the Exhibition of 1855 his restoration of the Minerva of Phidias, in gold and ivory, and who came from the same province, was influenced by the paintings of Ingres; but that which particularly marks the school of Troyes, whether in the sixteenth century, with François Gentil, or with Girardon in the seventeenth, is a kind of easy and amiable sweetness, rounded and flowing forms, and especially, in the renaissance work of Troyes,





CHARITY.

MILITARY COURAGE.

\*FRENCH SECTION

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY F. DUBOIS.







a love for the full and candid traits of youth; this proceeds from the typical character of a region where the women begin by a charming efflorescence while still in girlhood, to be succeeded by commonplace features in maturity, though without losing an agreeable expression of goodness and intelligence. Though improved by the lively influences of modern culture (an effect more to be appreciated by our successors than ourselves) M. Dubois includes among his talents the feeling for youth and grace native to his country. It was in 1863 that he made his first impression with a little statue of the youthful St. John; a statue somewhat dishevelled-looking, and rather excited in its character than fervent; also, by a very fine figure of Narcissus, wherein were plainly seen the fruits of study from the grand antique sculpture.

The story makes Narcissus a young beau of almost disgusting levity; if he was so handsome, he had better have fallen in love with a handsome girl and had some handsome children. Dubois, however, gave him a masculine and serious character. His Narcissus is a standing bather, taking off his chlamys before descending to the river which runs at his feet; instead of looking at himself fatuously in the stream, he seems to entertain rather some thoughtful dream, involved however in a fatal bent of fancy against which he is not on his guard. Simple in every line, this fine Narcissus, which was shown again in marble in the Salon of 1874, remains the classic masterpiece of the young artist. It was followed in 1865 by the famous "Florentine Singer," which was praised even above its worth. It was a pleasing figure of a young boy in a cone-shaped cap, with a tight jacket and skin-fitting hose, such as we see on the walls of Florentine churches, in the frescoes of Lippi and Ghirlandajo; but the success of this figure was of bad augury. The artist has not exhibited it this year at the Champ de Mars (it was exposed in silver at the 1867 Fair) and we imagine he is not altogether satisfied with it; it seemed to offer him a chance of obtaining a popular success by continuing to work in the same style, and, tempted by the universal flattery, losing himself in works of *genre* and anecdote. Happily, his "Birth of Eve," in the Salon of 1873, which deserved a greater success, and obtained an inferior one, followed, and allayed the apprehensions of his better friends. The Eve is charming in the innocent lustre of her frank and alert nakedness. Dubois has placed it in the present Exhibition, and has done well; it is pleasant to see again, and we are only sorry not to see it in marble.

Since then, the sculptor has devoted himself to his most important work, the Tomb of Lamoricière. He has scarcely interrupted this great labor, except to try his hand at painting, and model some busts. This enormous tomb is certainly the honor of the sculpture of France in 1878, but it must be acknowledged that it is most unfortunately placed in a narrow, low, badly-lighted shed, where it seems rather thrown aside than exhibited. The obvious place for it, and a well-deserved one, would have been the centre of the grand entrance-vestibule at the beginning of the Art Gallery. Destined for the Cathedral of Nantes, the nave of this vestibule would have accommodated it under conditions similar to those of the church. It would have allowed the necessary space to get a good view, and would have framed it becomingly in the breadth of the gallery and the height of its roof. It was unjust and thoughtless to pen it in a corner; but the monument itself is striking enough and of a sufficiently elevated order to attract the admiration and esteem which it deserves.

The architecture crowning the statues of "Charity" and "Military Courage," of "Meditation" and "Faith," is the work of M. Boitte. It is good, without being very original. The columns of black marble, four in number, will not show too bold a contrast in the dim light and vast space of the Cathedral; they are of the design found on French tombs of the close of the sixteenth century, from the sepulchre of Henri II and onward. The general grouping of columns and pilasters imitates the tomb of Louis XII, and the use of elegant flat bas-reliefs here and there is suggested by the decorative bas-reliefs of Italian art of the fifteenth century. When the monument is placed in the Cathedral, perhaps the upper edge of the flat canopy will be found rather straight and uninteresting; for in all the funeral canopies of the kind, among



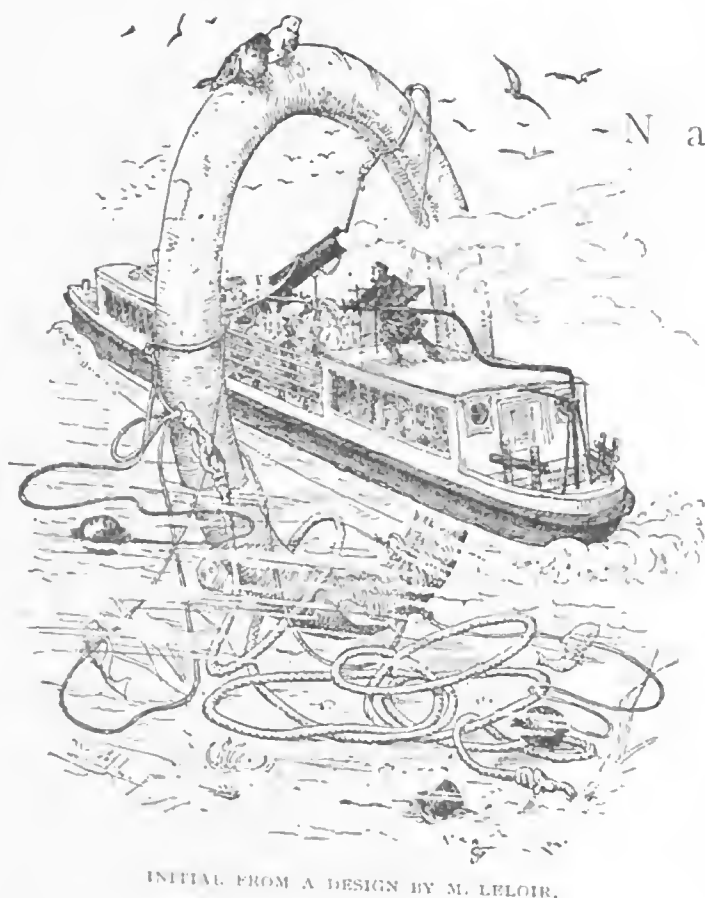
which it belongs, there is always a pyramidal decoration at top, formed of kneeling figures or the like. A more positive defect is, that the statues we so admire do not proceed sufficiently from the structure of the architecture, and are not indispensable to it. They have so little space to sit on, that the monument might exist without them. Yet they are the portion really at the head of the architectural motive, and the true reason why it exists; it is they which give it meaning, significance and eloquence.

Besides the "Charity" and "Courage"—on the front corners, in bronze—are seen the two newer ones, of "Faith" and "Meditation," behind, in plaster. "Faith" is a young maid in long, clinging robe, with eyes and head lifted towards heaven, with a sincere and heartfelt action. "Meditation," leaning on a tablet, is a lean and wrinkled old man, absorbed in severe reflections, as calm as "Faith" is ardent. These plasters should have been bronzed, perhaps, to continue the note of color which they will ultimately assume in the completed work.



## TRIBUNAL OF THE INQUISITION.

BY A. STEINHEIL.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY M. LÉLOIR.

On a sign from the black-robed clerk of the Holy Office, the cord wraps itself around the windlass, becomes tense, and elongates. The victim is drawn towards the ceiling, his feet pulled down by cruel weights. Pale, feeble, shuddering, a broken wretch, his soul gives way to fright, and he cries at length, "Pity!" The flesh begins to swell around his ankles and wrists. The joints crack, the bones ache, the muscles stretch to breaking. He stifles,—everything grows red and unreal before his eyes,—yet this is only the commencement! Then the Chief Inquisitor, who has begun the trial in tones of mild persuasion, suddenly glares cat-like, stretches out his skinny finger, and seizes the last moment of his victim's consciousness to cry, "will you confess now?" Horrible epoch, when, to lay a man's soul bare, they tore his flesh!

A. Steinheil, the painter of this wonderful study of fifteenth-century life, is the son-in-law of Meissonier. In his mode of painting he follows the minute exactness and finish of his great teacher and relative. His subjects are often taken from the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and are apt to be sombre, dark and analytical. His pictures will hardly yield the spectator joy, though they will surely extort admiration.





STEINHEIL. PINX<sup>t</sup>

G. BARNIE. PUBLISHER

A TRIBUNAL (INTERROGATORY) OF THE INQUISITION









SUNDAY EVENING, CHELSEA HOSPITAL GARDENS.

FROM THE WATER-COLOR BY J. MACBETH.

ENGLISH SECTION

## SUNDAY EVENING, CHELSEA HOSPITAL GARDENS.

BY JAMES MACBETH.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY MITELLI.

UPREMACY of the British School in water-color art has long been claimed, and we hasten to give a representation of one of those light, transparent effects in which that school of water-colorists excels. No vehicle could be better adapted than the diaphanous one of washed pigment on white paper, to express the peculiar effect intended. The scene is one of those hot, white evenings, peculiar to a misty climate, where the twilight is long, as in England. In that candle-saving country one can see to read in the open air as late as nine o'clock of a clear summer evening. The sunset loiters late, and stains the whole sky; then it is succeeded by a lingering, delicious after-glow, in which the atmosphere retains the refracted rays as if it would never consent to part with them. But there is a class of misty evenings on which the sky has scarcely any color, but retains a kind of concentrated light, pale, level, and spectral, like the unreal effect that takes place during an eclipse of the sun. Then objects look ghostly, near things look far off, and some far objects, if bulky, look near and threatening. Then friends pass each other in London streets like ghosts meeting on

the shores of Acheron. Then the distant is mingled strangely with the near, and the padded and dyed dandies of George IV's reign become young again, so far as street effect goes, thus carrying back the present into the past; and carried back into the past, in the unreal and fantastic illumination of one such white twilight, are these veterans of Chelsea in Mr. Macbeth's water-color. We live again, in their presence, the storied hours of Quatrebras and Waterloo. One of them heard, perchance, the famous Wellingtonian words of "Up, Guards, and at them!" Another may have held Blucher's stirrup, another may have sent



a shot after Ney. We know that Chelsea Hospital has pleasant gardens. The young guardsman thinks so, as he sits on the rustic sofa, biting the strap of his muffin-shaped cap, and distills soft nothings into the ear of the nursery governess. Over the turf stray shadows of distant veterans, lost in the gloom, as if they were just out of their graves, or must think of stepping into those sepulchres again. When the cock shall crow, when the glow-worm's candle shall grow pale, will not all these haunters of the dusk vanish and return to nothingness,—make themselves air, like the interlocutors of Mr. Macbeth's great namesake? It is odd to reflect, when we visit any receptacle of very old people, how completely out of date we are ourselves in such a place; how the preponderance, and the prevailing influence, and the majority that sets the custom, are all on the side of a past date; how for these ancient, toothless spectres, the hey-day of the world was some fifty years ago, and at *that* date all there was worth living for is concentrated, and at *that* date the pride of life was mantling; and that *we* are nobodies, completely out of the fashion of the place, and, as it were, not fully born into life. The pensioner to the left of the picture seems eternally lost in some such dream-forestry. He paces along with a book in his hand which he is not reading; he moves by a constant dragging and contact of the soles of his feet along the well-swept pavement. When he meets a veteran of lively, practical turn, like this one in the foreground, he takes off his cap to him; but he neither knows him very individually, nor sees him very discriminatingly. A moment after they have met, if you ask him who it was, he will answer with the name of some old comrade, whose bones are buried on the plain of Waterloo!



## ORESTES PURSUED BY THE FURIES.

BY J. LAMATTE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

RIME'S inevitable nightmare of Remorse is set forth in the terrible picture of "Orestes Pursued by the Furies." This is a large canvas, by Lamatte, a young French painter, who received the Prize of Rome in 1870. The prize in question, which furnishes to the fortunate recipient the right to go to Rome and study there in the Academy at the Villa Medici at the expense of the government, is accompanied by the condition that the pupil shall send back a finished work of art to testify his progress. The "Orestes" was remitted to Paris in fulfillment of this obligation, and exposed at the Salon of 1876, and it bears the ultra-classical character of one of these *envois*. It certainly has a little of the character of the old Greek stencil, at least, in its conception; in the technical detail its conventionalism is mitigated by that warmer influence which has transformed the Villa Medici under the reigns of Hébert and Bonnat, so that latterly the individualism of the young pensioners has been bursting out with a sort of violence, like that tropical flower which opens with a detonation.





J. L. CHATELAIN

QUESTES SURFORD BY THE PORTES

QUESTES SURFORD BY THE PORTES







Orestes is the Hamlet of Greek tragedy. He is the executioner of the false queen who bore him, Clytemnestra. Although this assassination was commanded by Apollo, yet the strict ideas of the ancients about filial duty forbade them to regard the matricide as innocent. They therefore depicted Orestes as haunted by lasting remorse, the terrible Erinnys; these furies chased him from the palace of his father at Mycenæ to Athens, where he underwent a solemn trial, the Athenian Pallas herself appearing in argument against his accusers, the dark Erinnys. The latter suffered themselves to be appeased, and smoothed down the shaggy horrors of their terrible locks; they became the guardians, the watch-dogs of Athens, and received from the inhabitants the flattering name of Eumenides. After the purification of Orestes, he is said to have lived to the age of ninety years, assuming at Argos the throne of his father, Agamemnon.



## CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

BY E. DAMÉ.



DETAIL FROM A D. SIGN. BY S. ARCOS.

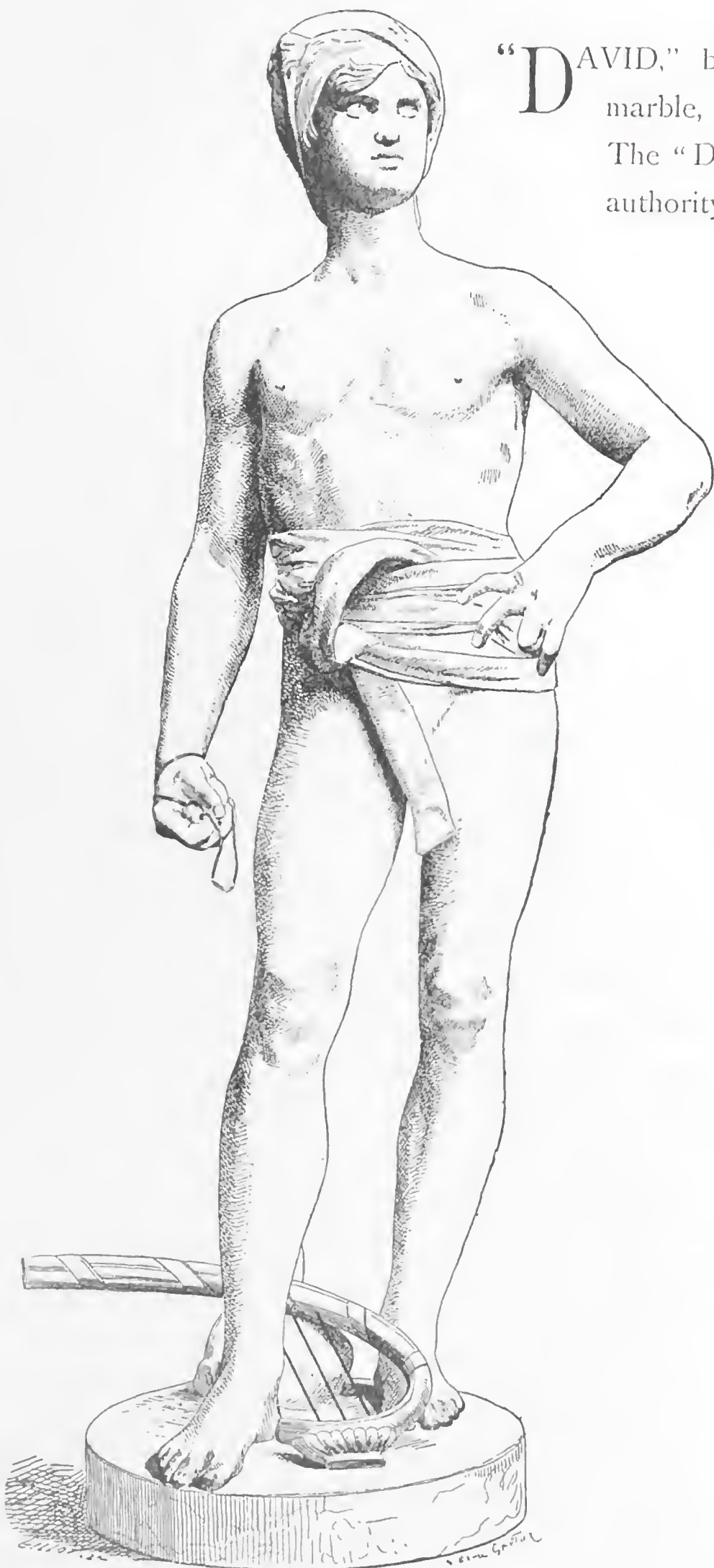
OUR sympathies are excited by a glance at this creation of M. Damé's. The tender legend of "Cephalus and Procris" has been illustrated in landscape art by Turner, in describing whose picture in the *Liber Studiorum* Mr. Ruskin has been led into one of his little mistakes. The English critic speaks of the sunset as ebbing in sympathy with the failing life of "the nymph." Procris was not a nymph at all, and a writer more appreciative of mythology than he, and less committed to Gothic sympathies, would not have been capable of calling her one. If Procris had been a nymph she would not have been subject to death by the arrow of her husband, but would have been immortal, or have attained to immemorial age. The *nymphæ* were deities, receiving worship, and presiding over mountains, forests, or waters. Cephalus was a prince of Thessaly, and his bride a daughter of Erechtheus, one of the early kings of Athens. After testing each other's fidelity by a reciprocity of very practical tricks, the hunter prince and his wife became models of connubial love, until Procris, by leaping at conclusions, destroyed her happiness and existence at once. Spying upon her husband, and hearing him invoke Aura, the breeze, one hot day after a long hunt, she lifted her head among the thickets where she was hiding, and was slain by Cephalus for a wild beast. The sculptor's group shows her dead or dying, in her husband's arms, her heart bleeding from that arrow which could not miss

its aim—the arrow that Diana had given to her, and which she had yielded up to Cephalus to her own destruction. It is hard to say why the artist has placed the ring around the ankle of Procris. This kind of fetter was used in ancient art to express slavery, and was placed on the limbs of those deities whom it was desired to keep bound to the city where they were worshiped. The reader will see further on the anklet so applied, in Fontana's picture of "Æsop the Slave, Narrating his Fables."



## DAVID BEFORE THE COMBAT: AND GLORIA VICTIS.

BY ANTONIN MERCIÉ.



DAVID BEFORE THE COMBAT, BY A. MERCIÉ.

“DAVID,” by Antonin Mercié, was first exposed to the public, in marble, at the Paris Salon in 1876, as the property of A. Duparc. The “David” was then criticised with some severity by a French authority, Victor Renaud. “It has in my opinion the great fault,”

said this connoisseur, “of being a child so far as the head is concerned, while the outlines of the body, and still more of the arms, give the idea of a grown man: the legs, also, in their stiffness and want of distinct modeling, are far enough from the suggestion of youthfulness. These legs are those of a man, of northern race,—fat, and already done growing. I seem to see in this singularity the effect of the haste with which the young artist did his work: for I learn that M. Mercié, in contradiction to the rule established for every sculptor, has been allowed by special favor to retouch, or get retouched, his work at the Exhibition, from the time of its being sent in to the time of opening. If the work had been made perfect I should have nothing to say of this forgetfulness of rules, and should not even mention it; but the hands and feet are so obviously negligent in this statue that it really would have been more prudent in the artist not to place his former successes in jeopardy by so unfinished a sketch. I feel sure that if M. Mercié will be good enough to put more markings on the legs, more precision in the two hands, and more youthfulness into the arms, I shall be under the happy obligation of praising him without reserve; above all, if he will be good enough to take away the singular wrappings which form something like a handle to hang his figure by, and change the harp a little, whose lines do not come in well. I allow myself this long criticism in M. Mercié’s case, because I know how salutary it is not to set astray the more highly-gifted of our artists by the flatteries

often lavished by enthusiastic but incompetent people. It is so pleasant to hear praise, even when you know it is exaggerated! For once we may repel it, but little by little, we get to believe that which is so





GLORIA VICTIS  
FROM THE SCULPTURE BY M. J. A. MERCIÉ.

FRENCH SECTION.]



CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS,  
FROM THE SCULPTURE BY E. DAMIÉ.

FRENCH SECTION.]







agreeable, and native human laziness coming to be added to the sweets of self-love, we finish by declaring that our admirers may be right enough. What sculptor, when working at a statue, has not felt himself unsatisfied, notwithstanding the most earnest labor, in certain parts, which he would wish to better and conduct to perfection? He feels that there is something to be altered. Then comes the friend, or even the indifferent visitor, who sees that very portion he would modify as something superb and particularly successful. He pours out encomiums; vanity plays its part, and with the aid of its sister, laziness, man's reason soon gives way to the two pleasing vices—unless he is invulnerable, and who is the artist endowed with that rare privilege?"

We extract this to show the delicacy, the sense of responsibility, and the discrimination, tempered by politeness, of French criticism. Could this sort of tender chastisement only be imported into our own American critical writings!

When the news arrived, at a very late day before the opening of the Exposition, that Germany would be represented by a contribution of Fine Arts, the polite Frenchmen immediately withdrew all works by their own artists referring to the war between the countries. This was a mortification to painters like Detaille and De Neuville, whose labors had been especially directed to illustrating war topics; but by a side-exhibition, at Goupil's picture-store, these artists contrived to keep their battle-pieces before the public without breaking the peaceable and fraternal accent of the International Fair. Mercié's statue of "*Gloria Victis*," as strictly an outcome of the war as any work of art prepared since that event, was, however, not excluded from the Exposition. Its allusiveness to the campaign is undeniable and obvious, but the allusion keeps "in the generalities." Its close application to the bad business of the Franco-Prussian imbroglio is proved by a single consideration. No effort of French genius since Sedan—no poem, romance, oration, or work of art—has given so much solace to the defeated nation as this statue; its praises have been rung through the length and breadth of the land; it struck just the right note in order to convey an exquisite comfort. It has been accepted as the great typical consolation and celebration of certain mortifying events. Like a poet's verse, which just hits off the deepest popular sentiment about an incident, and so is cited everywhere, the statue of Mercié is represented, in photographs and reproductions, in the homes of the French, and lingers in their minds like an apt quotation. Nothing, indeed, could more aptly be invented to take the sting from a humiliation. After so many artists have celebrated the glory wrung from victory, here comes one who can celebrate the glory wrung from defeat. The young vanquished hero rises to heaven,

"Under the wings of Renown."

Little recks he that the action in which he spent his blood was futile, his devotion frustrated. His own part was perfectly played, and Fame, taking care of his immortality, will record his dedication without recording his unsucces.

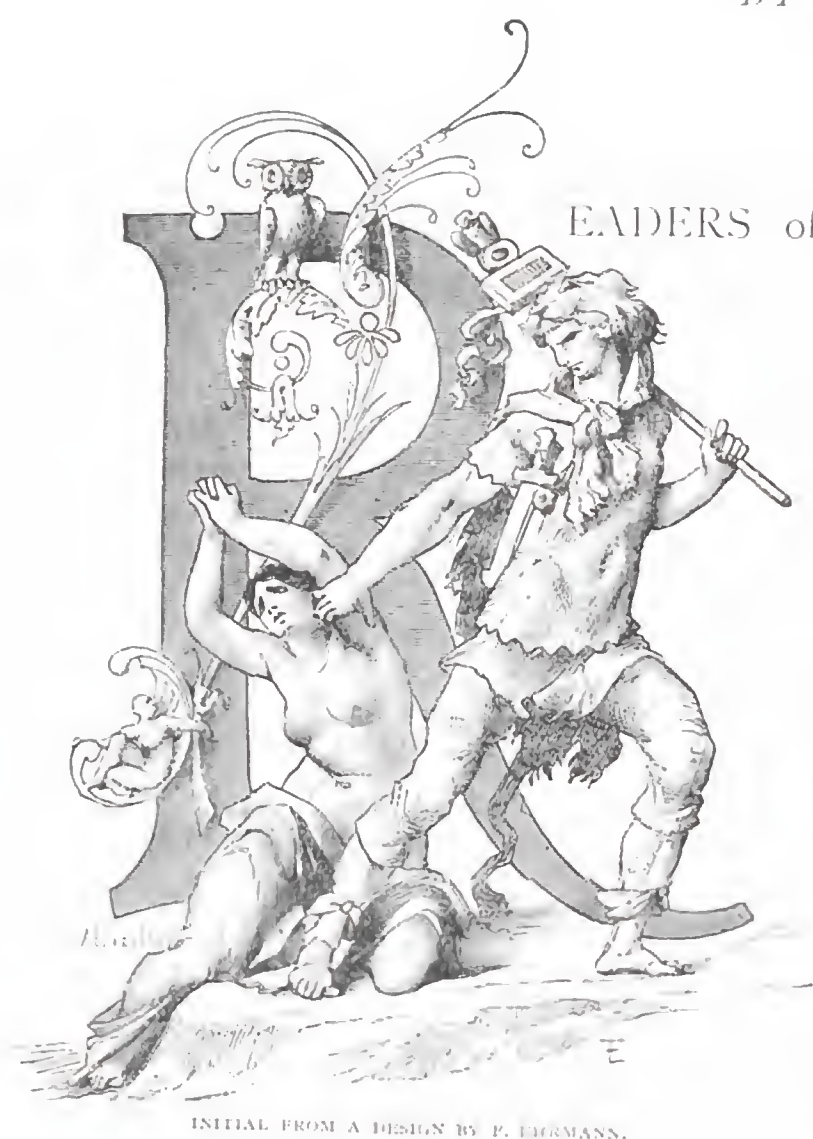
Not to the shades shall descend the youth who for country hath perished,  
 Hebe awaits him in heaven—welcomes him there with her smile.  
 There, at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is cherished!  
 Gods love the young who ascend pure from the funeral pile.





## THE HAREM AT THE BATH.

BY JEAN LEON GERÔME.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY P. EICHMANN.

READERS of a work like this are already apprized of the standard of reputation in the great European studios, and therefore we need not tell them that the two tallest and noblest easels in France are considered to be Gérôme's and Meissonier's. Gérôme, for his part, is at the very apogee of his talent and reputation. His credit is world-wide. A gallery may not call itself complete unless it possesses one of his canvases. Accordingly, the French Section at the Exposition would be considered bankrupt if it did not show the cream of the works which the author of "Pollice Verso" has produced since the last Universal Fair in 1867.

But the career of this artist goes back a great deal further than 1867. Already, in 1847, the year when Couture dazzled the Paris Salon with his "Decadence of the Roman Empire," the great critic, Théophile Gautier, wrote in the *Presse*: "This

happy year ought to be indicated with a white mark, for unto us a painter is born, and his name is called Gérôme. To-day I tell you his name; to-morrow, I foretell to you, it will be famous." Gautier, at that time the recognized head of the critical profession, was not mistaken as to the value of the new work, nor as to that of the unknown artist.

Our readers may have seen some photograph or etching of the picture exhibited in that Salon by Gérôme, the "Cock-Fight." The Chief of the Neo-Greeks, as he is now called, was ignorant of the onerous title with which he was to be decorated; but he revealed himself from the very first with his strange bold frankness and his consummate manual ability. The composition was as simple as possible. A young girl and a lad set on a pair of game-cocks to fighting; afar was seen the blue ocean; and the only scenery of the drama, as if moralizing on the subject, was the face of a sepulchre. Did the young painter mean to make a pretentious allegory of the vanity of war, in the style of Poussin, or did he propose in all simplicity to take an antique subject as a pretext for nude flesh-study? The first smile of Fortune upon Gérôme was that paragraph of Gautier's. It was known that the master-critic never abandoned those happy beings whom, as he used to say, he "invented." The day after his sensational article appeared, the journalists and news-seekers flocked to see the "Cock-Fight." The eyes of the world were opened on the young man. He became celebrated in a day, and the prophecy was more than accomplished. Gérôme that year was hardly twenty-three. Gautier, like the able strategist he was, took care to reveal this fact; he knew well that it would double the success of his protégé.

Gérôme was born at Vesoul. He commenced his studies there, mingling Latin, Greek and drawing, with a preponderance of the last. In drawing he carried off all prizes. Every one in his native town





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talked of the prodigy. His father was a jeweler. Forty years ago it required some hardihood in a provincial to dedicate his son to the precarious profession of art, but the elder Gérôme had the courage of his affections. In a journey to Paris, he even bought a fine box of colors, and boldly brought it back as a recompense for the head of the drawing-class in the college at Vesoul. Gérôme, all the powder in his nature set on fire by this spark of encouragement, immediately undertook to copy a painting by Decamps, which had somehow strayed down into that remote vicinity. The copy was thought a marvel. As it happened, a friend of Paul Delaroche had wandered into the little town, who saw and approved the study. The young Léon was soon sent to Paris with two treasures in his satchel, a letter of recommendation to the painter of the "Hemicycle," and twelve hundred francs. In those days you could live a year in the Latin Quarter for twelve hundred francs, and perhaps purchase a profession besides.

The atelier of Paul Delaroche then held the highest rank among the painting-schools. None were, as now, patronized by the Government. Delaroche paid particular attention to the young man from Vesoul, with his dark, intelligent face, and with a hand, even then, singularly sure and diligent. Hamon, Jalabert, Picou, and many others, since famous, formed a galaxy in which it was difficult to shine by excess of merit; but the original talent and marked character of Gérôme soon made him a sort of chief of the little band. He staid three years with Delaroche. Then occurred the event of which the details are still darkly whispered in all the ateliers of Paris. The hazing of new pupils was then as severe in the French art-schools as now in any American college. The wildest jests were invented in the atelier-Delaroche, more agreeable to the perpetrators than to the new pupils who were the victims, or the scandalized passers-by in the rue Mazarine or Quai Conti. Reports of some of these disturbances, and the combats which resulted, reached the ears of Delaroche, and he became indignant; promises of amendment and good order were made to be broken next day. Then came the unfortunate event which changed these farces into a terrible drama. A *nouveau*, or freshman, died of the hardships attendant on his admission-ceremony. Delaroche, who had already been long weary of his efforts to break up a custom which disgusted him, shut his atelier, and sent away everybody, innocent and guilty together. At the time of this event, Gérôme was at home at Vesoul; when he returned, the professor said to him: "I do not want any more pupils. You had better go to the studio of Drolling, and prepare to compete for the prize of Rome." "I shall not go to Drolling," replied the young man, resolutely; "I do not accept two masters. As you are going to Rome, I shall go with you, if you allow it, after you if you repel me. Since twelve hundred francs a year keeps one alive at Paris, twelve hundred francs will keep one alive there." The master and pupil departed together.

Gérôme on this occasion stayed a year at Rome. His health was then tottering, but the ardor and energy with which he applied himself to study appeared to benefit it. The present respected Professor of the Beaux-Arts sometimes narrates to his pupils a little incident belonging to that first Roman pilgrimage. On a brilliant day he was painting in the Forum that incomparable view which includes the steps of the Capitol, the ruin of the Temple designed by Hadrian, and the Coliseum, with the Alban Mountains in the distance. It was the usual first study of a painter in Rome, the subject of which Claude has left his peerless copy, but altered now by the new excavations in the Forum. The young painter's study advanced with regular swiftness, with unhesitating facility. When finished, it was good enough to satisfy a critic. Gérôme, for his part, found himself too easily contented. "What is done so quickly cannot be good for anything,"—these were the words with which the severe self-censor scraped away with his knife all the work applied during the day. It was work not thrown away, since it taught him to look at himself without flattery, and carry out his will without hesitation.

Meanwhile the father's ambition for the son had taken a definite form. He desired that he should successfully compete for the prize of Rome. The youthful painter, knowing that to succeed in the



examination he must enter himself as pupil of a particular master, joined the atelier of Gleyre, painter of the celebrated "Illusions Perdues." On reaching the age of twenty-one, however, Gérôme discovered that he comprehended design as well or better than his teacher, and retired from the studio. He went back and labored with Delaroche once more. This new companionship lasted a year, during which Gérôme, as assistant to his old professor, outlined the "Charlemagne Crossing the Alps," Delaroche's historical painting now in the Versailles Gallery. Still, the family at Vesoul were dinning "Rome!" into the young man's ears. "Rome before all!" they said. Gérôme presented himself at the competition. Received among the first with his sketch, he failed in the execution of the figure. Already he understood nature in a way of his own, a way not altogether academic, and a little tending to the dry and lustreless precision of the photograph. His competition-study was judged incomparably inferior to those of two rivals now hardly held worthy of comparison with him, Cabanel, painter of the "Florentine Poet," and Benouville, an incomplete reputation, frustrated by an early death after the production of one masterpiece—"Saint Francis Blessing Assisi." Gérôme did not lose courage. To prepare himself for new struggles he undertook to essay the execution of two nude figures the size of nature. This was the origin of the "Cock-Fight." Gérôme had applied himself to the work with no other view than that of study, and without dreaming of another kind of success. He wanted to learn, and to succeed the better, he examined with a very uncommon degree of scrupulous frankness the model he had chosen.

With the "Cock-Fight," the Neo-Grec School was effectually founded. The connoisseurs wondered what charming illustration of familiar Greek life would next follow; the eyes of the knowing ones were already fixed on that narrow garden of the rue Fleurus, whither the little pagan colony had carried their penates and set up their tents, in the shadow of lilacs and roses, around him who was elected as the chief. Gérôme's next experiment was an "Anacreon." Then came the Revolution of 1848, during which, only too faithful to his idyllic views, he headed a deputation with a petition for the abolition of marriage. To this class belongs the "Harem at the Bath," at the Paris Exhibition. Only a master of painting could string such a row of orient pearls. Only a voluptuary could set so delicately into view the niceties of form demanded by connoisseurs. Only a very jaded voluptuary could set down all these formulas of beauty with such evidently cold senses, with such absolute want of tenderness and compassion.



FRENCH SECTION

ALGERIAN HOUND.

FAC-SIMILE OF A STUDY BY GÉRÔME.









ROBERT-FLEURY PINX

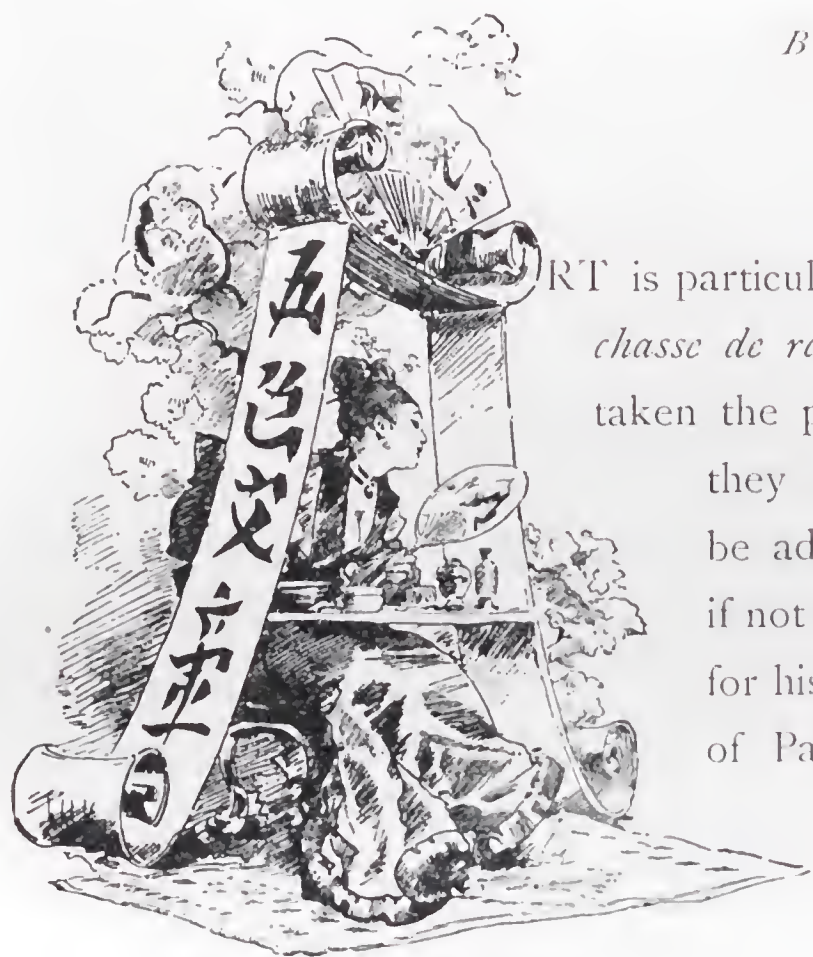
LA PINNELLE AT THE HOSPITAL OF S. MARTIN

ENGRAVED BY J. H. B. H. H. H.



## DR. PINEL AT SALPÊTRIÈRE.

BY T. ROBERT-FLEURY.



FAC-SIMILE OF DESIGN BY MADKAZO.

ART is particularly well equipped for its career when it is hereditary. *Bon chien chasse de race*, says the proverb. The Robert-Fleury's, father and son, have taken the province of historical painting into their joint protection, and—for they are much alike in their administration of historical paint—may be admitted to rule in their inheritance with a good degree of historical if not poetic justice. The father, Joseph Nicolas Robert-Fleury, is known for his “Jane Shore Reduced to Beggary,” in one of the public galleries of Paris, for his “Charles V. Receiving the Count of Melito at Saint Just,” which was remarked in the Paris Exposition of 1867, and many other canvases. He is a good example of the older school of official painting; all his works show balance, system, and line-and-rule composition. He was made Officer

of the Legion of Honor in 1849, Member of the Institute in 1850, and given a residence in the Palace of the latter erudite body. The son, Tony Robert-Fleury, came to the surface in 1866, with an episode of the struggle in Poland. It represented, on the scale of life, the troops firing upon a crowd of citizens in the Place du Château in Warsaw, April 8th, 1861. In the centre, an aged dignitary, holding his slain son in his arms, attracted the pity and horror of the public. This large and fine canvas earned him a medal. His picture of “Dr. Pinel at Salpêtrière,” in the present Exposition, was painted in 1876, and is another instance of his skillful management of a crowd. The subject of the picture is the amelioration of the treatment of insane patients, which the good Dr. Pinel had the honor of inaugurating. That sagacious and benevolent man protested against the odious usage in vogue towards these unfortunates. Until his time the victims of mental aberration had been treated as criminals, with stripes and hard diet, and the additional outrage of heavy fetters. It was the epoch of the “Rights of Man,” the date when the claims of the individual human being were asserted against the old feudal restrictions—the epoch, in fact, of the French Revolution. Dr. Pinel determined to extend these liberties even to the madman. It was a piece of sublime audacity, completely at variance with the medical ideas of the day. The uncaging of the carnivorous beasts in a menagerie would hardly have been thought more imprudent. Pinel had the courage to cause the chains to be removed from the insane patients under his charge, and invoked in favor of these abandoned, friendless wretches the merciful laws of humanity. Boldly advancing through the wards of the Salpêtrière, he ordered the most violent maniacs to be relieved of their heavy chains and belts of iron. The assistants anticipated the most violent outbreaks, but the merciful intention seemed to be understood by the patients, and an immediate improvement in their symptoms was observed. The recognition of this reform by the unfortunates themselves—typified in the picture by a few striking cases of exceptional sensibility—was, of course, a gradual one. Dr. Pinel, in abandoning the violent and injurious severities used in his day towards such patients, and substituting a judicious combination of repressive measures, was the promoter of a great moral reform which attained later its full development.



JOSEPH NICOLAS ROBERT-FLEURY.



## FLORA AND ZEPHYR.

BY WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY MITELLI.

O more central and typical example could be found of the suave, polished talent of Bouguereau than that represented in our highly-finished engraving. The Greek fable of the love of the West Wind for the Goddess of Flowers has furnished the painter with a peculiarly happy opportunity for his pencil. The irresponsible Zephyrus, the type of fickleness to all others, is constant to Flora. Now, finding her sleeping, he sinks a moment on his moth-wings, and while he brushes her cheek with his balmy breath, he takes the opportunity to steal away the damask petals that adorn her hair. The lightness and the passing character of the Wind are perfectly given; you feel that he could not stay if he tried. The composition is deftly rounded into a group that is like a Greek bas-relief. There appears, however, to be an error, a want of artistic logic, in the drawing. As he is poised, in an upright attitude, in advance of the extended foot of the sleeper, how could the upper portion of his body take its place far enough back to permit the kiss and the embrace, Flora's head being considerably in the rear? We believe that our most kind and agile reader would find it difficult to touch with his lips a female mouth placed in the same relative position, unless its beauty were such as to justify the most extraordinary exertions.

William Adolphe Bouguereau, born at La Rochelle, the 30th November, 1825, began his early painting studies at Bordeaux. Coming up to Paris, he followed from 1843 to 1850 the course of study at the National School of Fine Arts, in the class-room of Picot. He obtained the second prize of Rome in 1850, with a painting from dictation, the prescribed subject being "Zenobia Discovered on the Banks of the Araxes." He brought back from Rome, as his obligatory contribution, a fine but ultra-classical canvas called "The Corpse of Saint Cecelia carried to the Catacombs," which was exhibited at the Salon of 1855, and was purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris, where it still remains. It is painted with that smoothness of surface which artists are very apt to fall into who pursue their studies at Rome, and become inspired with the minutely-drawn and statue-like figures of Michael Angelo and Raphael. This surface-polish has never left the canvas of Bouguereau. Those who affect it, and keep it up through their career, are called *Italians* in the slang of the French studios. Bouguereau is perhaps one of the most marked examples of it, but its besetting influence over a whole school of modern artists makes us question whether the effect of sending a succession of pliant youths to Rome to be "formed" in the Villa Medici is an unmixed good after all. One would say that a course of Venice, where there is less of the antique and a deeper understanding of flesh-color, among the galleries filled with Titians and Tintorets,—or a sojourn at Madrid, among the canvases of Velasquez,—or in Holland, amidst the Rembrandts,—would be of better influence, or at least, would come in well as an after-course and a corrective.

In 1856 Bouguereau sent to the Salon a picture called "Fraternal Love," and another entitled "The Triumph of Venus." For the town-house of M. Bartholomy, about this time, he executed some mural





FLORA AND ZEPHYR.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. ROUGEREAU.







decorations which attracted a great deal of admiration. At the Universal Exposition of 1867 he got a third-class prize medal; other successes of this period were the wall-paintings in the private house of Emile Pereire, the frescoes in the Chapel of Saint Louis in the Sainte Chapelle of Paris, and another chapel, that of Saints Peter and Paul at St. Augustin. At the Salon of 1869 was exhibited "Apollo and the Muses on Olympus," one of the most graceful delineations of modern paganism, a gigantic canvas destined for the Concert Hall of the Theatre at Bordeaux. In this large work are found mingled together all the resources of the craft of painting and the science of design, the whole inspired by a decidedly cultured talent. For that gay, splendid, and fortunate city of Bordeaux were needed the most elegant female forms, the most delicious faces; the audience would desire to associate the pleasures of the eye with those of the ear, between an overture from the pipes of the orchestra and some sparkling cavatina of Rossini's; comprehending the proprieties of the situation, Bouguereau lent himself to the task in the proper spirit, and achieved a marvelous success.\* At the same Salon in Paris where this large canvas was first unrolled, Bouguereau likewise exhibited "Love Wounded," a subject full of charm and a portrait of a graceful French woman, Mme. D——. Already, a year before, the artist had acquired a foremost place by the elegance and grace of his pencil as exhibited in "The Twins" (Salon of 1868), a picture of extreme finish, where the hand of power was revealed beneath the correctness and neatness of the design. In 1870 he exposed "The Vow to Saint Ann of Auray," a composition of two young Breton girls, with gentle profiles, forms of the purest elegance, eyes piously turned downwards, and hands clasped in sincerest prayer, as they sent up their candid petitions for some sick or absent one.

An important contribution was made by our artist to the Salon of 1872, with the two pictures called "The Female Mower" and "During Harvest Time." The public had now, however, grown thoroughly accustomed to the style of M. Bouguereau, and had become slightly suspicious of anything so externally perfect. The painter of La Rochelle, it was felt, was a man of talent who had carried to a singular degree of finish the artificial style of his adoption. Unluckily, the figure of the "Female Mower" seemed to betray



WILLIAM ADOLPHE BOUGUEREAU.

the painter's desire, if not exactly to abandon his own proper manner, at least to add the beauties of another character of art. He appeared now desirous of getting away from the conventional style, and of making a serious study from a bit of actual nature; the "Mower" seemed meant to be a "real" peasant-woman, like those which are painted by Jules Breton. The peasant studies of Breton, as may be judged from the illustration on the next page, approach the accuracy of portraiture. This figure was in a natural posture, the drawing was superficially correct, the color a little less skillful than usual with the artist; but it was cruelly remarked that, when Bouguereau got clearly out of the kindly shadow of his studio, freed himself from the habits of conventionality which reigned there and made its atmosphere, put himself face to face with the direct sunlight of nature and the broad illumination of reality, he found all his parlor powers withdrawn, all his efforts reduced to vanity.

In 1873 the artist produced his "Nymphs and Satyr," probably the best piece of technical painting he has executed. This canvas became the property of Mr. John Wolffe, of New York, and the artist was very desirous of borrowing it for the present International Exhibition at Paris. When the anxious appeal from the painter came to hand, however, the good-natured owner first hesitated, and then, in justice to his fellow-collectors of America, decided on a refusal.

Of the "Nymphs and Satyr" it is difficult not to feel the charm, even while remaining alive to the superficiality and fragility of the manner of painting. The scene is graceful, and at the same time comical. In the depths of a forest, by the light of a summer sun flickering through the foliage, in a half-tint ably



treated, we see a Satyr who has been made prisoner by some mischievous Nymphs. They torment him, tyrannize over him, and strive to drag him by main force into a rivulet, whose transparent waters run along the foreground. The horned monster—not a very terrible monster, though—appears greatly terrified; he makes all the resistance he can, bracing himself on his cloven feet. Four beauteous young girls—not so correctly to be called nude as undressed—but gay, graceful, blonde, white and pearly—are drawing him, like a harnessed team of mischiefs, and push and pull, some by the arms, some by his dark hair. In this work, the design is without vigor, again, but it is full of cultured ease, sureness, and grace. The color is cold and faded, but just in its relative tones; this, however, can never be called true *color*; there is a certain falsity about it always, an absence of the color sentiment on the artist's part. The great defect of this most serious effort of Bouguereau's is its artificiality of conception. These are not the nymphs who make the life of the woods and the streams, tanned by sunshine, strengthened by exercise; they are petty female sprites who have only just divested themselves of the cambric and lace which habitually fetter their bodies.



THE BATHER, BY BOUGUEREAU.

About 1874 public criticism, which had long been slightly bored with the incessant fecundity and irreproachableness of the artist's talent, began to turn in his favor. The name of Bouguereau commenced to come out from its companionship with that of Merle and Dubufe. A disposition to speak well of him was noticed in those organs which lead popular opinion. Cabanel was to be abased, Bouguereau was to be exalted; Couture was to be abandoned and insulted; Merle (the most even racer with Bouguereau) was to be nowhere. It was in 1874 that our painter produced his "Homer," a variation of the old theme, a blind old man with a staff, a young boy serving as guide, and a dog gamboling before. This, likewise, is in one of our rich American galleries.



FRENCH PEASANT-GIRL, BY JULES BRETON.

In 1875 our artist exhibited the subject of our large engraving, the "Flora and Zephyr," in the Paris Salon. It is now in the Exposition. To the same Salon he contributed "The Bather;" we give a small sketch of this subject, the work of his pencil at the same date and at the same development of his style. In 1875, also, the painter attempted, not for the first time, a sacred subject, in which *expression* was necessary; he produced a "Holy Family," very correct, solemn and beautiful. An earlier Bible theme of his, a painting of "Cain and Abel; or, The First Discord," inspired the matchless pen of Théophile Gautier, and this critic's appreciation was sincere and cordial. Before others of his works, for instance, before the "New-born Lamb," of the A. T. Stewart collection, we are only disposed to exclaim as Diderot did when first brought up to the picture by Greuze, representing the young girl with her dead bird, "Delicious! Delicious!"

Bouguereau commenced to exhibit at the Salons in the year 1850, and since that season he has never ceased to contribute annually. Each Spring's contribution marks an increase of favor, if not among the critics, at least with the public. His prizes have been, a medal of the second class in 1855, a medal of the first class in 1857, the Cross of the Legion of Honor in 1859, and, finally, a medal of the third class at the Universal Exposition of 1867.









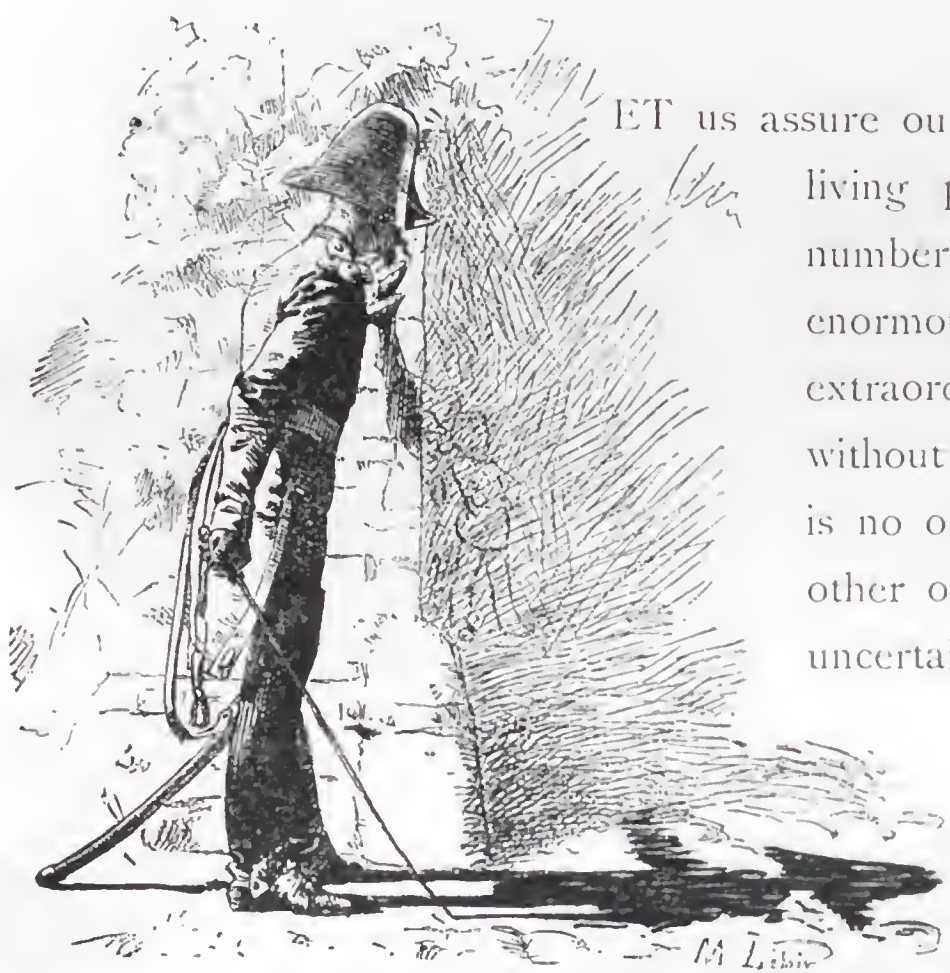
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PROMENADE OF THE HAREM



## PROMENADE OF THE HAREM.

BY ALBERTO PASINI.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY MAURICE LELOIR.

ET us assure our readers it is no easy matter to break into the ranks of living painters and make yourself a place and a name. The number of artists who are admitted to possess talent is to-day enormous. The *rara avis* is he who has none. Is there any more extraordinary fact than this, that you may be an excellent painter without at all exceeding the average of intelligence? Surely there is no other form of art which is contented with demi-talent; none other offers so many specialties, in some one of which the man uncertain of his vocation may make himself comfortable. Painting is an art that is dying of the number of painters. And the spot of oil is still spreading.

Alberto Pasini is of the small number of those who have found out something for themselves in that domain of the Picturesque which is so explored, foot-trodden, worn-out, and leveled in every direction. His per-

formances are not like any one else's. He keeps his originality in a walk of art where there seemed no ear left to glean, where so many original talents have followed the mowers, picking up gold as they stooped among the sheaves; that is to say, the painting of oriental subjects. After Delacroix, Decamps, and Marilhat,—after Gérôme, and Fromentin, and Fortuny,—after Belly and many others yet, what was there left to say about the Orient? True, but Alberto Pasini has told us something which we did not know, and which the able men who preceded him had allowed to escape them. Of that fairy pantomime, the East, he shows the *gaiety*!

The Orient of Delacroix is decorative, dramatic. That of Marilhat is biblical and stern; that of Decamps, capricious. It is literary under the stylus-like pencil of Fromentin; it shows its philosophy with M. Belly, and its humors with M. Gérôme. For Pasini, it is eternal happiness, the loveliness of dreams, dreams of sweet sixteen, or dreams of twenty-one,—such as doubtless the artist himself has indulged in on the spot. His enchanted colors have that sort of verity in a false octave which the *love* of any object will throw around the scene. But the poetry of his canvases is perfectly sincere, self-assuring, never doubtful or hypocritical. When the painter closes his eyes and sees, in memory's silvery mirage, the scenes of his former wanderings—the ravines of Lebanon, the spangled temples of Persia, the harlequin market-groups of Smyrna and Constantinople, he re-perceives them exactly as he paints. His charm in painting is to depict them just as they have appeared to his fortunate organization, without the loss of a ray. On the walls of his studio the visitor sees the studies that Pasini has brought back from Asia, and every study proves that the artist's eye is scrupulously honest and that he translates upon his canvas the veritable vision.

What, in fact, is the use of perpetually challenging an original painter on the strength of the painters who have preceded him? We know not whether Signor Pasini carried in his carpet-bag the *Thousand*



*and One Nights*, and saw the whole Orient through the prismatic fables of Scheherazade: it is certain that he has brought back what would be the best series of illustrations for them. Pasini ought to be proclaimed painter in ordinary to the Princess Badroulbador and Ganem, the Slave of Love. There would be a veritable propaganda in his pictures, if he chose. If anything could persuade a man to don the turban and proclaim himself a Moslem, like Edward Wortley Montagu, it would be these pictures, they are so sparkling, sumptuous, and fresh, so full of appeals to our softest senses.

Is it, then, painting of the senses? Lest we should seem to disparage the artist, we will explain. Like a master secure of his subject's beauty and also of the adequacy of the means of translating it that are at his disposal, Alberto Pasini never goes out of his way to give us an imaginative likeness of the Orient. He does not lean over the ruins, like a Lamartine or a Chateaubriand, to dream of the grandeur of vanished ages. His way of working is that which Théophile Gautier—whose jeweled book on Constantinople is not yet forgotten—pursued in writing; without any predetermined theory, without a set opinion, he takes the interesting studies which are offered by ethnography, and after having enjoyed them makes others enjoy them too. His art, therefore, addresses itself very openly to the senses.

The colors of Pasini's palette may be compared to an Arab poet's epithets and adjectives in praising his mistress: they convey a smile that is somewhat emphasized, a caress that is wonderfully flattering. Let him paint a handsome horse, a rich odalisque, the corner of a seraglio garden, a heap of oranges in the market, or the blue tiles of a mosque-door, it is always with the enamored eagerness of a Persian bard that he proceeds to treat them. Everything for him is marvellous in the East, everything is "worth while." Pasini never gets beyond his moment of enthusiasm. His dream continues, his fairy pantomime brightens from glory to glory, and the butterflies are perpetually marrying the roses.

No chapter of the Koran can promise to the oriental imagination more celestial landscapes than those painted by this Giaour, this Alberto Pasini, born in Parma. If they kept at the Vatican an Expurgatorial Index of pictures, as they do of books, it is to be feared that the whole budget of Pasini would be erased from the eyes of the faithful Catholic, for everything he does is a hymn to the physical joys of Islam. If the most devout dervish could paint, if there were fakir-artists in the service of Mohammedanism, they could not celebrate with more singleness of heart the beautiful damaskeened weapons, the sultanas robed in magnificent silks and gold embroideries, the horses born of wind and fire, the glowing fruits filled with nature's sherbets, the domes and minarets, all that composes the life and activity of the Orient,—and the sun, that magician of myriad golden rods, transmuting everything to light!

As to manipulation, Pasini leans to Fortuny on the one hand and to Fromentin on the other. He resembles Fromentin in elegance, Fortuny in color. For his own specialty he has the precision of exquisite drawing; no one else gets the secret of that fairyland architecture of Pasini's, constellated with gems and goldsmith's work, which glitters when in sunshine like a jeweler's tray, and vibrates through the shadow with hints and reflections of light. His treatment of shadow, indeed, is all his own. The shadow of Pasini shows a glowing transparency in its depth, and a sharpness in its outline, full of the spirit of tropical nature. Shadow, in the East, is coolness, is comfort, almost life itself. A painter of so happy a nature could hardly forget, when in the Orient, to render justice to this good genius.

Alberto Pasini is in the very first rank of modern Italian painting. It is to the efforts of himself and a very, very slender number of others that the country of Titian and Correggio owes its importance in the Fine Arts section of the Champ de Mars. It is telling no news to say that he has long lived in France and adorns the highest circle of intellectual society in Paris. "Our country's where we find ourselves beloved!" Yet, well received as he is in his adopted land, his compatriots have not forgotten him, but hold him and his works in especial consideration; while the French fondly call him "a Parisian of Parma."









HECTOR LEROUX, PINX

G. BARNIE PUBLISHER

THE VESTAL TUCCIA CARRYING WATER IN A SIEVE.



# THE VESTAL TUCCIA CARRYING WATER IN A SIEVE.

BY HECTOR LEROUX.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY M. SCOTT.

LEROUX'S picture of the "Vestal Tuccia" was one of the successes of the Paris Salon of 1874. The visitor's attention, gently arrested by the tender early-morning atmosphere of the picture, dwelt delighted on that low, calm shore of the Tiber, and on a figure adjusted by an artist so long experienced in portraying the antique, that the classical draperies seemed to fall from his hand without effort over a female form worthy of Greek sculpture. In the serene exultation of this figure we see the triumph of the Roman Vestal who proved her chastity by carrying water in a sieve from the Tiber to Vesta's temple. How different, in temper and treatment, from Gérôme's Vestals in his *Pollice Verso*, fiercely demanding the death of the vanquished gladiator! The priestesses of Vesta have furnished M. Leroux with a companion subject to the "Vestal Tuccia;" this theme is the triumph of the Vestal Claudia Quinta. It is related

of the latter heroine in Ovid's *Fasti*, that, unjustly accused of having broken her vows, she proved her innocence by drawing, unaided, the ship containing the statue of the Mother of the Gods into the river Tiber. The works of Hector Leroux are always classical in subject. At the Salon in 1877, he exhibited, besides the "Vestal Claudia Quinta," a representation of the Danaïdes, in the act of wearily filling their bottomless vase. His most celebrated work is that in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris, a crowded composition representing a funeral train descending into the Columbarium of the Cæsars, at the Capena Gate, Rome. A replica of this picture was in the collection of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, of New York, and was sold with that gentleman's gallery a short time back. Leroux was born at Verdun, and studied in the atelier of Picot. He obtained a medal of the third class in 1863, another medal in the following year, and one of the second class in 1874. A replica of the "Vestal Tuccia" is in an American private gallery, that of Mr. J. Abner Harper, and another, larger, is in the Corcoran Gallery, Washington.



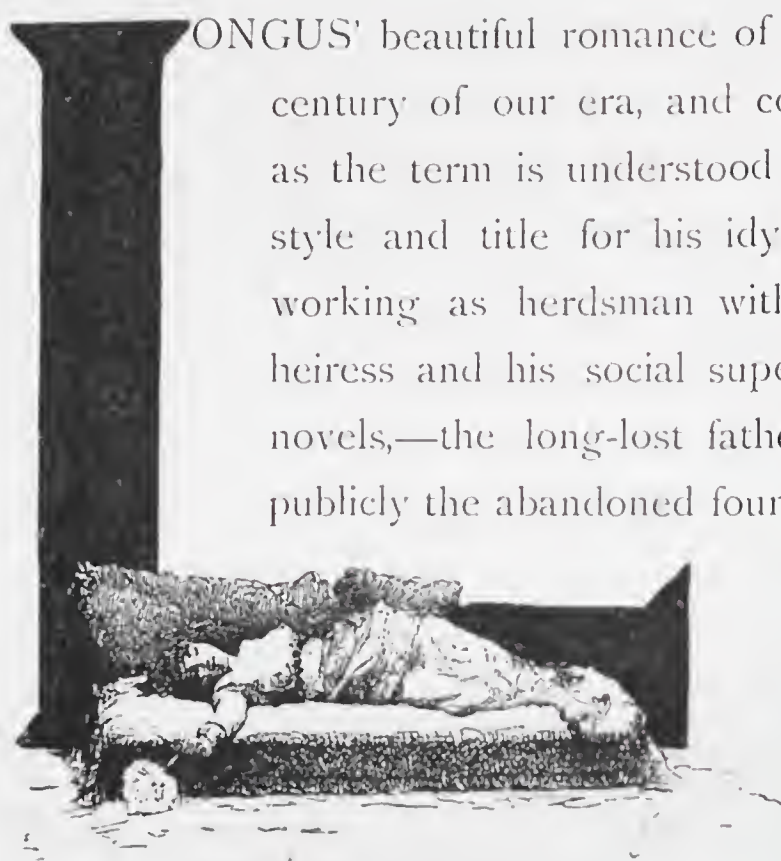
A CANAL IN VENICE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. RICO.



# DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

BY F. L. FRANÇAIS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY S. ARCOS.

LONGUS' beautiful romance of *Daphnis and Chloe*—a work which, dating from the fourth or fifth century of our era, and composed in Greek, may be said to be the first-written of novels, as the term is understood in the modern sense—seems to have given to M. Français the style and title for his idyllic scene. The story is a simple one of a Greek shepherd-boy, working as herdsman with a rich farmer, whose daughter he aspires to love, though an heiress and his social superior. The personages which have become standards in modern novels,—the long-lost father throwing off his disguise at the last chapter, and recognizing publicly the abandoned foundling—the convenient confidante, like the Miss Mills of a primitive Copperfield, who advises and consoles and brings the lovers together,—these characters, now so well-worn, appear in all the freshness of original invention in Longus. Amyot's translation into French has made this pretty tale a part of the currency of the Latin Quarter in Paris, and doubtless Français, while he painted, was remembering some delightful early perusal of it in the garret where "one is so well off at twenty years!" The symmetry of what used to be called "classical landscape"—the landscape school of the Poussins, the Claudes, the Carl Vernets, the Paul Scheffers—though it might be considered appropriate for a Daphnis and Chloe theme, is entirely thrown aside here by M. Français, one of the best of French *paysagistes* left by the death of Rousseau and of Daubigny. The scene, balanced and *suave* as it is, bursts everywhere with the sweet caprice and irregularity of untranneled nature. The trees do not "nod," the rocks do not "frown." The actively mounting sap, the strong resiliency of vigorous young shoots, make these trees seem to play into the air like fountains, while the thickets of underbrush in front are fairly dazzling with their fresh green gloss and dewy brightness. In the rivulet that spills from over the distant rock and spreads in front from cascade to cascade, Daphnis, his arm around Chloe's waist, is fishing. Happy occupation, exquisite balm of selfishness, that leads him to find his image mirrored, first, in the fresh springs of nature, and then in the crystal wells of Chloe's eyes!







DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY F. L. FRANCAIS.

FRENCH SECTION.]







## A CANAL IN VENICE.

BY D. MARTIN RICO.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY S. ARCOS.

VERY nation makes a pet of Venice, that unique floating city of the world. The painters, even, of every clime, have celebrated her charms. Not to go back so far as Gentile Bellini, who paid the homage of his pencil to a Venice now dead, a Venice glowing with gilding over its marbles, and with the outside stucco of its houses painted with these frescoes which preceded the external wall-decorations of Giorgione and Titian—not to mention Gentile, there are Canaletto and Guardi, who painted a Venice of gray, with plain walls, map-like and divested of ornament. And beside these Italians, there is the Englishman, Turner, who paints a Venice of fairyland, with the spangled colors of its palaces flying up like sparks from canals where the black reflections of the gondolas seem to add unfathomable depths to the waters of those silent street-ways. In

France, the celebration of Venice is altogether committed to Félix Ziem. He has a monopoly of painting her rustling waters, gathering in glossy folds like changeable silks; her boats with painted sails; her flat-faced old palaces, with all their wrinkles and crows-feet; her black, hearse-like gondolas, and the dry, salted vegetation of her public gardens. He is the only French painter who occupies himself with Venice; but the French do not forget that their poetic artist, Léopold Robert, killed himself in that city, and that Musset, the poet, has sung of “Venise la rouge.” The modern Italians, strange to say, have not produced any painter who has become famous in the picture-mart of Europe for his celebration of Venice. Finally, we come to Spain, whose contemporary school of art, almost unknown until the arising of Fortuny, has flashed up in these latter times with the *éclat* of a bonfire. Señor Martin Rico, a traveled artist, born in Spain, familiar with Venice, and laboring in Paris, sent to the Exposition of 1867, from his studio at No. 13 rue de l’Oratoire, a view in the environs of Gavas, in the Pyrenees; eleven years later, he sends to another Universal Exposition a charming, scintillating, coruscating view of a nook in Venice, of which we present his own preliminary sketch in fac-simile, page 31.

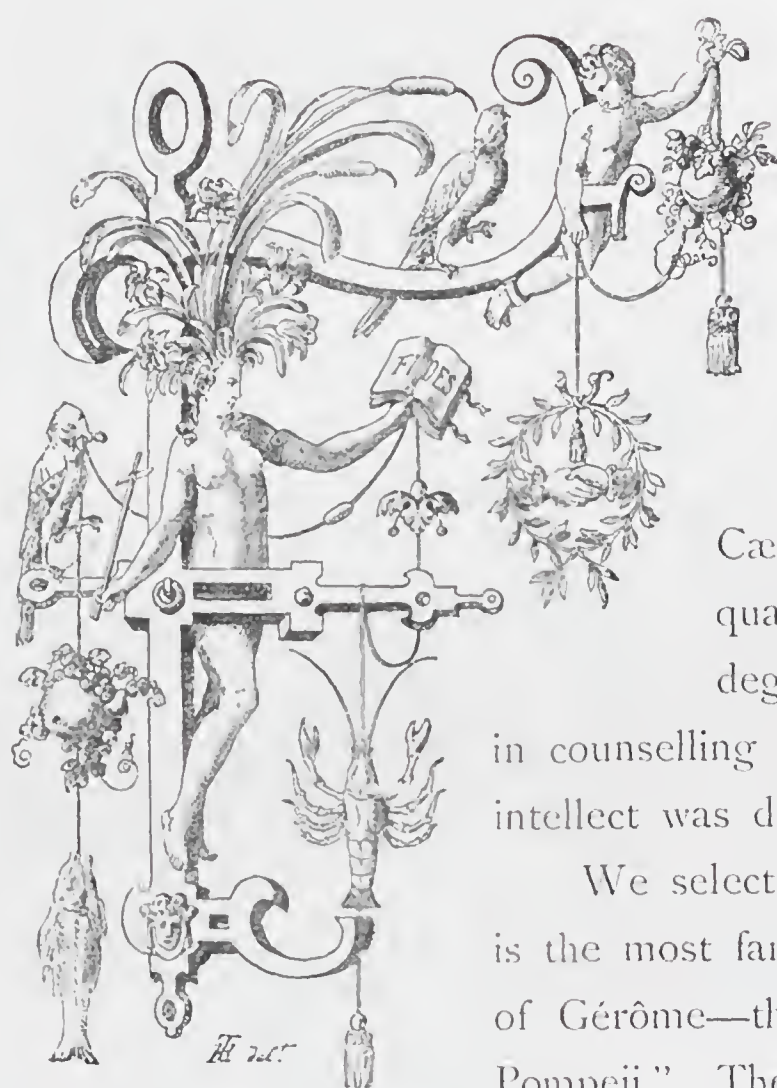
This is not the stately, dowager-like Venice of the Grand Canal and the Rialto. It is an obscure corner, on a narrow water-way, where the gondolas are infrequent, and the houses are modestly low in stature. At the top, we see the domed bell-tower of some minor church. To the left, a few vines are trying to grow over a trellis, much impeded by the scarcity of fresh water in Venice. A solitary gondola drives its serrated beak between two of the graceful hitching-posts which the Doges’ city provides for these boats, its only steeds; a humble market-scow delivers its freight of fruit or fish at the gaping black door of the lowly mansion; and, at the extreme right of the picture, we see a procession, through several bridges, of various boats in perspective. The white walls glitter in the sun; the red tiles cast their indented shadows from the eaves; the blackest of shades lingers in the broad square portal, and repeats itself down the quivering, undulating water, among a hundred other dipping reflections. Of the thousand aspects of Venice, Señor Rico regales us with one burning little focus, deprived of the grandeurs of painting, carving and architecture, but all fervent with the Italian sun.

The painting by Rico is more important than the reader might perhaps infer from the summary representation our crowded space obliges us to give it. The secret of a new and national method of painting is condensed in its limited extent. It is an outcome of Fortuny; and the astonishing success of the Fortuny school in representing the brightness of open-air sunshine is well explained by its method.



# SUMMER-BATH AT POMPEII; AND SAINT SEBASTIAN APPEARING BEFORE MAXIMIAN HERCULES.

BY GUSTAVE RODOLPHE BOULANGER.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY H. TOUSSAINT.

ELLOW-PUPIL with Gérôme in the school of Paul Delaroche, Gustave Boulanger (who must by no means be confounded with the late Louis Boulanger, the friend and illustrator of Victor Hugo) fits as perfectly into Gérôme's character as the lining into the waistcoat. Somewhat less emphatic, less inventive, less original and less striking than the painter of the "Death of Cæsar," Boulanger is scarcely his inferior in the purely artistic quality. He is a very correct draughtsman, a manipulator to the last degree able, whose executive facility, perhaps, has ever been his enemy in counselling him to efforts of pure technical skill, in which the travail of the intellect was deficient.

We select two of his works, exhibiting a double aspect of his art. The first is the most familiar side, and that which corresponds most nearly with the style of Gérôme—the classical and the poetically voluptuous; "The Summer-Bath at Pompeii." The other shows Boulanger in a determined attitude of revolt against the beautiful, the pleasing, the caressing; this is the lofty and noble "Saint Sebastian and the Emperor." The Pompeian scene is one which may be perfectly trusted for its truth to history and archæological research, for it is in a line which Gérôme and Boulanger have studied out with patient fidelity, exhausting the hints to be collected in classical literature, and the other hints, not formulated yet by literary workers, in the statuettes, bronzes, terra-cottas and frescoes to be found in European art-museums. We may be sure that the architecture in this delicious scene is historically correct; and so of the handsome Romans who have come down from the capital of the world to enjoy the little summer watering-place at the foot of Vesuvius. Very aristocratic are these haughty people from the great city: they represent the highest *ton* of the capital. When they are vexed, they plunge golden pins into the flesh of the poor vulgar Christian women who serve them for dressing-maids. They have the last fashions, the last epigrams, the last scandals of the year A. D. 70 or so. As they enjoy the cool air from the "bay the peacock's neck in hue," and drive in the evening on the sea-road towards Baïæ, the road that is now Chiaja, they vow to each other that nothing could make them endure the tiny, stuffy rooms of Pompeii,— "so different, you know, from our palace on the Esquiline,"—but that not a soul is left in Rome, and in August one must go somewhere.

How many antique bas-reliefs of all the ancient epochs must Boulanger have copied to realize for us, as he does, the life of the old masters of the world! How he must have studied the paintings in Etruscan tombs, and all the stately theatric scenes among the Romans, the bacchanalians and orgies of the vases of Ruvo, and the manners and customs of the Cæsars and their more degraded successors on the throne! Gustave was so completely identified with that epoch that one fine day he found himself responding to the invitation of a new Augustus, in the Avenue Montaigne, Paris. Prince Napoleon, the burly fellow who married Victor Emmanuel's homeliest of girls, chose him, with his friend, Gérôme, to execute the wall-paintings





THE VOLUNTARY SCAPE TO ROME















in the Pompeian Palace, which it was the Prince's dream to construct in the exact likeness of a villa of ancient Italy. Gérôme made an elegant fresco in the vestibule. Opposite the entrance, and bordering the basin or *impluvium*, stood the full-length statue of Napoleon the Grand, in classic costume, by Guillaume, the present director of the Beaux-Arts. The busts of the family, from the chisels of Canova and others, were ranged around the atrium, like the *species majorum* of the ancient domiciles. Clotilda's pretty bedroom, on the ground floor, had sky-blue and yellow furniture. Gérôme and our painter were commissioned to create again, in this classic interior, the life of the ancient Romans in the form of living tableaux. Boulanger threw himself heart and soul into the task. He did Prince Napoleon the too great honor to take him for Mæcenas. Théophile Gautier was robed and placed in a conspicuous position as Horace. All the beauties of the Théâtre Français were clothed with peplum and tunic to lend their charms to the scene, the centre being occupied by the lovely Madeleine Brohan.

If Gustave Boulanger had less facility and a more decided individuality, he would have avoided that faculty of assimilation which he has to excess, which has kept him from displaying decided character as a man, and his works from bearing the stamp of original thought. A jovial companion and a heart of gold, he is full of kindness and complaisance towards his friends. It was the chance of the present editor to enjoy his tuition for a little while, during one of the Eastern journeys of Gérôme, the regular professor of the atelier; and nothing could be more marked than the contrast between the business-like, cold, merciless, pointed and most helpful criticisms of Gérôme, and the indulgent, half-way, good-natured and weakly strictures of his lieutenant. "Excellent comrade and hearty friend that he was," says of Boulanger his acquaintance Théodore Véron, "neither in himself nor in his painting is he able to escape from the mephitic air of unwholesome coteries. How much misfortune has our poor century spread around, in the degradation of characters! With lofty, strong surroundings, Gustave Boulanger would have been a man of character, by the mere assimilation and influence of the circumambient air." These remarks are appropriate to the painter of the Pompeian picture, perhaps. The "Saint Sebastian," of a higher and more didactic style, seems to intimate that since the fall of the Empire the artist's character has taken a severer bent.

The Saint Sebastian in Boulanger's picture is not the representation of a ghost, although it looks like one. Sebastian did not die of the arrows, though probably many spectators, imperfectly acquainted with Catholic traditions, suppose they are looking at a fatal execution when they see a painting of Sebastian pierced by the archers. Ruskin has fallen into this error. He says of Tintoretto's "Saint Sebastian" (notes to *Stones of Venice*), "the figure is dead, and well it may be, for there is an arrow through the forehead and another through the heart." This is quite erroneous, for the handsome young Christian, succored by Irene and the other women, lived to confront the Emperor, as we see in the present picture. He was a commander of the Prætorian Guards, a great favorite of Diocletian and of Diocletian's colleague in the Empire, Maximianus. Condemned to death for protecting the Christians, Sebastian was restored by faithful Christian women after the soldiers had left him for dead. When he recovered, he was counseled by his fellow-religionists to fly from Rome and save his life; but Sebastian went to the palace, and stood where the Emperor would surely see him. Then the Emperor, being amazed, exclaimed, "Art thou not Sebastian?" He replied, "I am Sebastian, whom God hath delivered from thy hand, that I might testify to the faith of Jesus Christ and plead for his servants." For this bold action the martyr was commanded to be beaten with clubs in the Circus, and his body obscurely thrown into the Cloaca Maxima, where his friends could never find it. But Lucina obtained his remains and they were laid at last in the Catacombs, at the feet (as the legend relates) of Saint Peter and Saint Paul.



GUSTAVE RODOLPHE BOULANGER.



# THE DEATH OF BRUNEHAUT.

BY EVARISTE VITAL LUMINAIS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. H. KAEMMERER.

QUEEN BRUNEHAUT and her sister, Galswinthe, princesses of the Visigothic royal house of Spain, married respectively Sigebert, the King of Austrasia, and Chilperic, King of Neustria. The younger sister was killed by Chilperic, at the instigation of Fredegonde. Queen Brunehaut, animated by a violent hatred of her sister's murderer, incited her husband, Sigebert, to declare war against Chilperic. She bore her husband company when he besieged Chilperic in the city of Tournay: but he was soon killed by assassins sent by Fredegonde: upon this the besieging army was forced to disperse, and Brunehaut fell into the power of the other queen. Presently escaping, she sought refuge in Austrasia once more, then governed by her son, Childebert. On his death she continued the dynasty, reigning in the name of her grandsons. A sedition chasing her from Austrasia, Brunehaut found a shelter in Burgundy, then under the crown of another of her grandsons: In 614, Clotaire II, son of Chilperic and Fredegonde, caused Brunehaut to be delivered into his hands, and put her to death. She was attached by her hair to the tail of a wild horse, and dragged over the wilderness until life was extinct. Thus perished this celebrated queen, so differently judged by various historians. Her ambition caused bloody disputes between her grandchildren, and her life was scandalous, yet something grand remained connected with her name in the minds of the people. Great edifices and imposing roads, the relics of Roman power in the west, were long attributed to Brunehaut by popular superstition. Born in 534, she was eighty years old at the time of her assassination, a circumstance which the painter has not deemed it seemly to record. Luminais has increased the savage romance of the situation in supposing the Gothic queen and her wild steed to die together. The landscape in his picture is untamed and primitive. Its haggard loneliness is deeply impressive. This infinitely spirited painter, whose pencil likes to dwell among the barbarous men, the uncultivated scenery, the herds of shaggy horses and the stirring combats of early Gaul, has not often painted a more imposing picture than the "Brunehaut."

A word may be appropriate concerning the lively and artistic sketches used in our text as initial letters; they are far more elegant than any heretofore introduced in an American publication. The above fac-simile drawing from Kaemmerer (one of Gérôme's brightest pupils) represents an artist painting in the lid of his color-box, a constant habit in out-door sketching: it is a type of the close union we have established between art and literature for our work. It may remind the reader of a somewhat similar sketch by Raymond Madrazo, used in our first description on page 1. That initial also represents an artist painting, the design occupying the cavity of a large letter C. Of that sketch it may be worth remarking that it is a portrait of the son of a noted American collector—Mr. Stewart, of Philadelphia and Paris—so celebrated for his unrivaled gallery of Fortunys. Young Stewart, who is here represented to the life by the cunning pencil of his friend Madrazo, is himself a painter of somewhat higher rank than an amateur, and contributed a canvas to the American Department of the Centennial Exhibition. We have not published an initial that is not on its own merits a work of art. The exquisite classical ones by Ehrmann represent a painter whom it will be our duty presently to introduce as an independent artist and exhibitor in the water-color department of the Exposition. The fantasies of modern life by Arcos and Kaemmerer are derived generally from the humors of the Exposition season; while the more antique initials by Mitelli and Toussaint show the taste of the last century in this graceful way of commending a chapter to the reader's eye.





THE DEATH OF BRUNEHAUT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. V. LUMINAIS.













MAISON DUNOY  
PARIS

J. J. A. LECOMTE DU NOUY, PINX

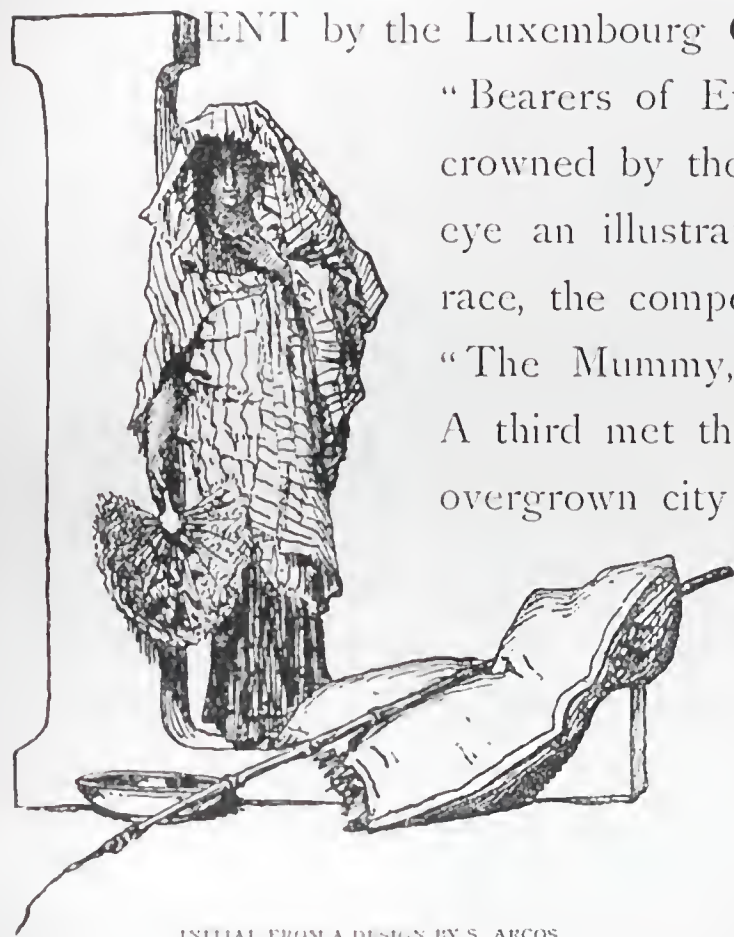
C. BARRIE, ENLISHER

THE BEARERS OF EVIL TIDINGS SLAIN BY PHARAOH



# BEARERS OF EVIL TIDINGS SLAIN BY PHARAOH.

BY J. J. A. LECOMTE-DU-NOUY.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY S. ARCOS.

PRESENT by the Luxembourg Gallery, which owns the canvas, M. Lecomte-du-Nouy's picture of the "Bearers of Evil Tidings" takes its place as a selected standard of French Art, crowned by the Governmental choice. Biblical in period and treatment, and to the eye an illustration of that Egypt which was the harsh foster-nurse of the Jewish race, the composition was, in fact, inspired particularly by the following passage in "The Mummy," by Théophile Gautier: "A second messenger fell beside the first. A third met the same fate; and Pharaoh, floating by the eye of thought over that overgrown city of which he was the absolute master, reflected with mortification on the limited nature of human power."

The picture exhibits a chiseled precision of detail which would seem to make it classable with sculptor's work as much as with painting. We cannot deny that this canvas gives evidence of very uncommon talent: by no means. We are grateful to the author for his niceties of manipulation and for his archæological researches.

We can hardly expect from an artist whose forte is sculptural

accuracy of drawing those lambent charms of atmosphere and color which are the property of "impressionist" painters; can hardly look for the vibrating tints of Decamps or Delacroix, or expect to see, along with the rigid anatomy of our painter, those tepid transparencies of the nights of sun-loved lands. The charm of such a work as this is different in kind: it is accuracy of study, masterliness of manipulation; it is balanced symmetry, which surely is one of the forms of harmony. None can fail to see the elegant balance of masses, the intelligence and address and cleverness, the vast quantity of small antique bric-à-brac most delicately adjusted, and the general collection of most ingenious, most interesting details. But we should not allow our attention to be too much entrapped by these learned perfections. Over all, we must perceive the terrible and sinister nature of the subject,—a scene of death, with its agonies and supreme convulsions,—a picture of irresponsible power, unsated after its most deadly exertion! We must look among these wretched ministers of tyranny for the manly obedience, the unquestioning submission which leads them to run up one after the other to their doom as fleetly as to a festival. We must let our imagination create an atmosphere of terrible apprehension, the brooding misgivings and patient fidelity of these wretched officers—the Oriental humility expressed in the Biblical words: "Ye have made our labor to be abhorred in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of his servants, to put a sword in their hand to slay us!" The mere discovery and turn of his theme by our artist is in the nature of a lucky hit or windfall. The idea of these obedient ministers uncomplainingly dying by their monarch's hand while he muses dissatisfied on other things—the submissiveness of slavery and its insufficiency to fulfill the schemes of inordinate ambition—is a contrast of purposes which might have tempted Michael Angelo. Which are to be envied, the subjects whose all is but to attempt and to die, or the despot who can command everything and never attain satisfaction? Another painter might have treated this drama with more fire and vitality. M. Lecomte-du-Nouy treats it in a spirit of brooding, reposeful, yet not satisfied philosophy, which has its own peculiar effect on the feelings of the beholder, and which keeps within the limits of quietude imposed by the canons of grand art. M. Lecomte-du-Nouy is the artist of the "Begging Homer," which we have already published.



# THE LAST DAY OF CORINTH.

BY TONY ROBERT-FLEURY.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY HERMANN.

PAULUS ÆMILIUS, when he sacked Olympia, and carried off its unequalled art-treasures, gave utterance to a celebrated criticism of Phidias' Jupiter, which he found enshrined there. He exclaimed, "This Jupiter of Phidias is the very Jupiter of Homer!" To get the full force of this remark we must transport ourselves to the epoch, and recollect that the works of art of the ancients were not, as ours generally are, emanations from literature. The traditions of literature had nothing to do, ordinarily, with the conception of an ancient idol. The artist worked from a long series of *artistic* prototypes, which had gradually improved in beauty from the original mummy-like blocks fallen down from heaven, and reputed most sacred of all. If those who had inaugurated Phidias' Jupiter had imagined that it was merely a sort of illustration of Homer, they would have promptly broken

the statue and executed the artist. Paulus Æmilius, coming in sight of the Phidian Jove, with its thick gold hair, and being instantly reminded of the passage in the Iliad where Jupiter shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod, so that Olympus shakes and the heavens thunder, made a remark that partook, in an almost incredible degree, of what we call the modern spirit. He looked upon the Jupiter, not as the perfected kin of the old, ungainly, sacred dolls, of which he had seen plenty in Etruria and Greece, but as a work of taste, completely filling his notion of a favorite poetical passage. His posture of mind was surprisingly like our own when we see what we consider a good picture of Hamlet or Lady Macbeth.

Very different from that literary remark was the remark of Mummius, when he took Corinth a few years later, in 156 B. C. He told his soldiers, as they were carrying off to Rome the most famous works of Grecian art from Corinth, that if they lost or injured them they must make others in their stead.

A mind so dense on the question of art was not likely to regard the conquered city of luxury very considerately. Mummius' entry into Corinth was accompanied by a conflagration, in which the loveliest conceptions in silver, gold and bronze statuary, by all the famous sculptors of Greece, melted and ran into an amalgam or alloy, which actually became celebrated in commerce and received a trade name, so abundant was it in the ruins; it was called *Corinthium Aes*, or Corinthian brass.

M. Tony Robert-Fleury's picture represents an episode of this conflagration. The large number of beautiful women whom he accumulates in his foreground remind us that Corinth was famous for its temple of Venus, where priestesses of irresistible beauty were in the habit of reducing their worshippers to poverty and ruin. The picture is especially suggested by the following extract from Livy: "The third day after the battle of Leucopetra, the consul Mummius entered into Corinth, then evacuated and without defenders. The women and children were sold as slaves. Many of the inhabitants perished in the flames, as the city, after having been submitted to an inexorable pillage, was reduced to destruction to the sound of trumpets. Fire being applied to the edifices, all the space comprised within the city walls was in flames."

M. Tony Robert-Fleury, the painter also of "Dr. Pinel at Salpêtrière," was born at Paris of a father celebrated himself as a painter, studied under Delaroche and Léon Cogniet, obtained medals in the Salons of 1866 and 1867, and a Medal of Honor in 1870, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1873.











## REVERIE.

BY JEAN GUSTAVE JACQUET.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY M. SCOTT.

GRACE and delicacy are hard matters to express on canvas to the satisfaction of every one, because they have no certain criteria, and the standard is at the mercy of any individual spectator. Force, terror, pity, remorse, are easier; science may come in to the aid of the artist in representing them, and applause may be extorted for their presentment, because the success is demonstrable. But the praise that must be charmed out of the spectator, not extorted, is more precious as it is harder to get, science having no power to command it. These considerations give a peculiar importance to the picture entitled "Reverie," by Jacquet, which beguiled the fickle Paris throng to unanimous rapture in the Salon of 1875, obtained the young and little-known painter an immediate first-class medal, without the weary interposition of medals 3 and 2, and is now seen to even greater advantage in the Universal Exposition.

The figure named "Reverie" seems to resume the preoccupation and absorption of an epoch; one would say the nineteenth century, so little satisfied with itself, dreaming of the age of chivalry or the age of paradise. But that it is in a sitting posture it might be Poe's "Helen" in the window-niche, suggesting and almost realizing "the beauty that was Greece and the glory that was Rome." It is a life-size form, with darkest brows and eyes; loosely wrapped in red velvet. A brilliant French writer, stimulated by seeing again this suggestive canvas in the Exposition, has told the Parisian public how its favorite came into being. Turning over, says M. Gustave Goetschy, a drawer full of souvenirs, he came across a visiting-card on whose back was a sketch in the attitude of the "Reverie." He was exploring this receptacle the other day—one of those mysterious drawers where we throw confusedly our scattered memoranda, to prevent us from quite forgetting our past adventures or else to console us for our present ones—when chance turned up this bit of pasteboard, already old and yellow, and bearing on its obverse the name of Edouard Detaille, the battle painter; on its reverse, the little drawing, three parts effaced. It was not hard to recognize: a design by Jean Gustave Jacquet: the protoplasmic indication, the blossoming idea, whose fruition was the poetic, delicious figure of "Reverie," the medalled picture of the 1875 Salon, the picture acknowledged as one of the most exquisite outcomes of French contemporary art. It occurred to him, continues M. Goetschy, that he had a part to claim for himself in the creative process of the young master, and that he had some right, egotism apart, to communicate a short history of his collaboration with Jacquet.

The painter and the writer were sitting together one evening in the winter of 1875, by a bright fire, in the little suite of rooms which the former then occupied on the fifth-floor, at least. It was not Jacquet's present studio in the rue Prony, but was in a house on the Avenue Matignon, where he had contrived to furnish his eyrie so as to form an artist's nest of perfect snugness and faultless good taste. The friends were conversing at hap-hazard, with their feet on the andirons. The talk chanced to turn—who knows how?—on modern furniture, decoration and costume.

"The further back I go," growled the painter, "in the art-history of the centuries before our own, the more plainly I see how immensely the master-workmen of other times were superior to the manufacturers of our own. What happy fellows our forefathers were! As life flowed on for them, it was one eternal feast for the eye. Jean Goujon and Perrie Lescot constructed their houses, and their plate was marked with the name of Cellini, and Bernard Palissy's monogram was on their crockery. Their gleaming and



polished pewter, their sonorous coppers, their crystals full of colored light, shone on the massive columns of the buffets. The sun played over the burly folds of sylvan scenes in Flemish arras. The men moved in pride and glory in their velvet and silken doublets, while over the stone palace floors or the flints of the street went dames whose step was languid under the weight of their brocade. In the later gallant era, there was Ballin decorating the gardens laid out by Lenôtre, there was the Buhl furniture, there were the panels and frescoes of Boucher and Watteau and Fragonard."

Jacquet continued his animadversions to modern times: "The French Revolution," he insisted, "first struck a blow at these sumptuous styles. The job was finished by the empire of Napoleon. The Neo-Grec of David's time reacted into the rococo of Louis Philippe; under Louis Napoleon came the age of bric-à-brac and a taste for imitation luxury. People have begun to form 'collections;' from hence, of course, the fearfully clever counterfeits of every past style and epoch. To-day our homes present the appearance of being filled with remnants, that come against each other with a shock; our drawing-rooms look like auctions. Confusion reigns everywhere, and falsehood triumphs. Wall-papers imitate tapestry, whereon are seen the newest plants of the conservatories in landscapes of pretended antiquity, and fantastic birds of ancient style displaying the aniline colors just obtained from the oil-wells of Pennsylvania. Chinese figures are turned out on Montmartre, Japanese lackers at the Batignolles, Gobelines tapestries in the rue Vivienne, Nevers and Delft wares at Gien, Buhl incrusted furniture in the rue de la Lune, and Guipure lace in the big shops of Paris. The cornice ornaments are of moulded paper; the Florentine bronzes are electrotypes bought in open-air shops; the trophies of armor can be obtained in street-booths. We are dressed so as to carry absurdity up to its ideal. Why are our corsets so narrow, our breeches so wide, and who can explain our bonnets? We have raised vulgarity to the dignity of a principle; our chariots are cabs, and our chivalry throws its leg over a velocipede. For my part, the deeper I plunge into the study of my profession, the more I feel a sense of continual struggle. The sympathy with modern intelligence ties me to the present; but the pictorial faculty injects itself into all that, and floats me over ceaselessly towards the past. I feel like transporting the personages of our time two hundred years further back, and causing them to live among the objects of ancient ages. If the ideal came to me of a young, musing poetess, I should not know how to imagine her seated in a red satin spring-chair with gilt nails, relieved against the white and gold wall of a parlor; I would contemplate her, rather, as lost in the darkness visible of a wide Gothic hall, plunged in a tall elbow-chair covered with Cordova leather, wrapped in a velvet of sober hue, her eyes fixed on vacancy as she dreams of the knight-errant Galaor of a chivalric romance —."

Saying these words, Jacquet took up a visiting-card which lay idly on the mantle-piece, and began to hunt for an undiscoverable pencil. The place where pencils are rare is an artist's studio; he took the one which his friend Goetschy held to him, and made a hasty sketch of his dreamer. The outline finished, other things were talked of, but the idea was not forgotten. It struck root, and soon afterwards was seen climbing up the posts of a lofty easel. Thus it was that Detaille, who never saw the picture in the studio, and the literary man, who forgot all about it, were the collaborators in that fine idea of "Reverie." The battle-painter provided the pasteboard, the writer a pencil; Jacquet, the considerable remainder.

The little fragment of conversation above recorded, if worth quoting at all, is valuable because it includes the full, exact theory of Jacquet in art and taste. His painting, as full of sweetness as of science, is mounted equally on two epochs. He prepares observations on the present and plunges them into the past. He mixes with modern life, gets its latest news, and goes back with it to times of yore. He does not shut himself out from society to live in a day that is past; he is not locked up in mysterious and abstract formulæ, like Alma Tadema, for instance, or Gustave Moreau, who have made their election to live with the dead, and choose to know and see nothing of a newer world. He culls the good out of



every age. He goes to the old sixteenth-century Flemish masters and borrows from them the refulgent gleam and solemn rigidity of the armor in their knightly portraits. He steals from the Venetians the splendor of flesh and the beauty of tissues. He takes from the Spaniards the firmness of their line and the warmth of their tone. He bears off from the gallant painters of the eighteenth century their melting shapes, their graceful, light and flowery coloring. Every master can teach him something, down to Bouguereau, in whose atelier he received his education, and whose prudent, schoolmaster-like lessons he reproduces here and there in his work—sometimes when he had better forget them—in honor of the days when he imbibed the academic milk under that correct instructor.

Jacquet has two predilections; he loves to paint women, and he loves to paint armor. His successive works in the Salons have given prominence to these two tastes alternately. Sometimes a subject occurs to him wherein both can be advantageously united. His first success of that kind was the "Woman with the Sword;" his last is the "Joan of Arc," in the Salon of 1878. This is a master-work in which he has really surpassed himself, and made it impossible hereafter to confound the name of Jacquet with any other name. It is a young, kneeling girl, with joined palms; seen in profile, and betraying an impulse of the most fervent and ecstatic prayer. On the brown ground of some old hangings we see relieved her heavenly face, bathed in light. A sense of youth, of ideal maidenhood, floats like a perfume around the figure. Her slender limbs play free, under a slight armor adapted to her shape; she is praying, so profoundly and ardently that we examine the picture afresh, to detect the angels who are sent to bear the soft exaltation up to heaven. The picture is a vision of loveliness, in which there are, besides, bits of technical painting of the first order; the armor, the painting of the hands, are the work of a master, while the face is the work of a poet. The locks, of a fine gold, shadowed with brown, roll their thick and comely undulations along the temples and neck, recalling the hair on the old Italian Madonnas.

There is an individual ringing note struck by the painting of Jacquet, a note of no uncertain sound. He is convinced of the rightfulness of his own theory—a conviction that nearly always gives original value to an artist's work. He paints in a delicate and easy method. "That method is the best," he wrote lately in a letter, "which you can draw from a comparison of nature with the old masters. I observe; then I compare, anxiously looking for what I have seen of nature and life in their glorious formulas.

"There exist laws of eternal harmony," says another letter of Jacquet's, "in which the simplest objects play their part. The artist ought to paint as he sees, as he feels, using what he knows. The snare is in eccentricity, rococo, the painting painted to be seen; and the refuge from this is in painting yourself right out."

Jacquet already occupies an important stand in the French school, and promises gradually to make for himself a grander one.





## CHATROUSSE'S PARISIAN LADY; CORBELLINI'S LAZZARONE; BUTTI'S THE GRIMACE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

OUR readers will remember how completely some of the wise American critics were thrown off the track by the large exhibit of Italian statuary in the Centennial Exhibition. Many of the letters written on this subject to the daily papers at a distance were simply amusing in their utter want of *savoir*, and their application of false standards to a given exemplar. The men of diurnal literature could not imagine anything in the material of stone that was not solemn, monumental and sublime. They had heard of classic sculpture, and they knew not what to think of sculpture that made no pretence of being classical. They could not imagine that a *genre* art might exist in marble or metal. Vaguely rolling in their minds what they had

read of the elegance of Praxiteles, and the "canon" of Polycletus, they applied these standards to an order of art that had swerved audaciously out of the classical routine. They were as helpless as would be the Jomini of an Indian system of warfare, recording the methods of guerrilla attack in the terms appropriate to ceremonious sieges by Vauban. Suppose we had preserved to us specimens of the *familiar* sculpture of the Greeks, of which the dozens of pretty statuettes from Tanagra are an all too scanty sample; what a different tune criticism would have sung! Or take, on the other hand, the question of painting. Because Apelles and Protogenes painted classical deities and heroes, was art to continue forever on their track, and were we to have no Correggios, no Watteaus, no Hogarths, no Fortunys? The simple fact is, the Italian sculptors of to-day are merely testing the familiarities of art, in the style of men who are not oppressed by their material. Good, and not evil, will be the ultimate outcome of their experiment. Art is constantly leaving its milestones behind. Reynolds was shocked when Benjamin West insisted on painting the "Death of Wolfe" in modern costume; and Reynolds taught, too, that in serious art no particular kind of drapery should be represented, but only "drapery;" yet historical painting, a deal more "monumental" than Reynolds's, now represents velvets and silks without loss of dignity, as witness Pradilla's "Insanity of Juana," in this Exposition; and Vernet, and Regnault, and Pils, and Maclise have painted warriors in the dress they really wore, and made better pictures than if they had disguised their heroes as Greeks or Romans.

The claim made by certain modern sculptors of talent simply is, that *genre* art has a right to exist in their half of art, just as much as in the painting half of art. Sculptors of the northern nations have so far been giving themselves no end of trouble to find appropriate themes for the exhibition of nakedness, and appropriate themes that may be "draped." Neapolitan fisher-boys may be supposed to fish naked; bathers, of all nations and both sexes, may be supposed to trail odds and ends of linen over their persons, whose folds may take the classical swing; hence, the afflicting prevalence of fishers and bathers in the works of English, American, French and German carvers. Now, the Italian sculptor asks, pleadingly, why may not an amusing and not inartistic class of statues be invented, whose topics shall be mere *genre*, whose pretensions have nothing to do with the divinities of Greek temples or the allegories





LAZZARONE.

(ITALIAN SECTION.) FROM THE STATUE BY Q. CORBELLINI



THE REVERIE.

(FRENCH SECTION.) FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. JACQUET.



THE GRIMACE.

(ITALIAN SECTION.) FROM THE STATUE BY E. BUTTI.







of Roman triumphal arches; and why may we not work out their external texture by a hundred clever devices, so as to suggest the silkiness of hair, the embroidery of *robes de chambre*, the knitted regularity of a peasant's stockings, or the clinging fringe of a bournous tassel? The bournous and tassel are appropriate enough, even for so dignified a subject as Calvi's "Othello;" the knitted hose, even for so grave a one as Monteverde's "Dr. Jenner Vaccinating his Child;" the silky lightness of hair is appropriate even for a subject so lofty as "Berenice Dedicating her Tresses." Why should these noble themes, or even nobler ones, not be represented with realism in the details? Painting does it. Even in religious art, painting affects a close and clever imitation of the accessories, instead of the statuesquely dragging and textureless draperies of the Pompeian frescoes, or the "generalized" furniture and "indicated" architecture of the "Aldobrandini Marriage." The liberties that the brush has taken with so much advantage, why should not the chisel have, too? The experiment has so far met with intense hostility. The first thing the English and French and American critics said of this Italian *genre* sculpture, before much of it had got over to the shores of the West, was a falsehood. They said all the time that it was a sculpture of minuteness and misapplied toil; that it counted the threads of a button-hole, subdivided the ribs of a home-made stocking, and fac-similed the flock of a blanket. When the Italian statues came over in such abundance to the Philadelphia Exhibition, it was seen that this was not the case. It was imitative, this Italian carving, but by manipulation of light and shade, not by the literal copy-work of a casting in plaster. When it copied a rough blanket, it had astonishing devices for giving the effect, in the folds where the light broke over the stuff, but it did not appear to have taken unusual pains; the rich, fluffy covering on the knees of the "Napoleon," by Vela, was imitated by sagacious sketching with the chisel, not by anxious toil. The hair in Peduzzi's "Berenice" was no harder to treat than the hair of the Apollo Belvedere; but the Apollo's locks, literally imitating in unpolished stone the forms of continuous groups of hairs, only look wormy—those of Berenice, artfully exaggerating the crisp wrinkles so as to catch the light, make the rays do half the work and paint the glitter of the sunny tress. These devices of the Italian carvers are cunning tricks; they are not always suitable for themes of a grave monumental sort, but they are interesting experiments in *genre*. In painting, a great many of the puzzling effects of nature are suggested by methods that are nothing else but tricks; the decorative painters of Munich wag their wise beards with satisfaction over devices that Raphael would have thought beneath him; with summary wipings of a paint-rag they take out the rich, rough lights that emphasize the folds of velvet or the ragged locks of a robust portrait; the French artists, with the scratching of a finger-nail or the skilled dabs of a thumb, will do wonders of modeling upon an eyelid, a mouth, or a nose; landscape painters of the inventive race of a Constable or a Turner *trowel* their skies up to the crisp richness of a firmament of massy clouds by means of a painting-knife. Sculpture, of the old classic style of Canova and his compeers, disdained everything but the dull imitation of form for form. Its work was, therefore, always stony. But sculpture, condescending to the gaiety and glitter of the parlor or the garden, required a host of more audacious devices, and formed them after awhile; and just as the novelist has introduced many liberties of style to represent the accidental nature of rapid conversation or the racy contrasts of dialect, so the carver, unable to see why he should be debarred from those *genre* themes which the novelist and the painter had long since seized upon, comes upon the stage with his studies of character, clothed in their habits as they live.

The newspaper critic, unable to comprehend it, pondered before the tricky sprites of Italian *barocchismo* art, and delivered himself of ponderous animadversions appropriate to the epoch of Macedon or of Hadrian. Such and such a sculptor had not caught the balanced Greek accent at all; such another only recalled Roman art of the decadence; such another was just fit for the drawing-room. "Why, bless you," would have replied Torelli, sculptor of the "Eva Saint Clair," "I did not want to catch the balanced Greek



accent, I wanted to catch the modern vernacular accent of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' And Tantardini, if told that his group of "The Kiss" was just fit for the drawing-room, would have taken the remark for a compliment, and owned that that was the very destination he had in his mind.

"The Kiss," and the "Little Eva," and the "Berenice," and the "Othello," and many others that were at the Philadelphia Exhibition, have packed their boxes and betaken themselves to the Exposition Universelle; others of the Philadelphia group of visitors have gone to the Exhibition of the Paris Salon, open at the same time; such are Peduzzi's garden ornament of the "Boy and Swan," and Guarnerio's

"Pompeian Refugee." Monteverde's "Jenner" exhibits his elastic stockings at the Champ de Mars, while the blanket of Vela's "Napoleon" was there before, in the 1867 Fair. And it is curious to see the easy, *dégagé* manner in which the French critics tolerate these schismatic figures, after the grave doubts and the thought-oppressed foreheads, and the pondering anxieties, and the erudition preoccupied with the canon of Polyclethus, which gathered upon them in Philadelphia. The "Jenner" and the "Napoleon" have raised the complimentary meed of envy. Professor Louis Ménard, *Docteur es Lettres*, does not think it necessary to remember the Greek canons. On the contrary, he meets familiar art with familiar criticism. "Nothing," he says in *L'Art*, "can be more pretty and wide-awake than the 'Baby' of Borghi's:" he goes on to say that the children carved by Guarnerio, Gamba and Braga, "are likewise agreeable specimens of the art." He ends with a hearty sympathy, tempered by the thought of what the academicians will say; "yonder roses," he concludes, "are undercut with a marvelous ability on the practitioner's part; this address in cutting the marble is found in all the little Italian statuettes, and causes the admiration of the bourgeois: in revenge, its extremes are bitterly criticised by the connoisseurs." The same recognition of technical cleverness was made before, in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, by M. Charles Timbal: "The Italians, as first practitioners of Europe, have conquered to themselves a monopoly: none surpass them in the art of rendering the Carrara pretty, glossy, supple,"—and then he adds one disobliging epithet, always with the thought of the exasperated academicians. It is West over again, spreading his modern clothes before the shocked and admiring eyes of President Reynolds. The academic ideal is alarmed; but art is surely and swiftly leaving old untenable academic ideas behind.

We exemplify the "barocchismo" in the Exposition by two examples from the Italian section, and one from the French. The last-named is Chatrousse's "Parisian Lady," a very recent work, apparently produced as a sort of challenge to the "dressy" Italian carvers. "The Lazzarone," by Q. Corbellini, of Milan, is one of two figures sent to Paris by its author, the other being "The First Bath." The "Grimace" is the only work exposed by E. Butti, also of Milan. In "The Grimace," Signor Butti shows us a standing boy of five, clothed in an old hat of heavy straw, and one indescribable garment. Throwing his toy at his feet, he holds up a hand-mirror, of which he has become possessed, and makes faces in the glass, at the same time drawing down his flat brim sideways over his cheek. His notion of making up a face is derived, without his knowing it, from an endless line of ancestors, and probably traces back to the time



PARISIAN LADY.  
FRENCH SECTION. STATUE BY E. CHATROUSSE.



before his Aryan forefathers left their home under the Himalayas. He makes his grimace by thrusting forth his tongue. This grimace of the lolling tongue is found in the rudest art of classical antiquity, when the sculptor wanted to give the idea of something horrible. It is the face of Typhon; it is the face of the earlier representations of Medusa. General di Cesnola digs up these stretching-tongued faces of Typhon in Cyprus carvings of immeasurable age, so old that they resemble the Egyptian. The Typhon with the thrust-out tongue may be seen in its archaic form painted on the shield of Achilles, as it rears against the wall in Du Nouy's "Homer," one of our engravings. As it is, seeing this statue fixed in its temporary attitude, we may conclude that the Gorgonian expression reflected in the mirror has changed the boy to stone, as it did the enemies of Perseus when imaged in his shield. The statue of Signor Butti is charmingly juvenile in its directness, sturdiness and mischief; the flesh portions are seemingly soft enough to melt. The realistic treatment of the hat and the garment will give the critics the chance they want; for the hat is not simply the abstract expression or central type of a hat, but is a creation of recognizable Lombardy straw, every plait of which has been woven in and out by the chisel, and may be counted at the spectator's leisure.

Corbellini's "Lazzarone" is clothed from neck to ankle, giving less opportunity for the expression of yielding flesh, which the Italians so excel in. He is older than the other. He stands with ineffable impudence, looking up from under a veiling eyelid at some opponent, who you will warrant is a great deal bigger and stronger. He hides a thick, knotted stick behind his back. Shameless, forward, good for naught, and handsome as a cherub, this Gavroche of the Milan streets or of the Santa Lucia wharf is ready to pose among angels or fight among devils, as his quick Southern humor takes him.

The proficiency of the Italians in "barocchismo" excites the jealousy, as well as the animadversions, of French artists. While they freely point out its triviality, they are not unwilling to excel in it. Just so, Aimée, the songstress, though she loved to show her proficiency in genuine opera in the "Dragoons of Villars," was nothing loth to prove that she could execute the Swiss *jodel*. When the Italian statues of the Centennial were being wondered at, sneered at, but at least discussed by all, Heller, the Paris sculptor, used to explain to us that "barocchismo," or, in French, "le baroque," was a specialty among other specialties, and that the French had it amidst their many perfections. "There are Chose, and Un Tel, and Machin," he would say, "who have been carving this ribbon-work, and flower-work, and silk-work from time almost immemorial. The Italians do it no better—if you can call that sort of thing good." M. Chatrousse's "Parisian Lady" almost outdoes Italian sculpture in its accumulated difficulties overcome, its prowess in conquering a stubborn material. Here are a bouquet of flowers, a necklace of beads, a ruffle, a head-dress in agonies, all cut out of marble. This insulted stone, not knowing which way to turn, crisps, softens, undulates or sharpens at the will of the chisel, and finally gives it up and flows in liquid waves of Cashmere. With all this merely technical versatility, the "Parisienne" exhibits plastic qualities of a very genuine order; she is a true mistress of the saloon, standing up with finished grace and infallible penetration to receive her guests and pick out from among her lovers the anonymous sender of her bouquet.





## THE BODY OF CÆSAR.

BY JEAN ANDRÉ RIXENS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. HERMANN

UPON the news of the assassination of Cæsar, a feeling of blank terror was disseminated throughout Rome. The report traveled fast, and in its wake came a solitude as of a pestilence. Upon the instant the booths, the shambles, the houses were closed. Rome seemed plague-stricken. The market-places were deserted, the forum was empty. Seized with sudden fright, all the citizens shut themselves up to brood with pale foreheads over their hearths; through this marble desert the body of Cæsar, left alone in the midst of the world's capital, which seemed a solitude, was carried to his house by three of his slaves. This is the scene depicted by M. Rixens. We see the deserted look of the city, and from the pomp and perfect state of the architecture we infer that an hour before it was filled with teeming life. Through the solitude, and in the act of descending some steps, advance the servants who are bearing the master of the world, now powerless to lift his heavy head. It is still partly covered with the mantle which he swept over it in the last supreme effort to fall with decorum: but the hand which has lifted the drapery to the forehead trails lifeless over the shoulder of his favorite gladiator. This nude bondsman is a fine figure in the picture: the tension of the muscles in the thigh, which has so much weight to support, is excellently given, without being overstrained; and the thick tanned hide of the man-animal is well seen on the heavy shoulder, arm and trunk. Another slave is an Ethiopian, whose head of bronze makes a powerful accent in the very centre of the composition. The figure in advance, supporting the feet, by its well-indicated forward movement, gives motion to the whole group; thanks to so actively progressing a form, the procession is felt to go steadily forward down the scene, whereas if we cover up this important personage, the rest of the company seems a mere standing group of supporters. The figure of Cæsar, even in its helpless state, is full of regal ease and nobility. Every important part of his form is clearly discriminated beneath the large calm folds of the toga, which are neither trivial in their complexity nor artificial in a too elegant arrangement. It seems somehow like a pile of sculpture on a tomb—this trio of servitors, as of steel and bronze, supporting the marble repose of the recumbent figure.

It is now some eleven years since we met Rixens, at his entrance into the school of Gérôme. He had just come up to the metropolis from his native department of Haute-Garonne, and his paternal town of Saint-Gaudens. He was exceedingly fresh and provincial, kindly, friendly with all, and of a most conciliating transparency of character. The balcony of our then residence may still bear, for what we know, the sum in addition he executed on the plaster with a bit of artist's crayon; so much per week for his "restauration," so much for washing, so much for a garnished chamber, the whole making up that surprisingly small total for which a provincial can roll in luxury at the capital. Rixens' work in the atelier, in those days, was rather hard and "tight." We fancy we perceive a remnant of his then superfluous exactitude in this work of his prime, though the style of Gérôme, which he emulates, is well adapted to cover up and carry off any excess in the way of fastidious precision. In the "Body of Cæsar," he has given the world his most important work, a well-considered, impressive and elegiac tribute to one of the great moments of human history.







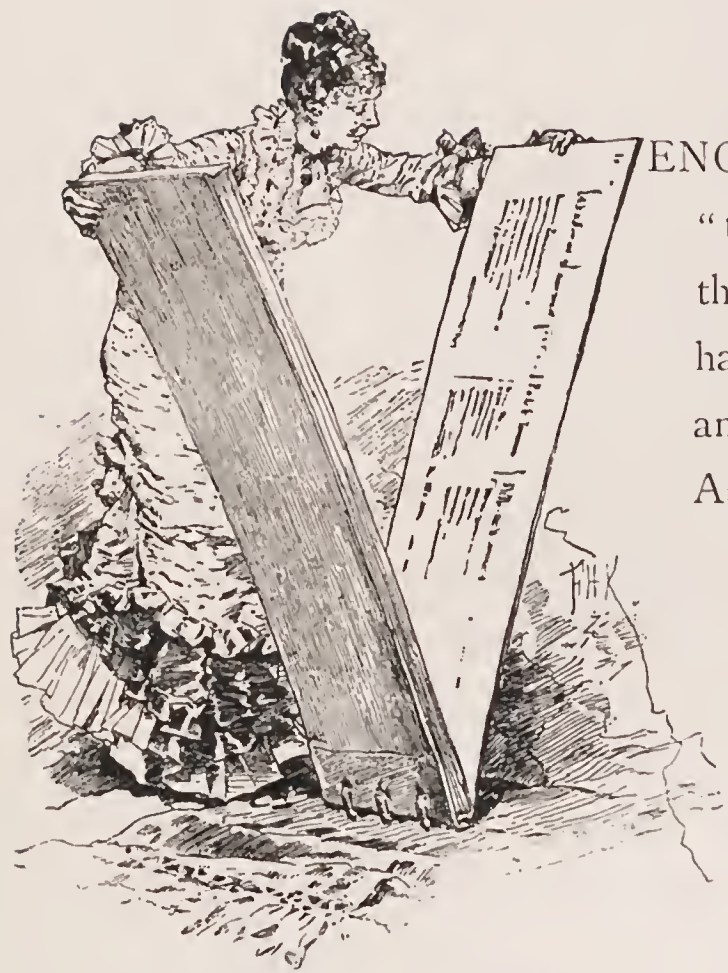


JOSEPH NARRATING HIS DREAMS



# ÆSOP NARRATING HIS FABLES.

BY ROBERTO FONTANA.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY KÄMMERER.

ENGANCE is the province, as Beatrice explains in her epilogue, of “the whirligig of Time.” The poor slave of the picture has become the schoolmaster of the world. Nearly twenty-five hundred years have passed since his limbs wore the fetter, and his spirit expands and exults over the world, in the mighty freedom of immortal thought. As the inventor of a *genre* of writing, the perfector of parable, Æsop has a reputation which lifts him high among the moral lawgivers—the first in that splendid pedigree of incisive intellect which leads to La Fontaine, and Swift, and Gay. Æsop was a Phrygian, of the sixth century B. C., and was born a slave. The splendid sallies of his genius, however, procured him his liberty. He traveled with a shrewd, light heart over the most of Greece and Egypt, but lived for the greatest part of the time in the palace of the opulent Cræsus, king of Lydia, who had the brains to appreciate

his glorious court-jester. That the Lydian monarch looked upon Æsop, however, as something much more than the Yorick of his household, is proved by the important religious commission he gave him, of consulting in his name the oracle of Delphi. In this embassy, indeed, Æsop comported himself with sardonic severity. Always ready with an apt comparison, he said the Delphians were like swimming sticks on the water, which appear from a distance like mighty rafts or bulwarks, but when approached separate into trifles and floating jetsom. His satire caused his death—perhaps the fittest end for a grand satirist. Offended with his irony, the Delphians got up an accusation of his having secreted one of the sacred vessels of Apollo’s temple, and threw him down from a rock, 561 B. C.

It is to the life of Æsop, written in Greek by Maximus Planudes, that the common idea owes its birth that Æsop was a hunchback. Like one of his own monstrous “yarns,” this report is a fable. It was doubtless believed, however, among the Romans, as there is a celebrated statue of Æsop, of which the torso is an interesting anatomical study of deformity.

Fontana is an artist whose contributions to the American Centennial Exhibition are remembered with peculiar pleasure. He is a Milanese painter, and obtained medals both at Vienna and Philadelphia. Signor Fontana has gotten a lofty degree of nobility into his conception simply by renouncing all effort at dignity. His Æsop is not draped and arranged and made into a hero. It is the pure might of wit and genius shining out from his splendid, scrubby head, and the reflection of his utterance in the surrounding eyes, which make him appear great and stamp the poet. His head is that of a deformed person; for the artist adopts the tradition, without which indeed Æsop would be no Æsop for most of us: but through its wry and puggish type we see the unmistakable fire of the “creator” playing: and his splay-limbed, dancing attitude as he sits is full of the pure ardor of invention. The artist is a master of drama; by adapting the liveliest gestures of what we call parlor comedy to this antique scene he has made it intensely vital, while his good taste has kept him from using any expression which is the peculiar outcome of our more complicated century.









MILTON DICTATING PARADISE LOST TO HIS DAUGHTERS.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY MICHAEL MUNKÁCSY.







This twice-burdened existence of artist and student ended by wearing out the vigorous constitution of Munkacsy. One day, after six months in which he had not touched a hot dish, the young workman fell ill. An intermittent fever, which left him one day of ease for two of sickness, rendered him unable to labor; this was in 1861. His uncle Reök was now beginning to get the better of the impoverishment caused by the revolution. He was able to take back his nephew to his home at Gyula. There was at that time at Gyula a portrait-painter named Shamosy, an artist of the secondary order, but a very intelligent and well-read man. Munkacsy met him at his uncle's, and afterwards, when convalescing from his fever, went to his studio and practised at his side. Soon afterwards Shamosy left Gyula. Munkacsy went off with him; they arrived together at Arad, where the elder had portrait commissions to execute, and where the pupil ventured to offer himself as a drawing-master for children. The patronage was not extravagant. For a lesson in drawing you got a dinner. To obtain a coat, Munkacsy would paint portraits of all the tailor's relations. He passed in this fashion two years of his life, feeling independent and free. He remained under the wing of his excellent friend Shamosy, who not only taught him painting, but perfected his literary education. Little by little the pupil became skillful. He began to try finished compositions, and succeeded in selling his easel-pictures; he sold them cheap, but he got enough to live on, and even enough to venture on a little journey. Leaving his instructor, Munkacsy went to his uncle's house, and occupied himself with studies from nature. From thence he repaired to Pesth, where he encountered his first success in life. He had painted, in three months of toil, a familiar subject, representing some peasants at home. The Society of Protection for Artists purchased the work for eighty florins. Another picture was disposed of for one hundred and thirty florins. With this money the painter went off to see the galleries at Vienna. He returned to Pesth in the year 1866. A complaint of the eyes kept him helpless at the hospital for six months. When he left the infirmary, it was to proceed to Munich. He had only twenty florins in pocket, but no matter! He went just the same. For two years succeeding he labored at Munich, sometimes at the Academy, but more frequently alone. The result of his studies was to convince him that no academy is so good as Nature. Abandoning Munich for Düsseldorf, he presently made a radical change in his manner of painting. His first picture was execrable—or so he says himself. His second was passable. His third was "The Last Day of a Condemned Man."

"That should be sent to Paris, for the Salon," said his friends.

"I should never have the courage. There is only room in the Salon for masterpieces," he replied.

"Make the venture, at any rate," advised the sympathisers, and he made it. "The Condemned" made a sensation at the Exhibition of 1872. The vigorous impasto of the new Hungarian painter, its deep expression and feeling, the impressive shadow in which it was then his manner to plunge his *dramatis personæ*, were novelties to the public and the critics.

Fortunately an American connoisseur was on hand to appreciate the painting. Mr. William P. Wilstach, greatly admiring the work of Munkacsy, bought it off-hand from the Salon wall, conferring upon the painter the first important lump of money he had ever earned or handled. Munkacsy continued long, and for the remainder of the too-limited life of his patron, to look upon the latter as his benefactor, his creator in a mundane sense,—the man who had given him a career. He visited his wealthy friend, confided to him the simple history of early hardships, as we have sketched them, posed for his photograph album in different attitudes, with the Hungarian cloak and boots and the Kossuth plume, and lavished in his society with all the security of confidence the outpourings of a young and grateful heart.

His last picture is equally the property of America. Mr. Robert Lenox, the generous founder of the Lenox Public Library, has purchased for that grand literary collection, (so rich in Miltoniana) the picture of "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost' to his Daughters," painted expressly for the International Exposition, and the recipient of a medal of honor.



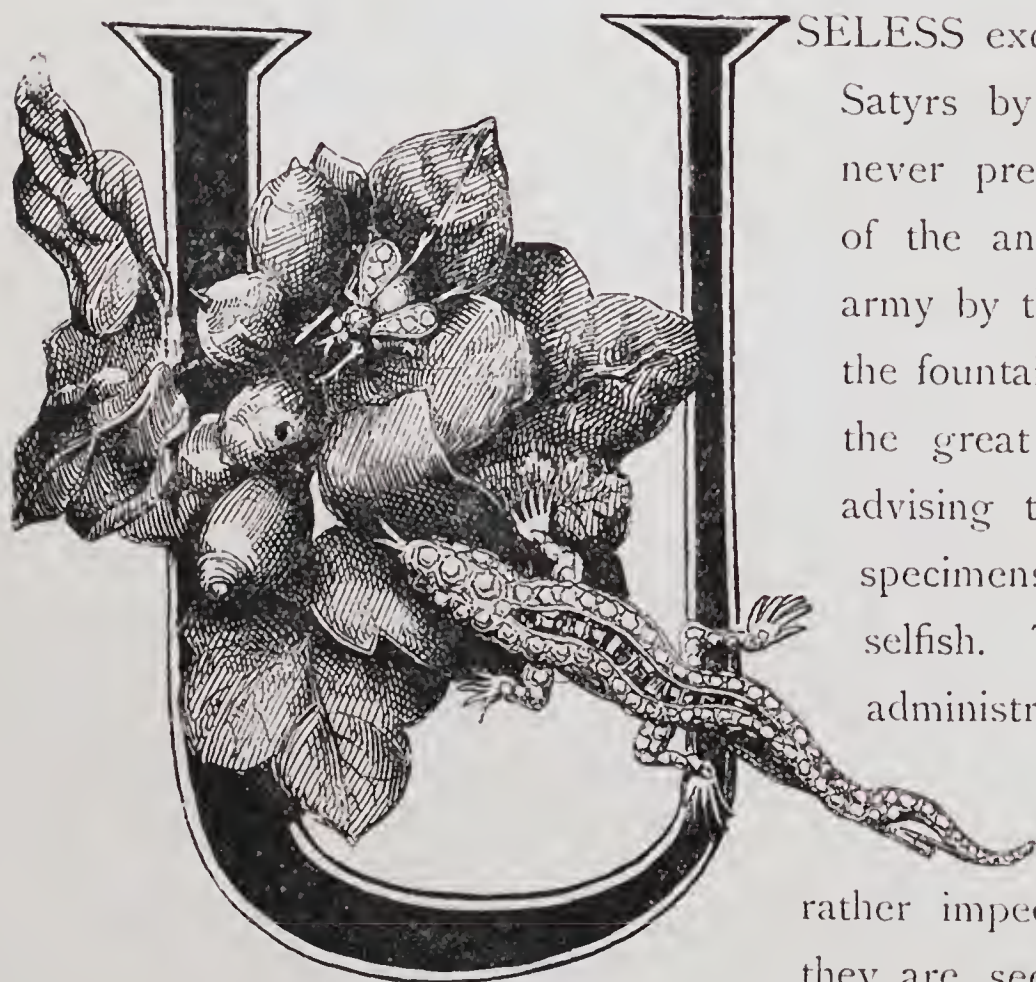
Jonathan Richardson, in his "Notes on Milton," gives this sketch of a poet's home: "An ancient clergyman of Dorsetshire, Dr. Wright, found John Milton in a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow chair and dressed neatly in black; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and feet gouty, and with chalk-stones." In this threadbare interior the imagination sees the first epic writer since Homer, blind like the bard of Chios, availing himself of the pens of those daughters whom he had taught to pronounce for him the lines of Greek and Latin books without understanding the sense. The artist shows him to us, in his neat suit of black: the light comes into the simple chamber through a barred window. His three daughters, Anna, Mary and Deborah, simply dressed, form a group around the table. One of them is embroidering, another is standing; the third, anxiously attentive, suspends the pen—a moment of inattention might change for the world of posterity a word that is a masterpiece! This fine canvas comes up with an unusual relief in the Austro-Hungarian section of the Fine Arts. It keeps the crowd before it, because the crowd finds in it two uncommon and admirable things, the talent of a master and the feeling of a poet.

Since his success with the "Condemned Man," that is to say, for six years past, Munkacsy has established himself in France. He there painted his "Episode of the Hungarian War," in 1873; the "Pawnbroker's," and "Night Vagrants," in 1874; the "Hero of the Village," in 1875; and the "Studio Interior," including his own portrait, in 1876.



## A FAMILY OF SATYRS.

BY LOUIS PRIOL.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY C. GAILLARD.

USELESS except for purposes of art, the form of demigods called Satyrs by the Greeks, and Fauns or Sylvans by the Romans, never pretended to affect the moral or political development of the ancients. They could not turn away the march of an army by thirst, like river-gods, nor counsel a king, like Egeria the fountain-nymph, much less affect the course of empires like the great interfering divinities, of whom Pallas and Venus, advising their favorites Achilles and Æneas, are meddling specimens. Their powers were small, their existence merely selfish. To follow in the march of Bacchus was their chief administrative function, and really, for the conquest of such a mighty empire as India, their incurable want of moral and physical balance must have made them rather impediments than agents. The most disinterested thing they are seen to do in antique art, is to keep the disreputable Silenus, the waddling premier of Bacchus, from tumbling when he is tipsy. Yet illiterate and uninfluential as the Satyrs were, they were a boon to Greek art and literature. To the Greek mind they represented the poetry and melody of Sylvan Nature. It would be an error to suppose that the old Attic art, because she did not produce landscape painters like Turner and Constable, was not enamored of natural scenery. She delineated it by *personifications*.





L. FRIGOU 1888

G. BARRIE PUBLISHER

A FAMILY OF SATYRS.













PLAURENS PINX

1870

G. HART, 10, SOUTHAMPTON

THE BODY OF POPE FORMOSUS EXHUMED FOR TRIAL BY ORDER OF POPE STEPHEN VII.



The Greek conception of Landscape Art is successfully applied by M. Louis Priou in the picture entitled "A Family of Satyrs." Only, as a man of his century, he does not disdain the experiments of the artists who paint scenery, but adds their methods too. Accordingly, the spaces of his picture are filled with a forest view. But where he wants to indicate the sylvan noises which the mere landscape artist cannot convey, he takes the imaginative method of the ancients, and sets in the midst this lively Satyr-father teaching rhythm, with snaps of his fingers, to the little musician who blows the double pipes on the paternal knee, while the tambourine lies near by, beside a sleepy child-faun whose ear drinks in the last sigh of the organ of Pan as he removes it from his lips. Meanwhile an industrious little faun cuts the stops in a whistle, and the bust of Pan sinks its head on its bosom with the broad-thoughted meditations of Contemplative Nature.

This graceful and animated picture well expresses those private joys of the forest of which we often catch the raveled edges, as it were, but which we never can surprise in their fullness, because at our approach every manifestation of delight seems to make off, in a series of skurryings and rustlings. But here they are, the noises of the woods, in full play. The picture is like that passage in Hawthorne's romance, where the Faun, the last of his race, goes out into the forest, and attracts the birds and lizards and hares to come to him.

Louis Priou was born at Toulouse; his artistic instruction was begun in the municipal school of Bordeaux, and after being safely grounded in this provincial art-academy he came up to Paris, where he entered the Beaux-Arts School, choosing Cabanel as his professor. He obtained a medal in 1869, and another, of the first class, in 1874. He sent nothing to the Exposition but this picture.



## POSTHUMOUS TRIAL OF POPE FORMOSUS; AND ST. BRUNO REFUSING THE PRESENTS OF COUNT ROGER.

BY J. P. LAURENS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY J. P. LAURENS.

LAURENS, one of the most noteworthy of the younger artists of Paris, a tragic poet of the brush, a painter with a singularly masculine, energetic style, a colorist given to grave and sonorous harmonies, painted his "Saint Bruno" in 1874. The scene passes at the threshold of the monastery. Count Roger's messengers have just displayed their presents at the feet of the saint, and the latter, with a few of his Carthusian devotees about him, renounces them with a decided gesture. The critic feels at once that this gesture is emphasized, and betrays a kind of violence in the artist's imagination. This Count of Calabria is no tempter. Animated by the liveliest feelings of piety, and attracted by the fame of holiness which Bruno had brought with him from Chartreux, he had come to spend some weeks in the vicinity of the holy man, until the example of so much piety and the words of wisdom proceeding from his lips confirmed him still further in his already kindled love of virtue. On the other hand, Bruno



was distinguished by a particular mildness of character, as everything known about him proves, and since there was no motive inciting him to repel with harshness the offerings of a grateful host, it is more than likely that he did so without taking leave of his habitual tranquillity. Historically, therefore, the gesture in M. Laurens' picture lacks propriety. Considered, too, simply in the pictorial point of view, it would seem as if the saint would have gained in dignity and Christian expressiveness by manifesting himself with simplicity and calmness, without oratorical emphasis. But after this exception is taken, how much praise is due to the execution, the color, the arrangement and the general conception! The heads of the cenobites who collect around the saint are superb. What ample and learned brushing! What decision in the modeling!



THE ARTIST'S FIRST SKETCH FOR "ST. BRUNO."

Bruno, though born in Cologne, is a saint of French adoption, and Le Sueur, among other French painters, has treated his history artistically with peculiar fullness and enthusiasm. Bruno studied theology at Paris under Raymond. He afterwards taught in the school at Rheims; but, after long reflection, resolved upon a monastic life. Bishop Hugo gave him some barren land at Chartreux, where with a few companions, he founded his first monastery, and his order was confirmed by the Pope. St. Bruno afterwards retired to Calabria, where he founded another monastery, and there occurred the incident of the present picture. He died in 1200. The brotherhood which he established is the perfection of austerity. Severest of all monastic orders, it adds to the usual vows that of almost complete silence. Only once a week can these Carthusian prisoners—their heads completely shaven, their robes white—indulge in a little verbal intercourse: they never taste flesh, and make their poor meal of pulse and water, with bread, in a state of isolation from each other. To imbibe the spirit of Bruno's terrible asceticism and its contrast with the feeling

of our age, the reader should peruse once more Matthew Arnold's exquisite "Lines from the Grande Chartreuse."

"Oh, hide me in your gloom profound,  
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!  
Take me, cowled forms, and fence me round,  
Till I possess my soul again."

As for the painter of the "Saint Bruno," the exhibit he makes at the Champ de Mars crowns him with the dignity of standard-bearer—or champion, the metaphor is mixed—of the contemporary French School of Historical Painting. Thanks to his powerful gift, his country keeps in its possession one of its old traditional glories, and the loss of Ingres and of Delacroix does not deprive the nation of a peculiar line of talent hereditary among its children. The effect upon the public of this picture, the "Saint Bruno" (exhibited by the City of Paris); of the "Death of the Duc d'Enghein"; of the "Trial of Pope Formosus"; the "Excommunication of Robert the Pious"; the "Francisco Borgia"; and other solemn subjects by the artist has been most impressive. Few painters in the history of art have written so many solemn, magnificent, and striking pages. Looking at the collective effect of his works, Laurens appears not only as a marked instance of the eloquence, the rhetorical emphasis which is the gift of the Latin race, but as a capital example of the effect made upon a grand talent by reading, education, and the knowledge of the works of great painters. The resources of the savant and the fire of the poet, the accumulation and the evoking force, are his in an equal degree.

The "St. Bruno" is, for its author, a comparatively cheerful canvas. Laurens plunges full into the









ST. BRUNO REFUSING THE GIFTS OF ROGER, COUNT OF CALABRIA.

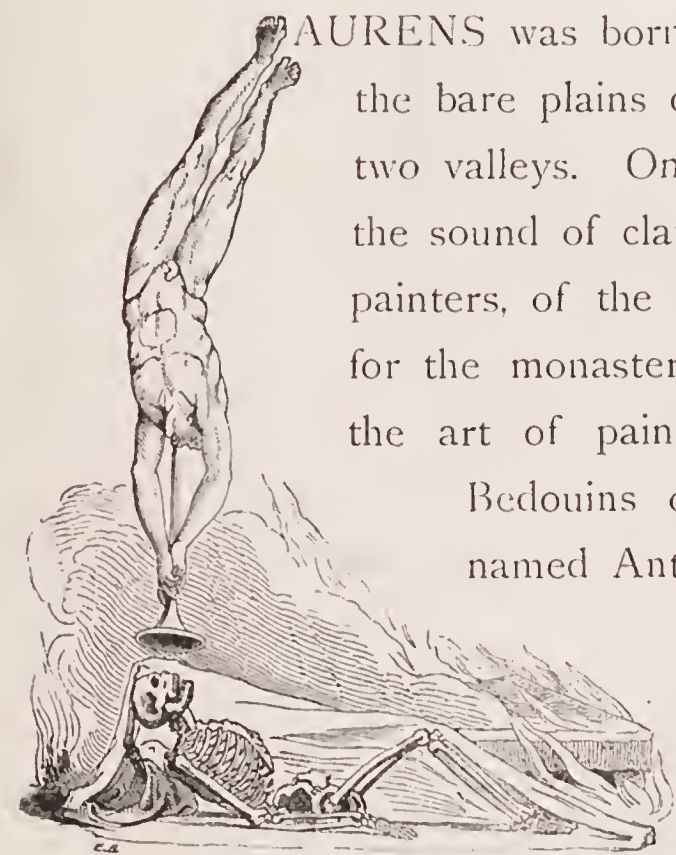
FRENCH SECTION.]

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. P. LAURENS.



melancholy depths he loves in the other selection, "Formosus Exhumed for Trial". The ghastly corpse we see in the foreground is that of Pope Formosus, who succeeded Stephen V. in 891. Another Stephen quickly stepped into the throne. With a rude dramatic instinct quite worthy of that turbulent age, he determined to cast odium upon the administration of the mild Formosus, whose tolerance he had no mind to imitate. The corpse of the late pontiff, exhumed by his order, was carried into the council chamber, dressed in its sacerdotal robes. Its stiffened members were placed, as well as they could be, on the pontifical throne. A legal defender was appointed, as in a criminal trial, to answer in the name of the dead. Then Stephen, addressing the corpse, said, "Why, Bishop of Porto, has thine ambition mounted to the very throne of Rome?" The solemnity of an adverse judgment was executed on the dead pope, and the body mutilated and cast into the Tiber. (See Browning's "Ring and the Book", Canto X.) Stephen was rendered so odious in Rome by this act of vengeance, that the adherents of Formosus roused up the Roman populace, and the revengeful pope was thrown into prison and strangled.

A curious history belongs to the picture of "Pope Formosus", which at this writing has not been cleared up. Its disappearance is, if possible, more mysterious than that of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire". The picture by M. Laurens belonged to the Museum at Nantes. On the closing of the Paris Exposition it was packed in a case eight feet by six, and sent from the Champ de Mars to Nantes, to be placed again in the Museum there. From that day it disappeared, and no trace of it could be found.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY W. BLAKE.

LAURENS was born, in 1838, at Fourquevaux, a little village situated like an oasis amidst the bare plains of the Lauraguais, and planted, as its name indicates, at the fork of two valleys. One morning in May of the year 1851, Fourquevaux was awakened by the sound of clattering hoofs and the merry studio choruses of a band of Italian fresco-painters, of the kind who roam over Italy, Spain and Southern France, executing jobs for the monasteries and the village chapels, and who bear about the same relation to the art of painting that street organ-grinders bear to concert performers. These

Bedouins of the brush were led by a celebrity, a Raphael of the high-road, named Antonio Buccaferrata. Proud of a grand commission they had obtained from the bishop to decorate the interior of the church of Fourquevaux, they trooped into the village like a circus company. The account prepared by Fabre—our Vasari of French art—tells of the attraction these wandering professionals exercised on the young Laurens. He had always loved picture-books; finally, quite won over, he climbed into their cart and became one of the banditti of sacred painters at

so much the square foot. Many sharp trials were his portion among his older and wilder fellow-felons of Black Art. But a Gil Blas existence of this sort is not necessarily a bad thing for the development of genius; it only stimulated the talent of Laurens, who presently passed from the wagon of Antonio Buccaferrata into the atelier of Professor Villemans, of Toulouse, and at length into the School of Fine Arts at Paris, finally bearing away the medal of honor at the Salon of 1877.

Before deserting the band of Italian saint-manufacturers, young Laurens had an adventure with them which he has never forgotten. The vagabond church-painters took refuge one night in the town of Saint Ann du Salat, putting up at the Golden Cock inn, kept by Gaspar Hortet, who was also a poulterer. The worthy tavern-keeper had just lost his wife, after a three-days' illness, and the neighbors were lamenting, with many a "pecaire!" (the Auvergnat form of the word "pity"), their whilom gossip, the poor "Hortette"! Signor Buccaferrata, the ambulant Raphael aforesaid, was assigned a sleeping-room in common with his youngest apprentice, the future celebrity, J. P. Laurens. A prolonged racket in the



adjacent chamber disturbed the artists. It was the apartment where the body of the landlady was laid out, watched by a brace of Hortet's waiters; and Prosper and Justina, under pretence of sitting up with the corpse, were holding an orgie like an Irish wake, supported by a suitable quantity of the tavern liquor. Kept awake by the disturbance, the Italian finally entered the chamber and drove out the rioters, then paused in consternation at the sight of the dead body. He had been acquainted with "the poor Hortette," but certainly he had never seen her with that supernatural physiognomy which now arrested his steps. His disturbed fancy discovered in the placid death-face a thousand marks of dignity, serenity, power and grace. It would seem that the dauber of village churches was not without the possibilities of a more genuine art. As he mused before the corpse, his profession was constantly in his mind. What a model the poor Hortette would make for a "Death of Saint Ann"!—Saint Ann, the patroness of the town. He had been looking out for a suitable Saint Ann with which to tempt the priest of the church in Salat. Hailing his "boy" he ordered him to bring in his sack of artist's materials; he first



THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF ROBERT THE PIOUS.  
FROM A DESIGN BY THE ARTIST

essayed a hasty drawing, characterless and vague, but rapid. Dissatisfied with this, he prepared for a more serious grapple with the dead model. The better to illuminate his subject he commanded little Jean Paul to hold a candle over the bed. Excited by the hope of carrying out his design successfully, Buccaferrata did not perceive the state of helpless stupor in which young Laurens had been plunged by the sight of the body. He led his apprentice gently but inflexibly to the bedside of the corpse. "Now, do not move," he said encouragingly, carefully raising the lad's arm until the smoky flame of the taper was well elevated over the face of the late Hortette; and the Italian applied himself to his task in a fever of excitement, now proud and now dissatisfied as his work progressed, sometimes exclaiming "Magnificent! what chiaroscuro!"—sometimes "I have not got it yet." Presently the awful face of the lifeless Hortette emerged from the artist's sheet out of a confusion of daubs and scratches; and the Italian, with beaded forehead, all absorbed in his labor, cried out to his assistant, "a little higher!" But Jean Paul paid no attention. He was palsied by extreme terror; and though his catalepsy made him continue to hold up the light, like a machine obedient to the master's will, yet his arm sunk gradually and imperceptibly, changing at each instant the light and shade upon the deathly cerements with which



Hortette's white face was surrounded. "Corpo di Baccho!" exclaimed the pious painter. At the oath the frightened apprentice was roused from his rigid stupor. It seemed to him that the corpse had moved. He made his escape in an agony of fright.

Fame has not recorded the destination of Buccaferrata's "Death of Saint Ann." It matters little. But we understand now the origin of the corpses of J. P. Laurens. From the same source proceed, no doubt, those other subjects of Laurens, "The Corpse of Marceau" and "Duke de Borgia before the Coffin of Isabella." The "Excommunication," with its frightened courtiers leaving Robert the Pious alone on his throne, under the ban, after being cursed by the Pope for his marriage with his cousin Bertha, displays the power of the Church in the dark ages.

His picture of the "Duke de Borgia before the Coffin of Isabella," is a work containing, perhaps, the greatest beauties and the greatest gloom of the artist's style. This composition merits that we should pause awhile before it.

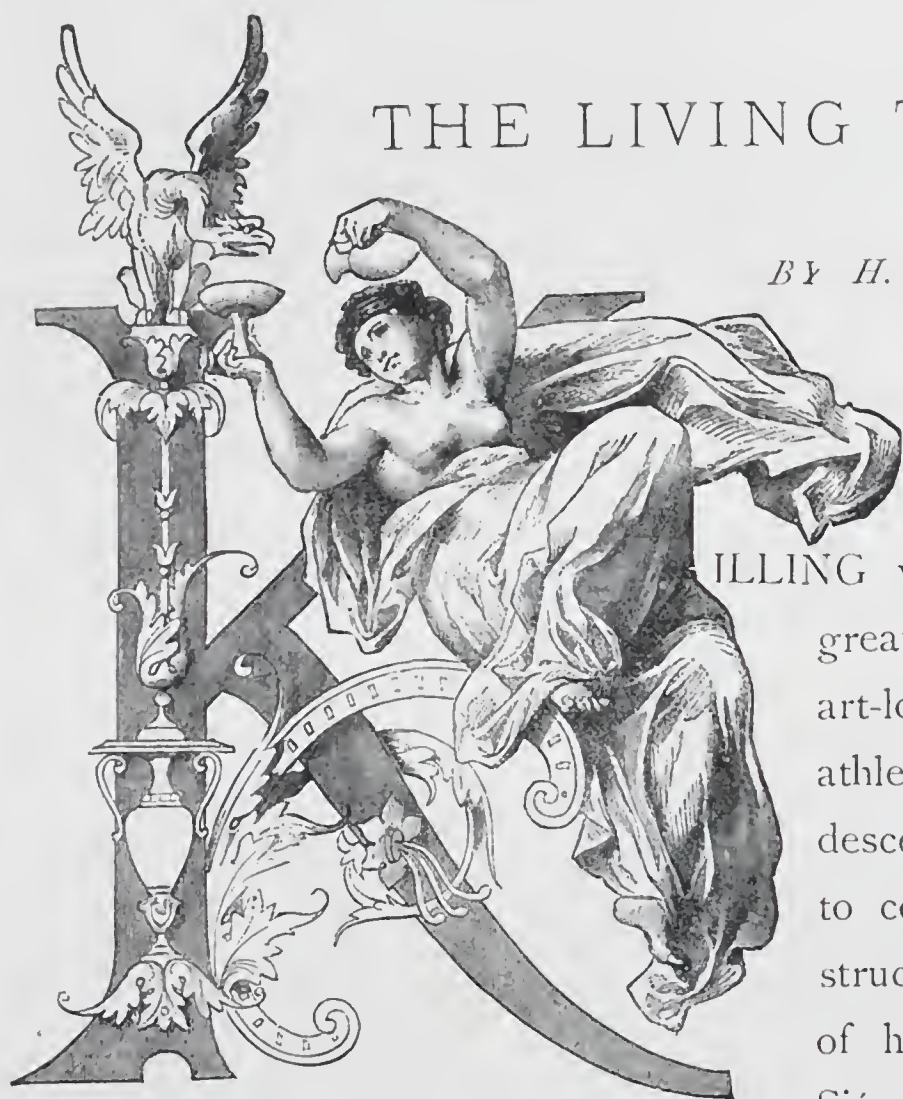
Upon the death of Isabella of Portugal, wife of Charles V., a grand señor of her court, Francisco de Borgia or Borja, Duke of Gandia and Marquis of Lombay, was ordered to transport to Grenada the corpse of the princess, whose wonderful beauty had earned her the surname of the "three graces," and the device of "*hæc habet et superat.*" In rendering up his charge and committing the body into the hands of the bishop, the marquis opened the coffin for the purpose of testifying to the identity of the remains. The impression produced on the Duke of Gandia by the spectacle of the dead was so profound as to induce him to renounce the world and enter the order of the Jesuits. He had been one of the bravest warriors of the time; he became later Saint Francis de Borja. When the nobles of the court demanded why he thus gave up the grand struggle of life and the pleasures of the world, he replied that "he would look no more upon such beauties as could be changed into a horrible mire like this." That awful "mire" is the text of the picture. There is something of the deep and permanent biting of the lapidary's work in the sober treatment of the canvas, and the picture fixes the fact upon the mind with all of the curt and lasting effect of the inscription which will quickly be cut upon that tablet of black marble which we see above the empress's head, over the scutcheoned waxen taper. At the left, by the serene and stately figure of the Bishop of Grenada, is seen a lovely maid of honor, robed in rose-colored velvet, whose damask cheek is bent over the contracted face of Isabella, and lends all the force of antithesis to the scene. The imperial crown reposes on a cushion of scarlet satin; the green and blossom-colored silks, the gold brocades and snowy ermine lie together in the coffin around that green and discolored flesh which lately was the pride of the grandest court of Christendom. No wonder that the Duke, even as he lifts his bonnet in a mechanical continuation of the fealty which has long been his habit as squire of the dead beauty, is struck, as to the earth, with this lesson of vanity, this immeasurable irony of the tomb. It is known how faithfully, with deep Spanish veracity of character, Francisco de Borja kept his resolve. Enrolled among the disciples of Loyola, he became the third general of the Jesuits.

If some of the canvases of M. Laurens do not explain themselves except to the limited circle of scholarly spectators, "so much the worse for the unlettered and profane!" His law is that ignorance does not excuse an error. His art, all things considered, is an art which carries full sail, and widens our horizons by a convincing presentment of many a grand lesson of history. His hand is strongly endowed; he grasps his subject tenaciously, and never recedes till he has given the profoundest impression of a theme. Especially in his mediæval subjects do his firm drawing and severe coloring convey the rudeness and violence of the time. It is but justice to say that the productions of M. Laurens, from his first utterance to the last, attest a constant desire of improvement, and an increasingly distinct advance in the peculiar line he has chosen.



## THE LIVING TORCHES OF NERO.

BY H. H. SIEMIRADSKI.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

KILLING was the diversion of the Roman race alone. No other great people ever made human death its artistic delight. The art-love of the Greek populace was cultivated through bloodless athletic games. They had no circus. It was reserved for the descendants of Romulus to invent Death as a theatrical effect, and to cover the south of Europe with their ponderous and indestructible circus buildings, ineffaceable memorials of their love of human blood as applied to the arts. The subject of M. Siemiradski's canvas may be considered as the sequel of his master Piloty's "Nero Setting Fire to Rome." In the foreground of that famous picture Piloty represented the unhappy Christians bound to the crucifical trees, in an arbitrary punishment for the crime the odious emperor chose to lay to their charge. His pupil develops the cruel theme, and shows the Christians tied to stakes, and set on fire in their bituminous envelopes, to illuminate the gardens of the Golden House. There is historical authority for the representation; and Renan has examined with exhaustive scrutiny the classical allusions which prove that under the rule of that misguided playwright the city criminals were often executed in such a manner as to represent catastrophes from the old drama. The conflagration of Troy, the insult of Ajax to Cassandra, the dismemberment of Dirce by a wild bull, were among the literary themes which passed through the tyrant's disordered brain as susceptible of theatrical representation. Renan has even discovered and published a Roman work of art showing the death of Dirce, in which the arrangement of the accessory landscape proves that it was the delineation of a theatrical scene. Every event took with Nero a dramatic form, insomuch that in killing his mother he compared himself to Orestes, and affected afterwards to be haunted by the Æschylean Furies.

The subject fished out of the classic historians by our Russian artist is certainly an excellent one, and as his enormous canvas rises before the visitor it is impossible to repress a feeling of admiration and horror. The energy, the command of composition, are here; if we are disposed to demand more of pathos, a greater personal elevation in the character of these victims of a sublime faith, we must be content with the great pictorial talent shown us, and not clamor for too much. The disciple has already surpassed his master, Piloty; he is yet in the dawn of youth. Let us thank him for the grand page he has already written for us, and hope that as time rolls on he will confer on us subjects which will exceed our very ideal. Groups of the most remarkable originality and supremest technical success are scattered over the vast tableau, on which the themes are so crowded that we have to search minutely for these triumphs of manipulation, amid the bewilderment of a grand dramatic *impression d'ensemble*. The conception of this thronging Roman population, indifferent, surfeited with sensations, among which a few faces of women alone betray a stupor mingled with pity, was the conception of a spirit which thinks profoundly, and knows





THE LIVING TORTURES OF HERC.







how to reanimate the ashes of a vanished world. The attention of the spectator, however, is apt to be a little dissipated amidst the multiplicity of personages about equal in interest, and amidst the even vigorousness of the coloring all across the canvas. To have made more *heroic* heroes of the range of martyrs, and then, across the breadth of the picture, to have concentrated the horror of the spectator on the evil genius of the story, would have been the last perfection which the critic ventures to ask for, and which the artist seems to have just missed or contemned. Gigantic work of a painting athlete as it is, the "Living Torches" is a picture which does not seem to get all possible effect out of its mighty size, earnest ingenuity, and tremendous topic. M. Siémiradski has armed himself for the task by assiduous consultations with the archaeologists. He has watched the classical efforts of the French students at Rome, and amalgamated some of their methods with those he picked up in the Munich Academy, from Piloty and Makart. The enormous effort which this painting has cost him is visible here and there in traces of fatigue, and perhaps nowhere more than in the heroes of the scene, who are ranged in their panniers, on top of over-slender poles, with an air rather unfortunate than pathetic. But after all, we are thankful for so striking a historic theme, treated so livingly and with such rich emphasis. All we would ask of the young painter is that, when tired of reconstructing history by the rule-and-line methods in vogue at Rome, he would return to Russia and prepare some native dramas, in which amid the bearded vigor of the sturdy Moujiks he would forget the clean-shaved Romans of his dilettante days. At first one of the pensioners of the Academy of St. Petersburg at Rome, M. Siémiradski has established himself as resident in the eternal city. We can read legibly on this canvas the successive influences he has undergone. We find in the first place the coppery tones of Makart, and his shadows often rather muddy and without balance. Then we encounter the brilliancies, the gem-work, and the startling whites of Piloty. It is the Munich school carried through the stove-heated apartments of a St. Petersburg academy, and then simmering at Rome with the glowing, crepitating, sparkling illumination conferred by Fortuny. Russian art, in fact, amid many of the faults of a new and unauthentic school, displays a curious agitation in the direction of the materially and superficially picturesque. The painters, like those butterflies which rush to the candle, are lured by the vision of pyrotechnic successes. To this torchlight view of the art is joined a more interesting tradition derived from the national history and faith, a remnant of mysticism. The Sclavic mind is sometimes apathetic, sometimes tormented by a nervous restlessness. In painting, the Russians have not yet a style of their own, but constantly betray a dependence on their French or Belgian or Düsseldorf masters. At the beginning of this century there could not be considered to be any Russian painting at all. Bruloff, an evident imitator of Delaroche, of French descent himself, died in 1852, and is considered in St. Petersburg as the founder of the national art. His "Last Day of Pompeii" was exhibited at the Paris Salon of 1834. His last disciple, Bronnikoff, living at Rome, displays at the Exposition his "Last Repast of the Martyrs," and "Disciples of Pythagoras," of mystical sentiment and rapid execution. The strongest of the younger Russians are Harlamoff, a portraitist, Bochmann, a genre artist, and Siémiradski. The first

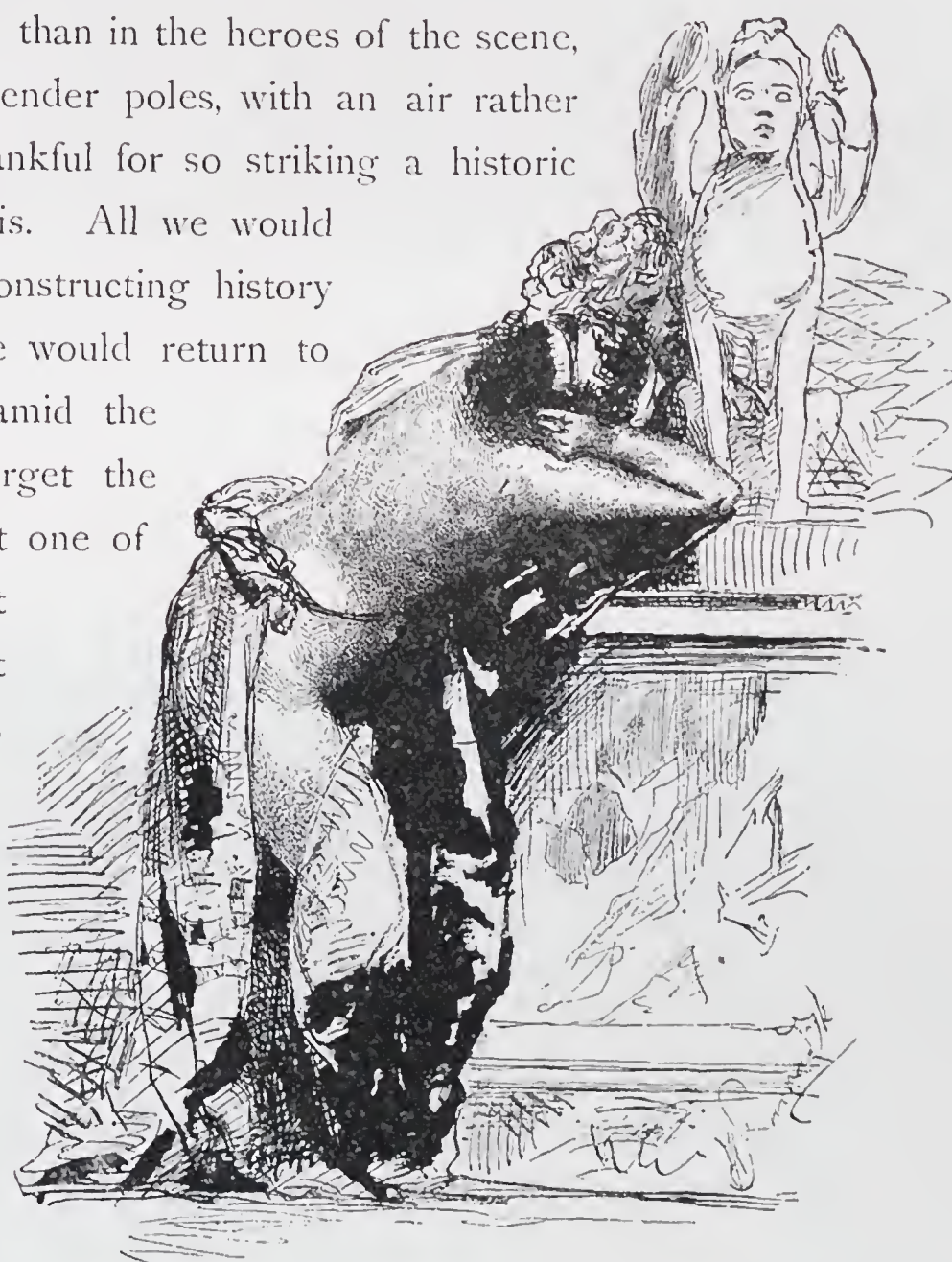


FIGURE FROM SIÉMIRADSKI'S "LIVING TORCHES OF NERO."  
FAC-SIMILE FROM A DESIGN BY THE ARTIST.

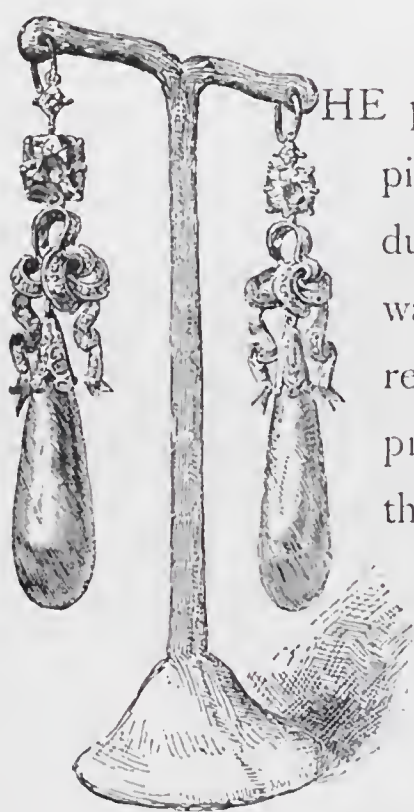


grand picture executed by the last-named was "The Amulet-Seller," sent soon after its execution to the Philadelphia Centennial, where it attracted immense admiration. The greatest fault which a carping spirit can find with this young genius is that cosmopolitan perfection which obliterates country. Siémiradski is a lively and interesting interpreter of Makart, of Piloty, of the so-called Roman-Spanish school: if he would only pull up his stakes from Rome and become a Russian!



## MOCCOLI!

BY PIERRE DE CONINCK.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY C. GAILLO.

THE painter who sent to the Exposition, from his studio in the rue Monsieur-le-Prince, the picture entitled "Moccoli!" is a native of the town of Météren, in the Département du Nord, France. On coming to Paris he entered the studio of Léon Cogniet, and was first noticed in the Salon of 1866, where he received a medal: another medal rewarded him in 1868, and a third in 1873. He sent to the Exposition, besides the present canvas, a painting of Genevieve de Brabant, borrowed for the occasion from the Museum at Douai, which owned it. The pleasing composition entitled "Moccoli!" was first exhibited in the Salon of 1877, to which the painter likewise contributed a picture called "The Studious Girl," and a portrait of Cambacérès (Second Consul of France in 1799), painted for the hall of the Conseil d'Etat.

*Moccoli*, or the Feast of Tapers, of whose episodes our painter gives a specimen, is the winding-up of the Carnival at Rome, and is held on the evening of Shrove Tuesday. To appreciate its full relish—for it is the last flash of gaiety before the mortifications of Lent—we should follow up the gay but fatiguing course of the Roman Carnival. Carnival begins, properly speaking, after New Year's day, and continues until the setting in of the Lenten Season. Still, the gaieties in the street of the Corso, and the masking, when the police permits it, take place only during the last ten days, always excepting the Sundays and Fridays. On the Saturday week preceding Ash Wednesday, the opening of the festivities is announced by the tolling of the great bell on the summit of the Capitol Hill, away down at the southern end of the Corso, and far enough from St. Peter's and the Vatican. After the ringing of the bell, generally between three and four o'clock—but this depends on the time of sunset, from which all hours are reckoned connected with festivals—the Governor of Rome proceeds in great pomp from the Piazza del Popolo, followed by the Senator and high municipal authorities, preceded by their guards, bearing on poles the pieces of silk and embroidery to be distributed afterwards as prizes to the winners in the horse-races. About two o'clock on the other days the crowds assemble in the Corso, where the pelting with comfits, manufactured for the purpose with flour and plaster of Paris, is carried on until nightfall; all the windows and balconies being decked out and filled with the noblest members of good society in Rome. The amusements of each afternoon end with a horse-race. Henri Regnault has left admirable and graphic thumb-nail sketches—taken on the fly, and to be found in Wey's "Rome"—of these riderless races. The jockeyless steeds are urged on by balls and plates of metal, covered with sharp spikes, suspended from their backs. The prizes are either pieces of rich velvet or sums of money, varying from thirty to one hundred scudi, which were formerly furnished by the Jews, who were even themselves, in bygone days, compelled to race on foot for the amusement of the









P. DE CONINCK, PINX.

G. FARRIE, PUBLISHER.

MUCCOLI.









FRENCH SECTION. 1

THE OATH OF SPARTACUS.  
FROM THE SCULPTURE BY E. L. BARRIAS



Christian population. The horses are stopped at the end of the Corso by a piece of canvas stretched across the street at the Ripressa dé Barberi, which derives its name from the Barbary horses that formerly contended for the prizes. The Thursday and the last two days of the Carnival are the most exciting. The whole of Rome seems then to be concentrated in the Corso. The diversions end on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, with the "Moccoli," when every one in the windows and in the streets appears with tapers, and endeavors to blow out the lights of each other. The Corso is illuminated in this way from one extremity to the other as soon as the last horse-race is over, and when the darkness has set in, the windows of the houses being filled with people holding lights in their hands, the scene is one of the most picturesque and extraordinary attending the ceremonies of the Carnival.

Suddenly a bell is heard, the bell of the Ave Maria. The lights go out at once, for Carnival is dead. "Let us bury the Carnival," say the people, and off they troop in the sudden darkness,—the rich to the dinner-tables of their relations and intimate friends, where the last feast of meat is enjoyed and the Carnival is drowned in floods of wine—the poor to the cheaper theatres.



## THE OATH OF SPARTACUS.

BY ERNEST BARRIAS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY DELORT.

HEROISM that does not succeed is called sedition. Spartacus, whose fame might be as solid as any in history, only points a moral and adorns a tale. The Washington of the gladiatorial revolt was killed near Rome in 71 B. C. He was a Thracian shepherd originally. When brought to Rome to be sold, a serpent was seen twisted about his face as he slept. He had married a woman of his own tribe, who was a prophetess, and who now said that the omen was a happy one, and that he would be great, formidable and successful. She fought by his side in the insurrection. Romance and the theatre will have it that he conceived his hatred to the Romans because his father in Spartacus' boyhood, had suffered the ignominious Roman punishment of crucifixion. Thence imperishable animosity towards the Latin race, and a childish oath of vengeance. Be its origin what it might, Spartacus' revolt against the government was brave, prudent and long successful. Plutarch, meaning to praise him, says that he had the manner of a Greek, rather than of a barbarian. He was of one of the wandering Thracian hordes called Nomades, prototypes of those inhabitants of the steppes who still roll their wheeled houses from pasture to pasture of the same country. When reduced to slavery, Spartacus found himself among a crowd of Gauls and Thracians, on the estate of Lentulus Batiatus at Capua, an unjust master, who recruited his gladiators for the shows, not from those among the slaves who had committed crimes, but capriciously from among the best, ablest and strongest. Spartacus had a dignity of mind commensurate with his strength of body. A plan of escape was formed, to include two hundred of the Capuan tyrant's swordsmen; the plot was discovered, but seventy-eight succeeded in evading pursuit, arming themselves with spits from a cook's shop, and wagon-loads of gladiator's armor found near the city. Chosen leader, Spartacus ravaged the Campagna with his terrible troops and several times overcame the



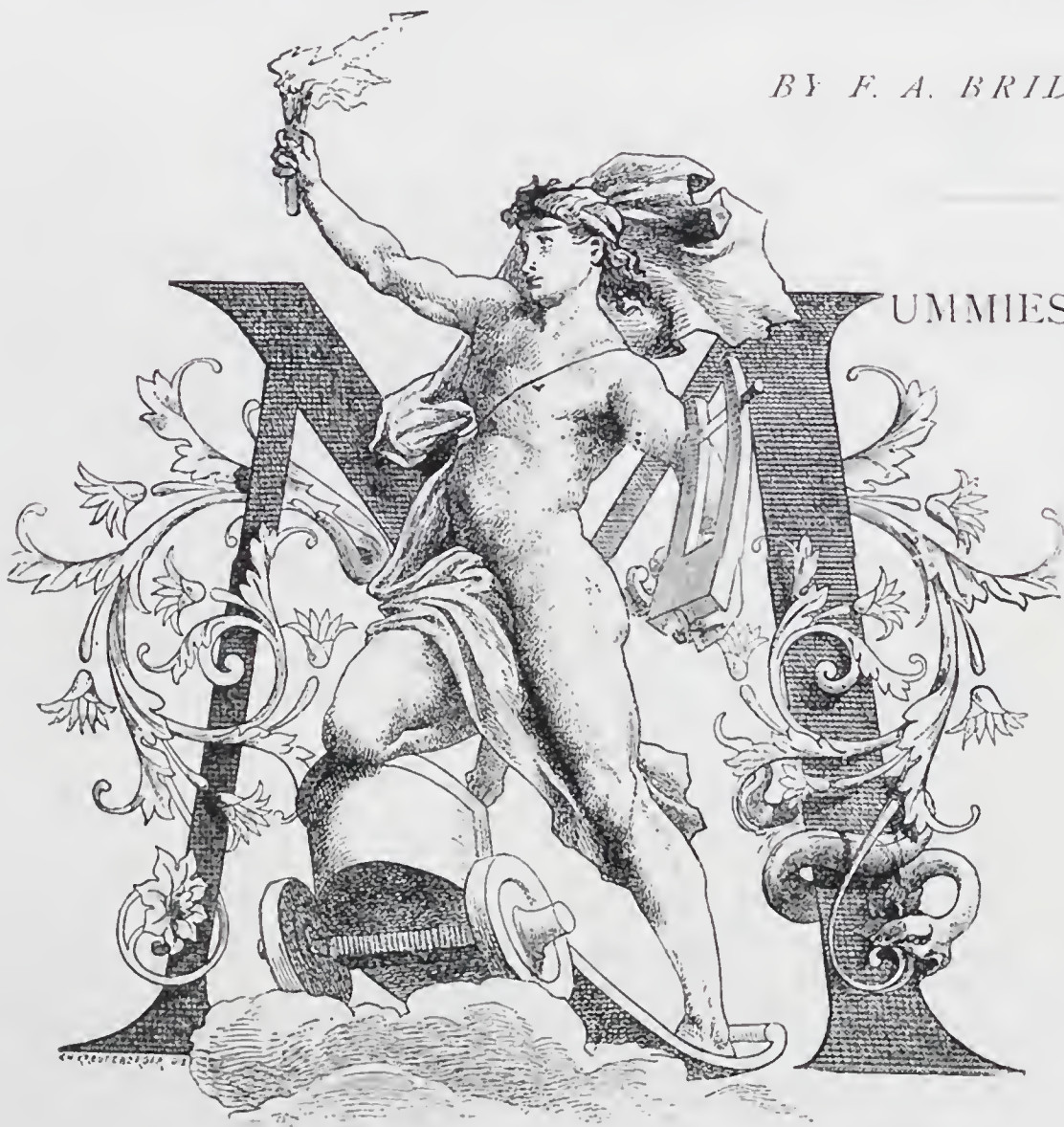
Roman generals. Crassus being sent out against him, the victory resulted to the trained centurions of Rome, and Spartacus perished as he would have wished, at the head of his insurrectionists, after performing prodigies of valor. Forty thousand men of the gladiator's army were overcome in this battle on the banks of the Silarus.

The latest work of M. Barrias, by which he has very greatly distinguished himself, is the group of Adam and Eve bearing the dead body of Abel, called by the sculptor "The First Funeral," in the Salon of 1878.



## BURIAL OF A MUMMY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHRMANN.

MUMMIES and mourners have been heretofore almost rapaciously appropriated by Alma-Tadema. Endowed with a relish for the dead, which no painter before him can pretend to equal, he has fastened with avidity upon the mortuary treasures of Egypt and snapped up their details as a *bonne bouche*. Incited by an almost diseased keenness of archæological research, he has loved the land of the mummy as an oasis in his life, and at the two previous Expositions, that of Paris in 1867, and that of Philadelphia in 1876, the resuscitations of Egyptian rites were his privilege alone. But Mr. Bridgman, with his "Burial on the Banks of the Nile," has proved that others can be archæological too. We believe

that the learned-looking details in this picture will bear the scrutiny of the most careful Egyptologists: the erudite bric-à-brac of the museums appears to be most skillfully and correctly applied. Especially in that austere group, of which we give an enlarged study from the hand of the artist, where the priests stand ministering before the floating altar, is the accumulation of learning most elaborate, without being in the least pretentious. Hung with flowers, and set round with a range of mummied bodies of the hawk and the cynocephalus, the altar is about to be baptized with the libation which the bald and dignified priest dips up in the *simpulum*. This priest, clothed in skins, wears a peculiar pointed sandal, for which the artist must have gone to some of the more realistic of the tomb-paintings: in statuary, the Egyptians, of whatever rank, are invariably barefoot. The inferior clerk, reading at his side from the Ritual of the Dead, extends the papyrus by a natural motion between his slender hands; this subordinate acolyte is allowed to wear the large loose wig, of many tresses, which with the Egyptians took the place of the modern turban in the same climate, and shielded the skull from a vertical sun. The serene and solemn





F.A. BRIDGMAN. PINX

FUNERAL OF A MUMMY ON THE NILE.







types of these two priestly functionaries are capitally chosen. But it is not in the figures alone that Mr. Bridgman excels, and evokes an interesting point of comparison with Alma-Tadema. He has another merit, to which the London antiquary has scarcely any pretension, that of being a skilled and practised landscapist. The treatment of the water, the faint shore, and the deep tropical sky, are admirable, and these provide an exquisite frame for the groups and the boat.

The "Burial of a Mummy" was first exposed at the Paris Salon of 1877, and procured a medal for the painter,—that honor so rarely accorded to a foreigner. For years, however, the Salon juries had had their eye on Mr. Bridgman. One of the most considerable of the pupils of Gérôme, he had punctually exhibited, year after year, works of a generally increasing degree of merit. In some of these the technic was even thought to be superior to Gérôme's, notably in the case of that charming subject, a boy driving oxen among the Pyrenees, which was seen in this country at the Centennial; and, for those who regard only the "morceau" or "bit," that is, the realistic copying of an object, ranks higher even than the "Mummy." When, however, this latter appeared, dignified in size and subject, patient in research, interesting in narrative, and in technic not conspicuously inferior to his less composite works, the jury at once recognized its importance, and conferred one of the very few medals ever hung to American paintings. The canvas was purchased by Mr. James G. Bennett, proprietor of the *Herald*, and appears as his property in the Exposition.

Mr. Bridgman is of a Brooklyn family, and still young. He began his art career in the American Bank Note Company, and we well remember when he joined the little group of Americans in the French atelier, in 1866, how rigid and mechanical his style of drawing was. Quiet, good-natured, and intensely industrious, he made no enemies, and by rapid improvement soon gained the partiality of the professor.

Even in a summer trip to Brittany that season, in company with Robert Wylie, Howard Roberts, and a number of artists not so near home as those two, his assiduity in perpetually placing models to be copied, and perpetually copying, was most remarkable. We have seen him sketch from old Breton men in the morning before breakfast, young Breton girls from breakfast to noon, Breton youths in the afternoon, and Breton children in cradles by candle-light, day after day; and a rapid amelioration of style naturally ensued on this intense application. A little account of Mr. Bridgman, which we prepared soon after, and from which we may be permitted to quote, narrates the only dramatic catastrophe which we are aware of connected with his Brittany peregrinations. "Mr. Bridgman, penetrating the atelier-Gérôme as a shy, industrious, black-eyed youth, did not at first make a startling impression. He had no means to assert his powers in the eyes of traveling Americans, and open a dashing studio. In the provincial aristocracy of France, however, he made a more decided effect. A piece of romance which happened to him near Pontaven, in Brittany, had the result of opening some of those charming château doors which the minor noblesse guard so carefully from most intruders. While sea-bathing in the Bay of Biscay he saved from



FIGURES FROM MR. BRIDGMAN'S "BURIAL OF A MUMMY."  
FAC-SIMILE OF THE ARTIST'S DESIGN.



drowning a daughter of the Marquis du Montier. Introduced by this act of courage to a family of distinction, his residence in France soon became socially agreeable. Some of the pleasantest attractions of the French country-house were opened to him; nor were his black eyes nor his powers on the violin misplaced. Since then his rapid development in art has distracted his mind from social successes, and his pictures sent from Morocco and Egypt show that Art has made of him what she makes of so many of her devotees—a pilgrim, constantly penetrating nearer to the birthplace of light.”



## A SHREWD BARGAIN.

BY LUDWIG KNAUS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY A. CHARNAY.

LUDWIG KNAUS, a renowned painter of the Düsseldorf school, and now Professor in the Academy of Berlin, has been adopted by the French as one of their prime favorites, and has received every honor that Paris knows how to invent and confer. He received from the Salon all the possible medals, between the years 1853 and 1859. He got a grand medal of honor at the World's Fair of 1867, and was made Officer of the Legion of Honor in that year. In the present Exposition he was regarded as crowning all the group of German contributors. For the last thirty years he has been regarded as giving the signal of enfranchisement to the duller and more trivial style of Düsseldorf, and as leading the way into a style of promise, which was determined to make itself colorist, and to feed at the authentic fountains of reality. Among his contributions to the Exposition were "The Funeral," the "Children's Festival," the "Peasants in Council," and "A Shrewd Bargain." "The Funeral" was an exquisite picture, one of the best ever achieved by the painter. This band of infants who, under the direction of an old choir-master, chant a psalm, half careless, and stamping their feet on the ground to warm themselves in the freezing weather; the coffin which the bearers, in special black of ceremony, conduct by the narrow stairway; the pinched court-yard of the little house, the sable drapery over the bier, the tiny babe, completely confounded, the snow upon the roofs—are all invented by an artist of rarest nature, with whom simplicity, sincerity, quickness of wit, observation, and tenderness meet in a gentle and graceful unison.

"The Children's Festival" (belonging to the celebrated Philadelphia collector, W. H. Stewart) was full of delightful episodes. His "Peasants in Council" revealed a higher sense of the technic of painting than M. Knaus always troubles himself to display, and the character-faces took on themselves a sharper definition and a more developed local color than elsewhere in his works. His studies of young and old Jews were especially strong, full of raillery and humor. The Exposition, in fact, gave the spectator, besides the old familiar Knaus, a new Knaus, determined to paint with more learned modeling and greater insistence on learned details. One half regrets the Knaus of other days, because his former slightness, or abandon, or summariness of execution seemed better to accord with the innocent grace or the lovable and ingenuous vivacity of the subjects, which no painter could ever discover like him.





LUDWIG KNAUS, PINX

J. HARRIS PUBLISHER

A SHREWD BARGAIN.







A single-figure picture at the Exposition represents one of the fledgling Jews of Knaus, laughing with all his little mercantile heart. Some sucking Rothschild of Berlin, clothed in the long-skirted *carrick* which has descended to him through the family generations, and weighted with the tramping boots and old-clo' bag of the itinerant vendor, has made a capital sale. He has sold the rabbit-skin which lies at his feet. His only ornamental possession is a stout, handsome portemonnaie, just like a man's; and as he deposits a broad piece of silver in bank, with a tap on the metallic edge of the pocket-book to test its goodness, his thin lips curl into a delicious smile which it is impossible to dissociate with some over-reaching against the other party to the transaction. He has not yet replaced all his milk-teeth, this small progeny of Jacob, and the dark intervals in his hollow young mouth add to the malicious expression of his laughter; toothless age rehearses its sardonic amusements in this image of toothless infancy. How fond, by the by, the German School is of laughing pictures! The Greeks represented even Thalia with a sweet seriousness, just stirred with the commencement of pleasure; the disturbance of any sort of convulsion, any rictus that takes the muscles beyond the subject's control, seemed to them a thing outside the limit of artistic taste; and the Romance races have generally refrained from displaying in their art these spasms of hearty feeling. Not so with the Gothic race, which frankly enjoys whatever has the stamp of sincere expression, even though it be beyond the region of the decorative and the elegant. M. Knaus' picture is, however, its own excuse for being. Such an enjoyably-acted drama, telling a story with such rapturous success, is in itself the standard of a style of art, and this little Jacob Cohen, seemingly just stepped out of one of the Ghetto chapters of "Daniel Deronda," is a prize among the gifts of the craft of painting.

The work we illustrate is another of Knaus' fine studies among the Hebrews, this time not a single figure, but a group. A patriarch and a little boy sit facing each other in an ancient, dingy shop, where are seen the mixed spoils of a kind of commerce which is half regular, half predatory—the musical instrument wrested from the necessities of the "Cigale" leaning against the bundles containing the accumulations of the "Fourmi." How beautiful and apostolic seems the doctrine of overreaching as embodied in this saintly bargain-driver! What philanthropy beams from his admirable old face as he teaches his disciple the doctrine, "*Do* others, even as you know they would *do* you!" At the feet of this Gamaliel sits the little pupil, just old enough to drink in the congenial doctrine with enthusiasm. His Semitic profile expresses the rapture of perfect sympathy, and his little cartilaginous skeleton is all writhing with the finest emotions of Uriah Heep.

"There are seventy years of fair and foul weather  
Between them, and both go a-thieving together."

The aims of two separate kinds of art are reconciled in this work; the art which insists on expression, on the drama of an incident, on telling an ingenious story, is seen here in all the perfection of a Hogarth or a Wilkie; at the same time the ability to paint flesh, to play upon it with Nature's air and light, to set the human figure in its true artistic relation with the accessories, is found in the utmost degree. Sticklers for realistic art would be disarmed if many of the "anecdote-painters" could meet them on their own ground with such model-studying as this.

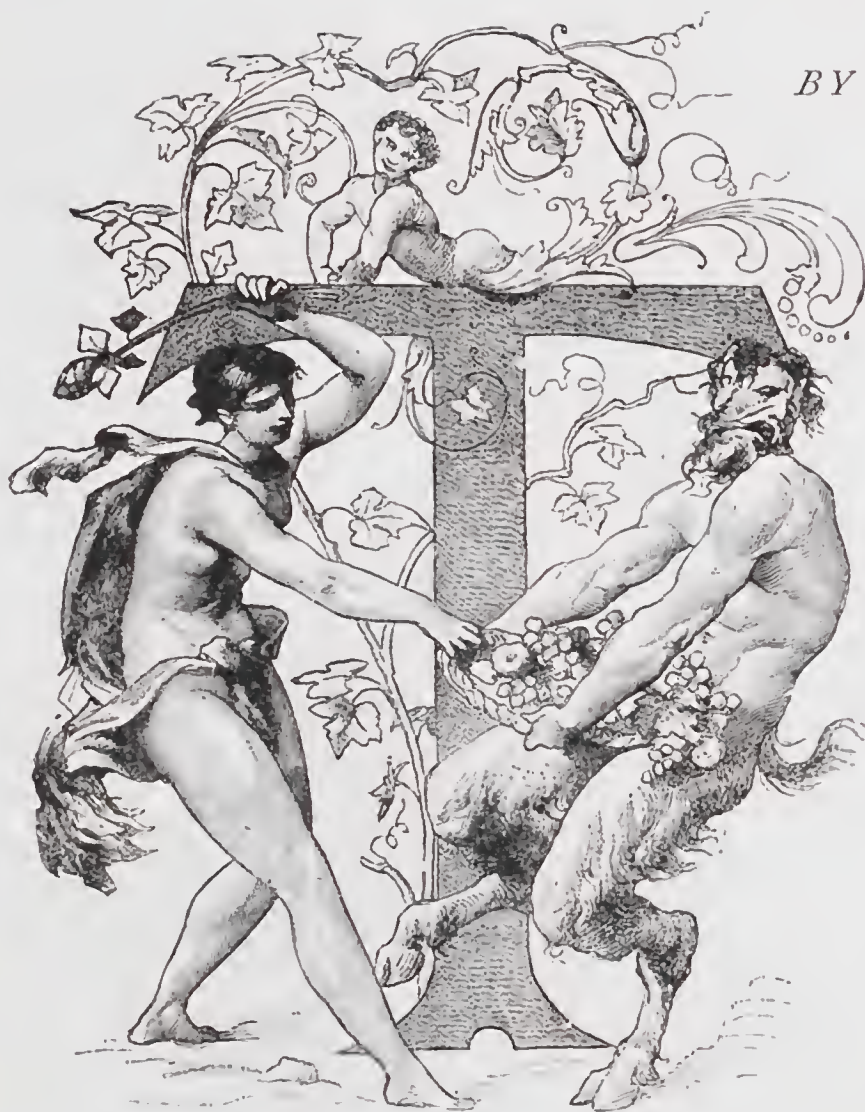


GROUP FROM "THE FUNERAL," BY KNAUS.  
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY THE ARTIST.



## THE VINE.

BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

THE year 1877 found Doré, after a little weeping for new worlds to conquer, bethinking him that the domain of sculpture was still left to his prowess, and surprising the public with a group of statuary called "Fate and Love." The work was exhibited in the Salon, and was on the whole favorably received. For the Universal Exposition he chose to continue the new-found line. He prepared the monumental composition of figures and foliage, modeled around the circumference of a vase, which he calls "La Vigne."

It is a gigantic flask, with swelling body and slender neck, which expresses the artist's idea of *La dive Bouteille*. The patina of old green bronze covers the surface, and harmonizes with the notion of verdure, amidst which disport

so many children of the sculptor's fancy. Around the foot of the vase, among the leaves and grapes, little plump genii protect the Vine against its enemies; one chases a spider, another ties up the dangerous scissors of the beetle; this drags a field-mouse by the tail, that one drives away a little snake. Whatever the roots and suckers of the plant would suffer from is dared to mortal combat by these doughty protectors. Over the body of the vase revel the full enchantments of the Vine. The festoons of the generous plant descend from the top and form three loops, sweeping the zone of the flask. For each of the points of attachment, as well as for each of the vacancies within the festoons, there is a distinct group of figures, forming six aspects in which the composition may be regarded, with a central group for each. At the first springing of the plant we see a faun, with goat's legs. Why has the imprudent creature left the shade of the forests? The inhabitants of the shadow ought to rest within the shadow. Strayed into the sunshine of the Vine, the poor satyr is assailed by a bevy of cupids, and, worse still, there is a laughing nymph at hand, who profits by the bewilderment of the tippler to draw him along by his furry ears. But if we have patience to follow up the legend, we shall see that the nymph herself is wrong to laugh so confidently among the sunny grape-clusters. We find her again, at the second point of attachment, overcome with the influence of the Vine, and languidly holding up a cup from which a few gilded drops are softly falling. This prepares for a third incident, where the hasty espousals of the woods take place, and the sylvan monster bears off the maiden to his bridal chamber in the green forest. The three open spaces framed by the festoons offer a field for larger and more important groupings. The stout Silenus sprawls languidly in one; in another a nymph, supporting herself by her hands on the panel, upholds a little Cupid towards the highest clusters, which he culls for her; and in a third compartment a pure and innocent damsel, yet unmelted by the juice of the Vine, keeps apart from her bacchanalian sisters and listens to the little Love who murmurs at her side.









CH. BAYLE.

THE VINE. ~  
VASE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.



Such is the purpose of the composition: but a description can hardly give an idea of the gracious forms accumulated around the flanks of the vase, the intensity of life animating the crowd of gallantries and follies everywhere distributed, the contrasts of indolence and passion, of beauty and uncouthness. In arranging so many details into clear and harmonious groups, and composing in sculpture a world of figures such as animate his most crowded drawings, Doré has made a plastic study of an absolutely novel kind, and opened to decorative art a broader horizon.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY C. GAILLO.

PAUL GUSTAVE DORÉ (we give him all the names conferred by the generosity of his sponsors) was born at Strasburg, on the 6th of January, 1832. His family, judging from the name, was of pure French extraction, though in the mixture of races peculiar to the province of Alsace it is hard to draw the line between German parentage with French names and French parentage with German appellations. The wildness of the artist's conceptions, and his propensity to get as much narrative quality out of his subject as the most exhaustive reflection will make it yield, seem to bespeak a German derivation. The little Paul Gustave began to draw when he was but eight years old; even before this age he would sketch with facility on all the bits of paper he could lay his hands on. What first excited him to emulation was a set of Grandville's "Animals painted by themselves." On seeing this work the future illustrator of *La Fontaine* produced some sketches of the like description, showing the characters of human society satirized by typical figures in the likenesses of beasts. The child's rude efforts were shown to Grandville, and the latter was so pleased that he predicted the future eminence of the infant, and even gave him lessons in drawing. The little artist's father, who was a respectable engineer, had until then discouraged his boy's addiction to the pencil, but withdrew his opposition at the marked encouragement of Grandville. When the elder Doré at length received an appointment as chief engineer in the department of the Ain, Gustave was sent to be educated in the college of Bourg, but indulged in recreations after the manner of most embryo painters, covering the margins of his Tacitus with obligato illustrations of Roman history, and spreading his artistic caprices over the inviting whiteness of his copy-books. At that time the campaigns of the French in Algeria were being carried forward under the command of Pelissier, Bougeaud, and St. Arnaud, and the youthful collegian exerted himself in a host of imaginary illustrations, doubtless more German in aspect than African, of the antres vast and deserts idle in which the conquest of the Kabyle troops was going on.

The Citizen King was in the last months of his reign when the provincial school-boy made his first visit to Paris. M. Doré, his Strasburg wife, and the black-haired collegian went up to the capital to see the sights under Louis-Philippe, in September, 1847. The father and mother proposed a short dissipation of three weeks. But it is hard for the most watchful parents to keep sight of the prophetic youth who, with the instinct of his vocation strong upon him, visits for the first time the Jerusalem of his particular creed. Young Doré, in fact, recognizing that for him the centre of inspiration was at Paris, formed a resolve that he would remain there. He even declared aloud to his parents that nothing would induce him to give up his resolve of living in the capital. Directly he had an encounter which seemed to confirm him in an artistic way of life. Good Monsieur Philippon was the master of a print-shop in the Place de la Bourse. The events of the close of the régime Louis-Philippe produced a great number of caricatures; and the windows of the print-shop displayed a daily variety of the satirical sheets. The infatuated young Doré, gazing time after time at the amusing pictures, became at length emulous of producing something in the same line. Running back to his lodgings, he sat down and quickly manufactured a



caricature, which was instantly carried, with some other and graver subjects, to the publisher of engravings. Philippon was something more than a good-natured shop-keeper; he was a good detector of business opportunities. He saw that there was a chance for speculation in the eager lad's talent; looked over the drawings, conversed pleasantly with the youth, procured an interview with the engineer, and added his persuasions to those of Grandville, that the young Doré should be allowed to dedicate himself wholly to art.

Yielding to these exhortations, the elder Doré went back to Strasburg without his son, who was left in the capital to act as he saw fit. One stipulation was made, that Gustave should enter the Lycée and finish his schooling. Even as a school-boy, however, the young genius was earning money. Philippon started the *Journal pour Rire*, which soon became famous, and Gustave Doré was engaged on the staff while still a scholar at the Lycée. He left the school in 1850; but during those three years since he left the shadow of the Strasburg spire he had made and published a large quantity of designs. It was estimated, so early as 1853, that Doré had then produced more than a thousand published sketches, the earliest being dated 1847. As to their number at present, who can tell it?—but there are certainly twenty-five thousand.



GUSTAVE DORÉ.

As soon as he emerged from the Lycée he was attacked, as every art-student must be in the serious technical art-medium of Paris, by the grave counsels of the classical painters. Do not fritter away your time, said the solemn advisers who appreciated his talents, in ephemeral and frivolous sketches; enter an academy, and become a learned draughtsman, and then a great painter. But Doré's genius was somewhat different. The science which a more severe artist will concentrate in a single canvas it was his mission to scatter through a cloud of sketches. However, his all-comprising ambition led him to enter a painting-school, as soon as he could procure the assistance made necessary by his entire want of capital, and by 1855 he was ready to exhibit oil-paintings in the Salon. "The Battle of Alma" was one of four canvases he exposed that year; the next he contributed a "Battle of Inkermann." Doré's oil-paintings, however, have never attracted the sincere admiration of the judicious,—the science of color, the nicety of anatomy, and the "modesty of nature" in action and posture are denied him; he succeeds best on a smaller scale and in a more active style of production, where a degree of exaggeration and emphasis is suitable to the impression desired.

In 1854 he produced his first illustrated edition of Rabelais. The publishers did not yet allow to the unknown designer that luxury of paper and printing by which his efforts are now enhanced; but through all the demerits of whitey-gray pages and wholesale press-work we detect the splendor of perfect originality and inexhaustible inventiveness; as for the publishers, they at once saw the capacity of the new draughtsman, and Doré was henceforth in universal request among the fraternity.

The Crimean war of 1854-6 offered a new opportunity to that restless pencil. His first publisher, Philippon, projected a monthly, a *Musée Franco-Anglaise*, dedicated to the events of the war, and issued simultaneously in France and England. This publication gave Doré, at a stroke, an immense reputation in the latter country, which he has never lost.

Doré was but twenty-nine when, in 1861, he published the innumerable series of cuts to Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*. Here, though trenching constantly on forbidden ground, the artist proclaims himself the most imaginative, prolific, varied and witty designer of any age or country. Caricaturing with magnificent fancy the extravagance of renaissance costume and manners, the earth-shaking shock of imaginary battles, and even the caprices of mediæval architecture, Doré fairly distances those prototypes on which he has formed himself, the designs of the old Dances of Death and the Little Masters. Such fecundity



of invention and production had never been even imagined by any previous designer; the *Contes* illustrations are in the richest sense the outcome of our own teeming and concentrated century.

What need is there, at this date, to expatiate on the illustrations designed by Doré? The world has judged them, perhaps a little harshly. The first dazzle produced by his appearance on the scene—as a prolific and inexhaustible creator, pouring out pictorial matter with both hands, indefatigable and ubiquitous, and crushing adverse criticism by the mere enormity of the phenomenon—this blinding glare our eyes have got used to. The sober second thought of his contemporaries is that the artist would perhaps have done better to concentrate the strength applied to his universal *Kosmos* in producing one thoroughly chastened work. This, Doré has never done—this, the very conditions of his gift seem to render impossible. No figure of Doré's, no restricted group of his, will be handed down to posterity as an academic example. His fecundity will always be told of, as one of his claims to admiration; yet it is not a very dignified eulogy of an artist to say that his quality is open to doubts but his quantity is surprising. The harsher critics will probably long go on saying that Doré has undermined the dignity of the Bible by seeking the melodramatic treatment of every incident instead of the religious treatment; that his volatile mind, ever looking out for something to tickle it, has seized on the physical extravagances of Dante's story, and by treating these mediæval extravagances of action under modern types of physiognomy and with theatrical voluptuousness of light and shade, has given an incongruous and false impression of the legend. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that he has done wonders for the art of wood engraving. When before has so great a mind been applied to studying the capabilities of an art method somewhat overlooked, and making it broaden and deepen and expand with the stress of the new ideas it was forced to carry?

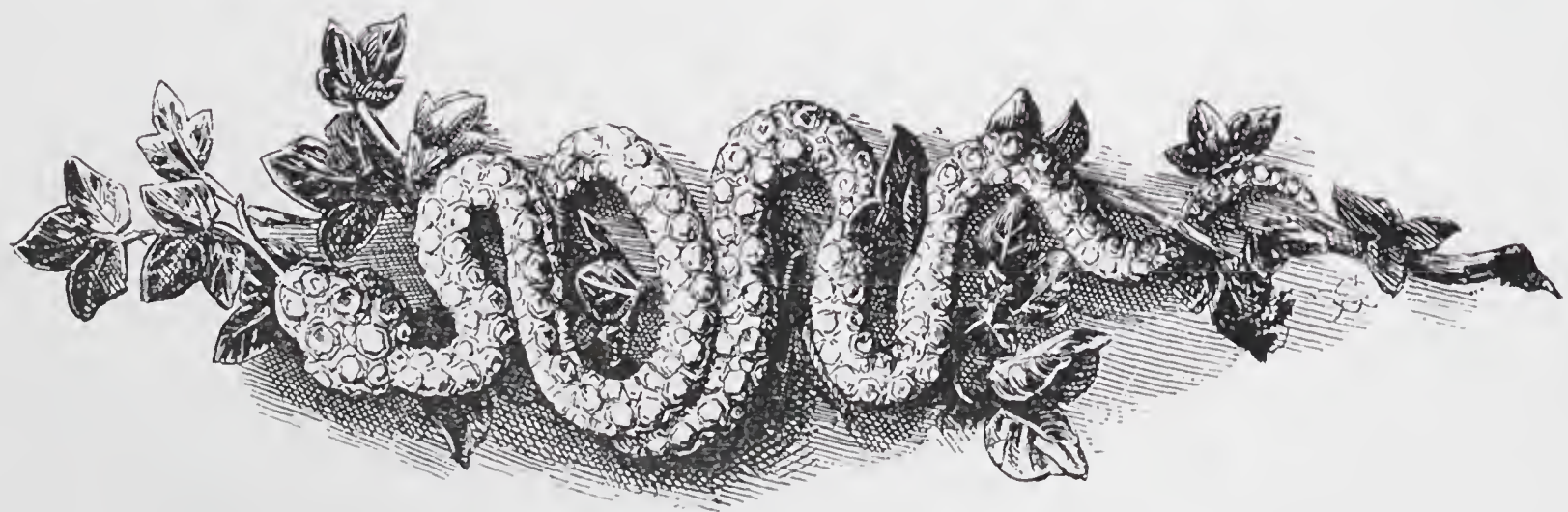
The stout, short, mop-headed, swarthy bachelor who lives with the widow Doré in the large flat of apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain, is still a boy in spirit. His Sunday evenings are given over to the violin, in a crowd of appreciative musicians, whom he believes he easily surpasses on that instrument. He was, when slimmer, a mighty gymnast. He was arrested in Rouen, not many years ago, for having thrown the inhabitants into fits of terror by exhibiting himself on the very top of the iron spire of the cathedral—the highest acme, or “thing,” or climax, deposited by the hand of man anywhere in space, and overtopping by certain feet even the loftiest of the Pyramids. He is literally indefatigable. He learnt English in spare moments in bed. Jerrold saw him leave an Embassy ball in Paris, at 3 A. M., with the words: “I must go to bed; three hours are barely rest enough for a worker.” He used to arrange the festivities at Compiègne, and be the soul of the court-life there. When a lady advised him to stop and sketch a crowded scene, he replied, “No, no, I have a fair quantity of collodion in my head.” When at Boulogne, in 1855, for the purpose of sketching the disembarkation of Queen Victoria, Doré simply watched with attention the leading points of the great ceremonial, and by way of fixing a few matters of detail in his memory, made some hasty pencil-marks in a tiny book he carried in his waistcoat-pocket. These memoranda were for him the all-sufficient preparation for a grand picture. This power of fixing a scene correctly in the memory belongs to the student who has been assiduous and constant to nature. Doré was the first who ever achieved the ascent of the Aiguille de Floria, in Savoy; and he made many attempts to mount the Matterhorn; these attempts, however, failed—but he took his revenge by painting a striking portrait of the peak which baffled him.

No better and juster estimate of our artist can be found than that which was recorded by the prince of art-critics, Théophile Gautier, some years before his death left such a blank in the world of letters: “From his earliest attempts, we have found in Gustave Doré one quality which is such a rarity now-a-days, that we have not had the courage to reproach him with his imperfections and shortcomings, fearing that the young artist might spoil his precious gift in trying to correct himself. We will at once name the quality we mean—it is Imagination.”



Our personal reminiscences of Doré go back to a hasty presentation to the prodigy at one of the receptions which the late General Dix used to hold in the Rue de Presbourg, as American Minister. Miss Gardiner, at this present writing the affianced of Bouguereau, made the introduction. Moving through the gay and over-dressed circles with a dullness rather German than French,—constrained in conversation, and animated only when an allusion was made to the extent of his fame in America,—evidently insecure in mixed company, and anything but hilarious until he found a chance to bustle up to the sideboard with a round “Hein! qu’est-ce que nous avons ici?”—the great designer behaved in a drawing-room like a true Bohemian decoyed into formal society. The glass of punch which he spilt over the glove and sleeve of his nearest neighbor in this hour of refection, showed that the wondrous steadiness of his hand when at home in the land of art, deserted him sometimes in the world of fashion. Beside his home in the Rue St. Dominique, where many of his boxwood drawings are made, it was our fortune to visit his painting-atelier, built expressly for his purposes at the extremity of the Rue Bayard,—a strange house, resembling a chapel, whose two gables looking on the street were nearly filled with great yawning windows. The interior had an enormous stove in the centre, like one of the Irish round-towers; the tables around it were covered with large palettes, spreading on every level surface with the aspect of lily-pads in a pond, while great sheaves of brushes, amounting to half a cord, were set to dry by the fire. The canvases, on which were sprawling the figures of Nebuchadnezzar, or of Paolo and Francesca, were supported on legs and feet, piles, shores and scantlings. In front of them were machines furnished with windlasses and ratchets, whereon the painter could be sunk or raised, or made to fly along the cornice like a spiritual medium. When Doré emerges from behind some scenic-looking flat, at a great height, and then races along the scaffold under the ceiling, leaving traces of black charcoal from the brands which he bears in his hand, he looks very small, but dangerously powerful and elfish.

The group of sculpture to which we alluded in the beginning, as having marked Doré’s new departure in the Salon of 1877, was seen in plaster at the Exposition, and, that we may complete our presentment of the artist in this novel manifestation, we add the engraving of it. “The Parca and Amor” is a group showing Love in the power of Fate, receiving from the hand of the grim Atropos the thread of life, which he scarcely touches before her fatal shears close upon it; the quiverful of his slight feathery weapons scatters as she treads it underfoot, and the sands of his precarious days run out through the hour-glass which stands before him. The plaster tells its story very clearly, but not very impressively; it is a rebus, which excites our interest by its ingenuity, but it does not make us shiver, like the Fates attributed to Michael Angelo, nor worship, like those left by Phidias.







FRENCH SECTION.

FATE.  
FROM THE SCULPTURE BY G. DOKE.













J. H. H. H. H. H.

G. H. H. H. H. H.

THE END OF THE WORLD



## DANCING GIRLS OF GADES.

BY JOSEPH COOMANS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY G. MITELLI.

COOMANS, a painter of Belgian origin, resides at Boulogne-sur-Seine, and has acquired great popularity in the *bourgeois* drawing-rooms of all nations by his reproductions of the softer, more seductive phases of antique life. The wealthy buy these paintings with avidity, those less favored procure the melting, tender mezzotints—delicate ragoûts of white mice smothered in cream—which the popular engraver makes out of such subjects. Coomans' tableaux are usually blonde in tone, dulcet in treatment, domestic in incident. Little Roman children of good birth play about the *impluvium*, watched by their older sisters and white-draped mothers; one of them, however, has broken a vase, and the pedagogue is sent for to administer a mild correction; or, a naughty urchin stands with finger in mouth to receive a chiding from a Greek-profiled lady, whose mildness would argue a precocious acquaintance with Miss Edgeworth. It is all as different as possible from the sharp breath of real life that runs through the antiques of Alma Tadema. The latter artist lifts a veil, and gives you a startling glimpse into the reality that Rome must have been—brusque, cruel, clothed in colors that are of the family of the crude ochres and *sinopa* of the Pompeian stucco; while Coomans constructs a world of decorous plaster casts, tinted just enough to meet half-way the flowery chromos that will presently be made after his masterpieces. To do the best justice in our power to M. Coomans, we select that piece of his which has the strongest accent, the greatest originality, the darkest vigor. There is genuine study and solidity in this picture of "Dancing-Girls of Gades," where everything shows a contrast with the ordinary insipid Pompeian pseudo-antique. Here is a classical ideal modified, and made foreign-looking. These island baladines have woolly-tufted locks, curled over their foreheads, like the Assyrians. Persian, Egyptian, Tyrian ornaments alternate in their embroideries, their caps and their belts. The painter's idea is to conceive them as oriental settlers in Iberia, the ancestors of those Gipsies who still colonize the same region and practice the same dances. Let not the nudity of the youngest dancer alarm the spectator, or seem improbable. An artist of our acquaintance lately saw in Seville a youthful mechanic practise a traditional dance of the country, by taking off first his collar, then his cravat, then his shoes, then his more intimate garments,—every successive undressing being in rhythm with the dance, which he finished in a state of nature, before a crowded coffee-house audience of his friends. These primeval Gipsies are supposed to be in Gades, now called Cadiz. They are waiting to be summoned to show their skill at the feast of some rich Iberian. Through the doorway, curtained with Mauritanian rugs, which are the ancestors of our Moorish tapestries, these forerunners of the Gipsy *Majas* see a banquet in an inner room, with drowsy personages sitting and drinking. The nude legs of the rope-dancer are descried above, stepping along a cord. The rope-walking act is finishing, and the slender call-boy, or rather girl, summons this lounging figurante to move before the company in the treacherous transparency of her dark gauzes, and this pretty musician to mark the time with her flageolet. We recall nothing of our painter's which shows so much conscience and research as the present picture, nothing in which he has made such sincere effort to express the real and not the conventional



antique; the picture is one of his later achievements, having been painted in 1878, expressly for the Exposition.

In introducing a painter who is certainly one of the most popular and widely-known of the Belgian School, we would call attention to the fact that in no part of Europe, proportionally to the population, are there so many and so good painters as in Belgium. It is a race of born colorists, endowed with the most unhesitating and most unctuous command of the palette. The opulent country enjoys its decorative gift with full gaiety of spirit, and it seems as if every Belgian were born a painter, and had an innate sense of happy harmonies, which he proceeds to distribute over the canvas in joyous confidence. It is Belgium



BARON G. WAPPERS.

which exhibits, since the decease of Delaroche, a group of historical painters who wear his mantle, and drape themselves in it with grace and amplitude. For what may be called the official style of historical painting—the grand balanced tableau, nobly composed and sumptuously arranged,—the theatric scene which would affect us to tears but for the pleasure we derive from its decorative qualities—we must leave France, and go to Belgium. Here we encounter Gallait, prince of the historical-pathetic; Ferdinand Pauwels, and Jean Bernard Wittkamp, of Antwerp, and Baron Wappers, of whom Coomans was a pupil. Wappers is now deceased, and his own portrait by himself is his only trophy at the Exposition. His great canvas of "The Landing of the Pilgrims" has been exhibited at New York, displaying on a large scale those broad, washy, transparent qualities of porcelain-painting which we mark in Carl Becker, Carl Hoff, Hamman, and other easel-painters who do not emulate so gigantic a scale of work. The "Pilgrims," however, is









G. BARRIE, NYC

G. BARRIE, PUBLISHER

HARRISON CARRIED TO JUPITER FROM THE PLAIN OF TROY BY ZEPHYRUS AND JUPITER



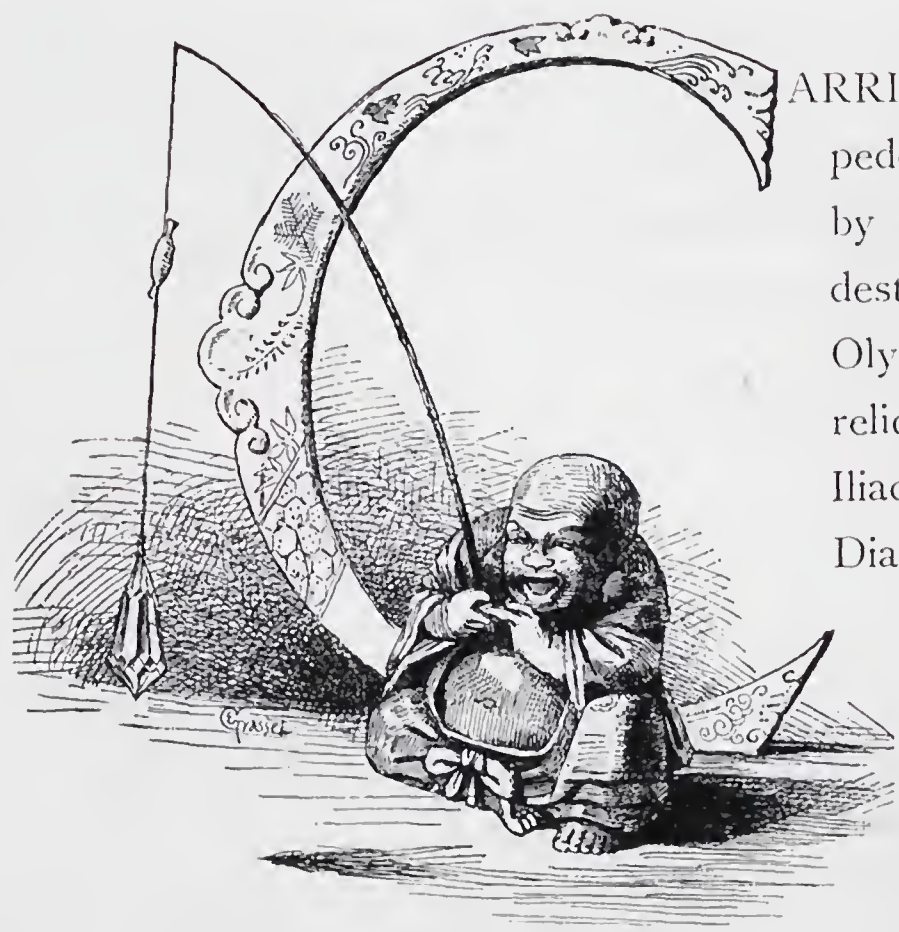
not very historical in treatment, for the foreground is filled with the brightest flowers of summer, scarcely to be found at Plymouth in the season which marked the arrival of the Fathers. Such as it is, at any rate, and quite historical enough for the lover of the Pompeian scenes of Coomans, it was the style of Wappers which formed that of the painter of the "Gaditan Dancing Girls," and in his big mechanical Belgian studio began to unfold those popular technical qualities which in his pupil's work are usually taken for French. The Belgian painters are in fact generally mixed in style with those of Paris; there is no important difference of manner to take note of, or there was not until the striking advent of Baron Leys. Their history is the French history; it is the impulse of the "romantic" movement of 1830, expanding over the frontier; it is the brief visit of Courbet, at a later date, leaving prolonged traces in the studios of Belgium; and it is, above all, the feeling of prosperity and contented phlegm of the small and wealthy nation, imparting a sense of luxury and gaiety to its arts.

We present the likeness of Wappers in this connection—of Wappers made Baron on account of the lustre of his talents in simple arts of peace alone—and in souvenir of the fact, that by his portrait only this prominent Belgian professor was represented in the Exposition of 1878.



## SARPEDON'S BODY BORNE TO JUPITER BY DEATH AND SLEEP.

BY HENRI LÉOPOLD LEVY.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY E. GRASSET.

CARRIED to heaven by Slumber and Death, the corpse of Sarpedon, a cherished son of Jupiter, one of the braves immolated by Patroclus in the famous combat where he himself was destined to perish, has already left beneath it the summit of Olympus. The father of gods and men receives the helpless relics of the Lycian hero. Sarpedon's mother, according to the Iliad, was Laodamia, who dedicated herself to the service of Diana, and hunted with her, but the haughtiness of the beloved of Jupiter proved fatal. Provoked at her pride, Diana slew the vain mother of Sarpedon with her silver arrows. Having gone to Troy to assist Priam against the Greeks, attended by his friend and companion, Glaucus, Sarpedon distinguished himself in the combat, and made a tremendous slaughter of the flower of Greek chivalry before the vengeance of Patroclus was wreaked upon him. It is the

moment of *identification* of the remains by Jupiter which M. Lévy depicts—a singular and hardly characteristic instance, in Greek ideas, of a corpse flying from a battle-field to the remotest heaven, preparatory to its honored resting along with the proudest rites and vigils among the sons of men. The body thus



kissed by Jupiter in the sky is to repose finally in Lycia, beneath a ponderous monument, where the tears of a god will dry off from its pale flesh amid the incense of human celebrations.

The painter of this aerial scene contrives, amid all his preoccupations with death and battle, to make a composition that is peculiarly decorative. His art has descended from Boucher and Fragonard; it is that art of the eighteenth century, made of smiles and graces—an art certainly delightful, but which took little pains to express the character of events and persons, or of the literatures which it occasionally undertook to illustrate. Wittily repudiating every demand of place and period, this sort of art can make a graceful ceiling-ornament out of the grimmest of tragedies, and always spies in poet's tale, in nature, or in history,



EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

some cunning pretext for amiable follies of composition, gallant garlands of color, or harmonious serenades of tender shadows. This is in fact the peculiar strength, or at any rate the commanding character of M. Lévy's canvas. His attitudes, though pathetic, are above all things, elegant; his forms are delicately balanced; his brushwork shows flexibility and animation. A flowery palette has scattered its roses over the pathetic scene. Death, to whose side are slung the never-missing arrows, is a soft influence of languor. Sleep, at whom the bird of night looks out from among the circling clouds, is conceived as a sustaining power, supporting and elevating the hero out of his agony. Peace and grace have succeeded to the horrors of combat, and the limbs of the soldier rest well between the enlacing arms of Death and Slumber. Thus reposes at last

Hector's courageous ally, who, pierced through and through by the Greek arrow, "sank like an oak, like a lofty poplar tree which carpenters have felled on a mountain."

Henri Léopold Lévy acquired this French specialty of decorative and amiable composition in three studios severally dedicated to the more elegant forms of art—those of Picot, Cabanel and Fromentin. From the last-named, especially, though adopting a different line of subjects, he caught the accent of soft and lucid grace, always inspired by the idyllic or charming side of a theme rather than by its rigor or harsh truth.

Lévy was born at Nancy, received medals in 1865, 1867 and 1869, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor after the Prussian war, in 1872. It is the breadth, transparency and thinness of his brushing, the enameled suavity of his surface, by which the young painter is allied in style to his latest master, and in which we see the secret correspondence which connects the sacred, saintly, biblical or classical figures of Léopold Lévy with the graceful orientalisms of Fromentin.











EMILE WAUTERS. PINX.

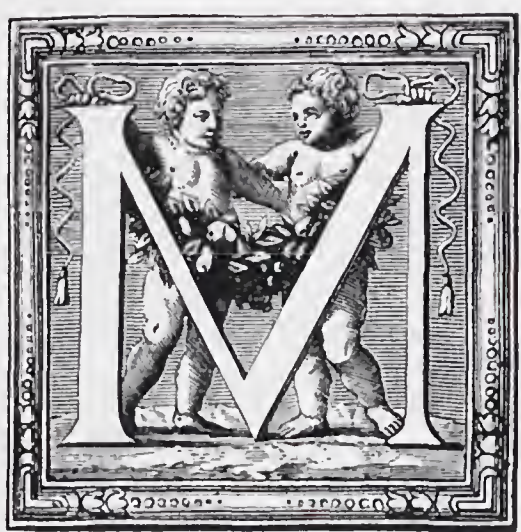
J. BARRÉ. FIDELIS. PR.

MARY OF BURGUNDY SWEARING TO RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF THE CITY OF BRUSSELS.



## MARY OF BURGUNDY PROTECTING BRUSSELS.

BY EMILE WAUTERS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY A. CHARNAY.

MARY OF BURGUNDY is represented by the Belgian artist in the act of swearing to protect the communal privileges of the city of Brussels, shortly after the death of her father, Charles the Bold. The young Duchess, at the age of twenty, found herself the heiress of her rash father's responsibilities, while Louis XI was on the alert to grasp her province of Burgundy, according to the scheme which Charles had perished in attempting to baffle. Her anxious negotiations with the French King aroused the utmost jealousy of the free cities of her Duchy, and a terrible lesson was forced upon her by the sum-

mary execution, notwithstanding her intercession, of the counsellors who had furthered the French alliance, Hugonet and Humbercourt. Mary was obliged to solemnly swear to protect the independence of her chief cities, and the scene in Brussels, here depicted, shows one of those instances of a proud and suspicious corporation enforcing its rights from an inexperienced and lovely ruler. Finally, Mary carried all the immense possessions of the House of Burgundy into the keeping of the dynasty of Austria by her espousals with the Archduke (afterwards Emperor) Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick III. Barante's *Histoire des Ducs de Burgoine* tells the tale. A better artist than Wauters could hardly be found to carry on that superb *suite* of civic decorations, derived from the history of the Belgian towns, of which Leys' noble paintings for the Antwerp town-hall, and the more recent series of imperial portraits even now being prosecuted by Gallait, are the inimitable examples. Belgium, in fact, seems endowed with even more than its share of artistic talent. To imagine this preponderance of æsthetic merit expanded to the proportions of other populations—the populations, for example, of France, America, or the British Empire—the result would be seen to be simply crushing, and those civilizations would perish of artistic hypertrophy. In a limited and wealthy country this glorious inclination takes a lustre like the jewel of a crown; but expanded in ratio among nations of forty and sixty millions, the corresponding breed of artists would exceed the ability of the work-day world to pay attention to them, and the result would be as puzzling as whole geological formations of diamonds. It is impossible to render a just account of the astonishing development of the painting-art in Belgium within the last twenty-five years. No country gave so strong a proportional display at the Exposition, in matters pertaining to the legitimate manipulation of the pencil, and the cultured, balanced, sane and healthful pursuit of the pictorial translations of history by the traditions of the palette.

The composition of M. Wauters has all this merit. It is an elegantly balanced study of light, shade and color. The strong types descended from the families of Brabant and the Low Countries,—such as the profile of the *échevin* who holds up the book, the sturdy Holbein face of the priest, divided perpendicularly into two by the shadow of the crucifix he carries, the wonderful expressiveness of the little chorister



in front with a candle (though all we see is the back view of a suit of clothes), and those admirable and typical figures, repeated in our artist's rough sketches, of the duenna in the extreme background and the jealous alderman in the extreme foreground,—all are discriminated with the pen-like brush of the historian, added to the plastic skill of the master-artist.



ÉMILE WAUTERS' FAC-SIMILES OF STUDIES FROM "MARY OF BURGUNDY."

Charles Émile Wauters was born at Brussels in 1845; he was a favorite in the studio of Portaels, who unhesitatingly predicted great future eminence for his pupil. He is a member of the academies of Brussels and Vienna and Knight of the Order of Leopold. In the Salons of Paris in 1875, 1876 and 1877 he received high class medals, and at the Paris Exposition of 1878 he was one of the illustrious eleven who received the proud distinction of the Medal of Honor, the galaxy being MM. BOUGUEREAU, FRANÇAIS, HERKOMER, MAKART, MATEJKO, MILLAIS, MUNKACSY, PASINI, PRADILLA, SIÉMIRADSKI and WAUTERS. These eleven (now) illustrious names were only excelled by the three giants in art who divided the honor of the Grand Prize, MM. CABANEL, GÉRÔME and MEISSONIER.











F. J. BARRIAS. PINX.

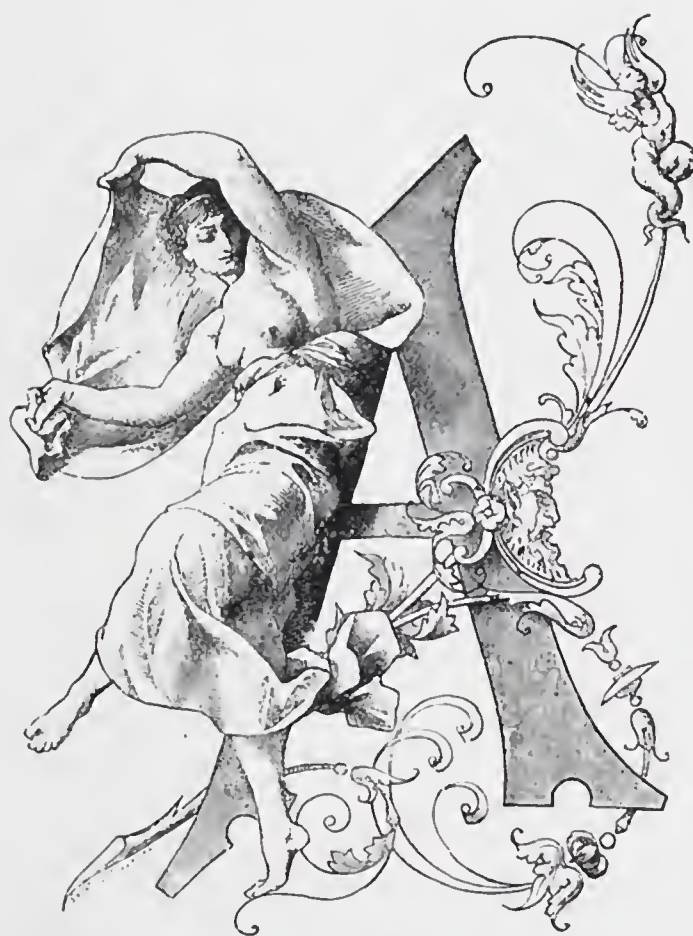
G. HARRIE. PUBLISHER.

ELECTRA.



## ELECTRA.

BY FÉLIX JOSEPH BARRIAS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

ALREADY, on page 59, we paid our tribute to one of the brothers Barrias,—Ernest, sculptor of the “Spartacus,” which adorns the Garden of the Tuileries, and was removed thence to grace the Exposition. French art, strong in brotherhoods and family affiliations, celebrates in fact two artists of the name of Barrias. To complete the association with the name which may already exist in the reader’s mind, especially if he happens to remember the fine “Exiles of Tiberius,” in the Luxembourg Gallery, by Félix Joseph Barrias, we give, after the statue by one brother, the portrait of the other. The latter contributed to the Exposition an “Eve,” an “Electra,” and a “Death of Socrates.” “We are happy,” remarks Théodore Véron, “to cite these two brothers Barrias, largely endowed like the brother and sister Bonheur, though in different styles. We render a sincere and deserved tribute of homage to both. The author of the ‘Exiles of Tiberius,’ rather a draughtsman than a colorist, is a thinker nourished by Tacitus, and a painter of the classical school of Poussin and Cogniet; and his ‘Exiles’ would suffice to his renown, if need were, for it is generously conceived and strikes a note of true patriotism. We feel in this picture a heart elevated and confirmed against all tyranny and injustice. His brother, E. L. Barrias, the sculptor, from whom we have the five statues at the Hôtel de Ville at Poitiers, yields no superiority to the painter. There is vigor and elevation in this chisel so full of style; and, thank heaven! the two brothers have yet by no means uttered their last word.”

The painting brother, Félix, has certainly not yet “uttered his last word,” any more than the carving brother, for he was found in full vigor at the Salon of 1877, with two contributions, one of which, the “Eve,” was resuscitated for the Exposition. Yet he is one of the *vielle garde* of Paris painters, and many a critic, with a memory less personal and strict than his friend Véron’s, imagines the artist of the “Exiles” to have sought the shades below. He belongs to the first quarter of our century. His Prize of Rome was obtained in 1844. His various medals were received in 1847, 1851 and 1855. In 1859 he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor for his noble picture of the “Exiles of Tiberius,” a life-size group of sombre patriots standing in the boat which conveys them to a barren isle where they are to die of famine.

Electra, represented in the present classic composition, is the sister who incites her brother to matricide. No situation has ever been conceived by the tragedian more replete with sombre complications than that of the family of Agamemnon, explained in the fierce dramas of Æschylus and Sophocles. On the return of Agamemnon from Troy, he finds his palace given over to orgies; his wife Clytemnestra consoling herself in the arms of Ægisthus. His daughter, Electra, is treated like a slave; his son, Orestes, sent into banishment. The guilty queen takes the first opportunity to complete her crimes with murder, and soon



the King of Men is cynically buried in front of the palace at Argos. Then the outraged and horrified soul of Electra arises in the grandest manifestation of the Greek filial spirit, and she counsels the killing of the queen to her brother on his return from banishment. Our engraving from Lamatte's spirited picture shows the Furies of remorse that tortured Orestes for this deed of wild justice. Our copy of Barrias' painting reveals the torture of insulted love which made Electra the counsellor of murder.

In Sophocles' *Electra* occurs the passage which the artist appends to his work. "As a witness of these horrors I curse the bloody feast which they dare to name the festival of Agamemnon!" In Æschylus' *Chæphoræ* we find the following utterance from the lips of Electra as she comes with drink-offerings to the tomb of Agamemnon (we follow the good old version of Potter):—

"And thee, my Father, pouring from this vase  
 Libations to thy shade, on thee I call!  
 O pity me, pity my dear Orestes,  
 That in this seat of kings our hands may hold  
 The golden reins of power; for now oppressed  
 And harassed by a mother's cruel hand,  
 Who for Ægisthus that contrived thy death  
 Exchanged her royal lord, he wanders far,  
 And I am treated as a slave. Orestes  
 From his possessions exiled, they with pride  
 Wantonly revel in the wealth thy toils  
 Procured. O grant Orestes may return,  
 And Fortune be his guide!"

Electra, as the painter conceives her, lifts her hand and pronounces the ban. As she descends the palace steps, bearing the vase of sacrificial wine enwreathed with laurel, we discern behind her the portico of the royal house, and Clytemnestra reclining in the embrace of Ægisthus, who turns from his cups to cast a glance of sombre suspicion towards the daughter of the hated line.



FÉLIX JOSEPH BARRIAS.

Barrias (the painter) has recently won great distinction in Paris by his successful decoration of the chapel of Saint Geneviève in l'Eglise de la Trinité. The whole story of the saint is depicted. An eminent French critic in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* says of this work: "It is worthy of an artist who is always distinguished by a severe execution, a happy imagination, and a graceful conception of the whole effect; ever careful of the dignity of his art in these times of easy painting, he has never made a compromise with the taste of the day, and for this reason, in every essay on decorative art, his name is written in the front."











DE VRIENDT. PINK

De Vriendt  
LITHO. P. LAMMERS

BALDWIN OF THE HATCHET ADMINISTERING JUSTICE IN FLANDERS



# BALDWIN OF THE HATCHET ADMINISTERING JUSTICE.

BY JULIEN DE VRIENDT.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY G. MITELLI.

E VRIENDT, a Belgian artist, who a few years since lived in Ghent, but who now sends his contributions from Brussels, was represented by four paintings, two of them delineating the humiliations of Kingsley's heroine, Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, a third, the portrait of M. J. de Lehay, and the fourth, our subject of "Baldwin of the Hatchet Administering Justice." This imposing personage is not to be taken for either one of the four princes named Baldwin who successively governed in Jerusalem during the crusades. It is one of the family of Baldwins, Counts of Flanders and Hainault, who conducted the stormy affairs of Flanders in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—a family which gave to Constantinople its first Latin emperor. The painter, following the course of the more prominent Belgian artists in illustrating the history of their country—an illustration more

complete and systematic than any country has ever received, and executed on the whole with a higher art—imagines a scene inspired by the Count's historical surname of Baldwin *Hapkin*. The mighty battle-axe is not here seen, however, dealing its blows on the field of carnage, but carried emblem-wise into the hall of justice, in a time when Baldwin has leisure to stay at home and pacify his stiff-necked subjects. A dark, gigantic knight is brought in red-handed by the men-at-arms, his scabbard empty, his elbows tied behind him. The victim stands on the other side of the throne, his brow bound with a napkin, his face still full of fight, as he grasps the hand of the echevin or civic functionary engaged in pleading his cause; nor are there wanting the milder influences of a lovely wife and noble mother thrown along on the floor at the feet of personified Justice. In the middle sits Baldwin of the Hatchet, his tutelary weapon in his hand pointing towards the culprit, his brow bent on him sternly—and we feel that the case is already judged. Perhaps, with the economy of time characteristic of the middle ages, the hatchet will at once cut the knot of justice, descending on the neck of the wretch in the consummation of righteous wrath, and saving the public executioner the trouble of sharpening his axe. The composition and drawing of this picture are simple and skillful, in the old style of historical painting as understood by Delaroche and Gallait. The affected rudeness and crudity of Baron Leys are not to be found in this design, which sheds over the grim savagery of the theme the charms of softly-tempered lights and tender female forms. The lovely and high-born bride, whose family coat-of-arms is embroidered on the shoulder of her silken sur-coat, looks sick with horror on the sturdy robber, who has possibly been trying to carry her out of her husband's arms to his bleak castle in the forest. An admirable face is that of the ancient mother, with its sense of outrage and hate. The accusing functionary, as he stands pointing to the defendant over the heads of this female group, accidentally envelopes them in his mantle, so that they seem protected by the very robe of justice. It is the moment of suspense—the Count has not yet given his decision, the hatchet waits in poise—the next will be the moment of decision, the axe will fall, the drama will be over.

GIUSEPPE MARIA MITELLI, composer of the initial we have made use of on this page, and also of several others we have used in preceding articles, was a deserving Italian artist of the *baroque* epoch of Louis XIV, with a gift of ingenuity somewhat affected by the Watteau-ish bonelessness of the school. He was born at Bologna in 1634, passed his life as an engraver and designer, and died at the good old age of eighty-four, in 1718. His father was Agostino Mitelli, likewise an artist.



## THE BETROTHED.

BY FIRMIN GIRARD.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY ROCHEGROSSE.

HERE we have a ceremony which implies much of the solemnity of a wedding, yet is not legally obligatory, and not sanctified by the presence of the clergy. It is a betrothal—not the light and hardly binding promise of our own day, but the beautiful and profound domestic pageant of a couple of centuries ago. The company, composed of the two families who propose an alliance, are just leaving the little chapel in the park, and are wending their way to the château of the young lady's father, where a feast of indigestible abundance probably awaits them. The intended bride lays her hand in the broad palm of her stalwart young squire, who escorts her over the tapestry of fallen autumn leaves beneath the arcade of feudal trees. He has no eyes but for his beautiful inamorata, whose own eyes are downcast. Another step and he will be treading on the lap-dog, who bars the way with the most impertinent air of landed proprietorship. Then there will probably come a change in the expressionless beauty of the young woman's face, and the antique equivalent for "You tiresome clumsy thing!" will resound through these lovely October trees.

The costume of Louis XIII, so greatly affected by painters, has a character of its own, combining a remnant of soldierly frankness with the sumptuous richness of foppery that was to culminate with the *roi soleil*. It is perhaps the finest for a painter's purpose ever worn. It is a little curious to notice that this noble garb is in fact the ascetic one of Cromwell's ironsides, merely adorned with a few French feathers and oddities. Here are the great bucket boots, only our Gallic gallant fills them with lace. The jerkin, of the cut which Cromwell's tailors executed in leather, is here of velvet, though still of miserly straitness of cut, showing off strictly the lines of an athletic figure, and simply adorned with the "points," which, passing out (from what were the places of suspender-buttons ere yet suspender-buttons were) are tied into handsome knots around the waist, from which dangle the silver tags which threaded them through the eyelets. The hat is as plain and Puritan as possible, only it is of elegant silver-gray felt. It is a model dress, the lines of the frame being definite and simple, and all flying ornaments being hung where they will not interfere with motion. Such a dress—as Teufelsdröckh would tell us—is altogether fit to have bustled about the face of Europe on the business of Richelieu, and, when reduced to its simplest expression, to have protected the Protector.

The painting is by Firmin Girard, one of the latest pupils of Gleyre. He was born at Poncin, in the Department of Ain, and gained his first medal at the Salon of 1863. Eleven years after, the present picture won him his greatest distinction, the medal of the second class, obtained on its exhibition in the Salon of 1874. M. Girard contributes beside a "Female Flower-Merchant," and "An Exhibitor of Tamed Bears at Aurillac." Except for a kind of chalky artificiality of color, M. Girard has the qualities of an elegant and tasteful genre painter.





FRENCH SECTION.]

THE BETROTHED;—TIME OF LOUIS XIII.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY F. GIRARD.













ACADEMICIANS CHOOSING THE MODEL.



# ACADEMICIANS CHOOSING A MODEL.

BY MARIANO FORTUNY.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY H. TOUSSAINT.

IF Xenophon both helped and described the battle of Cunaxa, so Fortuny both attended and delineated that of Tetuan, in Morocco, the picture being his first and largest, though never finished. Ordered by the municipality of Barcelona, the "Battle of Tetuan" was commenced in 1860 on the spot, the artist showing a reckless disregard of his safety while making the necessary sketches. He seemed to feel all the *esprit de corps* of a veritable soldier of the Spanish army, and messed with the officers, with whom he was a great favorite. Once while he was seated painting a battle-field, with a companion, a party of Arabs crept round and surprised them. While these scouts were in the act of drawing a bead on the Spaniards, the artist's comrade had the presence of mind to invent an effective falsehood. "We are English," he shouted, and contrived to convince the enemy that they were simple British tourists. But for this clever lie Fortuny's sketches for the "Tetuan" would be all that remained of the most surprising art-career of our time. The gigantic battle-piece was never finished, Fortuny honorably returning the sums he received from the city of Barcelona

towards its preparation. After his death, however, the municipality, recognizing the value of the unfinished canvas, purchased it and gave it an honorable prominence among the civic treasures. This picture, always quoted as the beginning of the artist's career, was in fact an inspiration from Horace Vernet. Vernet, the completest type of the military painter that the annals of the profession can show, assimilated himself thoroughly with the French soldiers who achieved the conquest of the neighboring State to Morocco, Algeria. He ate with them, marched with them, and watched their diversions. He was a living encyclopedia of military accoutrements and equipage. We publish a slight sketch of his, showing his lively sympathy with the army, even to its commissariat; none but a comrade in arms would have invented such a scene. His great picture of the "Smala," at Versailles, was visited and attentively studied by Fortuny during the progress of the "Tetuan." It is the representation of the capture of Abd-el-Kader's harem-tent; "Smala" being the Arab name for that which we usually call, in Italian, "seraglio." It was at its date the largest painted canvas in existence, but Fortuny chose to begin his career with a work which should rival the gigantic offspring of the Frenchman's prime.

Up to that time a painted votive offering, or a "gloria" for a Spanish church, had been the young Spaniard's only contributions to art. Mariano Fortuny was born at Reus, a small town in the neighborhood of Tarragona, and but a few leagues from the old Roman city of Barcelona, with its "Tombs of the Scipios." His birth was on the 11th of June, 1838, at No. 36 in the Calle del Arrabel de Robuster—a bombastic Spanish name for the humble lane in the village that climbed the slopes of Montserrat. His schoolmaster in the infant class, Simeon Fort, often rebuked the little Mariano on finding the child drawing when he should have been writing. His grandfather,



FRENCH SOLDIERS GETTING A DINNER BY STRATEGY, BY HORACE VERNET.



likewise named Mariano, was an ingenious joiner, who at intervals conducted a traveling theatre of his own waxen puppets. The future artist, who loved the old man dearly, aided him in these exhibitions around the suburbs of Tarragona and Barcelona. Just before his death, being at London in the year 1874, at the height of his renown, Fortuny clapped his friend Baron Davillier on the shoulder at Madame Tussaud's. "I, too, in my time have painted those figures," he remarked. He had other reminiscences,—of having often slept, in those early days, under the tables of the *pescaderia*, feeling great terror whenever the *serenas* passed on their rounds. At the age of twelve, he was painting ex-votos at Reus—generally representations of Our Lady of Pity, but occasionally a ship in distress. He afterwards made a sort of caricature of such an ex-voto of a ship, and exhibited it in his sumptuous studio at Rome. At fourteen, his grandfather took him, a poor young orphan, to Barcelona; as such he was introduced to the sculptor Domingo Talarn, whose "Massacre of the Innocents," in terra-cotta, we may remember at the Centennial. The fatherless lad had three pictures under his arm, the best of which represented a



SPANISH SECTION.]

THE "HOUSE OF PILATE," AT SEVILLE.

[BY MARTIN RICO.

pilgrim exhibiting a small model of a chapel, or *santero*. Encouraged by the sculptor, Fortuny entered the painting academy of Barcelona, and from 1853 to 1856 studied under Claudio Lorenzale, a painter who followed the mystical traditions of Overbeck—an influence which the student afterwards rid himself of with singular completeness. At this time one of the professors at the academy, Mila, held up young Fortuny to the emulation of his comrades, quoting the prophetic words of Haydn about the infant Mozart. His favoritism excited such a storm in the school that Mila was forced to resign. Very poor, Fortuny designed for jewelers and architects in the intervals of his school hours, and sometimes tinted photographs. His friend, Tapiro, calling for him very early for a Sunday excursion, was surprised to find him sleeping with the door open. "We do not shut our door," said Fortuny, "for we wish to see if robbers can find our money. For our parts we can't." During an insurrection at Barcelona, in 1856, the house in which the two Marianos, grandsire and grandson, lived, was fired at by the mutineers, and finally occupied by them. The young artist, morose and hopeless, let the mob seize his pictures and sketch-books, and gave up his half-finished studies to them. "Since Mariano destroys his children I can but eat mine," said the saturnine old man, and took out two arms of his wax figures to sell for bread.



In 1857 the lad obtained from the Barcelona Academy the Prize of Rome, allowing him to live in the Eternal City on a pension. From this existence, in 1860, the youth of promise was recalled for the purpose of following the fortunes of the Spaniards in Morocco, and painting the principal battle on a municipal order. This subject, for which the elaborate preparations constitute a gallery of pictures, was never finished, but Barcelona preserves the unfinished canvas, as we have mentioned.

In 1867 he returned to Spain for the purpose of marrying Cecelia de Madrazo, who with two children survives him—the wedding being for some time delayed, it is said, by the insurmountable objection he felt to assuming a dress-coat. Afterwards, when the younger Dumas was persuading him to attend the salon of the Princess Mathilde, his objection again came uppermost. “I have no evening coat,” he growled. “Come as you are,” said Dumas. Fortuny gained his point, and attended in a walking habit. By his marriage, Fortuny became brother-in-law of the celebrated painter Raymundo de Madrazo, and of Ricardo (the sculptor), as well as son-in-law of the Director of the Academy of Painting at Madrid—



ITALIAN SECTION.]

THE PONTINE MARSHES.

[BY A. VERTUNNI.

the “elder Madrazo,” whose insipid portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Barringer were exhibited at the Centennial, in the loan collection, Gallery 12 of the Art Annex.

In 1866 he produced, in oil, his picture of “The Connoisseurs of Engravings,” his first essay in the line of rococo themes dignified with Velasquez treatment. This was acquired by Goupil’s gallery in Paris, where it was shown that year in a private room with great mystery to the present writer, in company with the late Robert Wylie, who fully agreed with the proprietor as to the splendor and promise of the star just risen. This picture was given in exchange for a Sardinian gun to Vincenzo Capobianchi, son of the Roman curiosity-merchant of the Via Babuino, who soon gave it to Goupil, whereupon it quickly passed to the possession of W. H. Stewart, the Philadelphia collector residing in Paris, for whom Fortuny afterwards painted in the portrait of the possessor, represented as hanging upon the wall.

Then appeared in succession the admirable easel pictures of Fortuny—“The Marriage in the Vicaria,” his masterpiece, of which Théophile Gautier’s brilliant description is preserved in Davillier’s “Life” of his friend; the “Academicians of St. Luke Choosing a Model,” the subject of our engraving, owned by his earliest patron, Mr. W. H. Stewart, aforesaid; the “Rehearsal of the Arcadian Society,” for which M. Heeren paid 90,000 francs; “The Breakfast” (1872) and “The Manola,” both owned by Mr. A. Borie, of Philadelphia;



the "Old Hôtel de Ville of Grenada," painted for Mr. Gibson, of the same city; the "Old Man with Dogs," and "Reading in a Café," owned by Mr. Cutting, of New York; the "Camel Resting," owned by Miss Catharine L. Wolfe, of the same city, and the "Serpent Charmer," and "Sea-Beach at Portici," both belonging to the estate of A. T. Stewart. It will be seen what a large proportion of Fortuny's works belong to Americans, only two of his more important ones (the "Vicaria," and "Arcadian Society") being owned by Parisians.

Fortuny made an arrangement with Goupil, to take his productions for a series of years at a fixed rate, the dealer to divide with him in equal shares the excess he could get over those sums. At the close of his life, Fortuny was just about to be free of this bargain, which he felt as a thralldom. One of his confidants in Rome was Castellani, the antiquarian, who has described to us, *viva voce*, the later scenes of his life and the funeral. "I have been to see Castellani," writes Fortuny in 1872, "who behaves very amiably towards me." The great collector spoke to us in the liveliest terms of the nervous horror which his engagement to the dealer inspired in Fortuny, and the joy with which he looked forward to his approaching release. "In a few months my time will be up with Goupil," he would say, "and then the world will see what different work I shall produce." The subject of a "Roman Feast under the Borgias" was mentioned to us by Castellani as the grand effort with which the painter was to celebrate his emancipation, and the scheme is mentioned also by Davillier. Castellani had much to do with the funeral pomps; and secured a division of the large velvet pall for Mr. S. J. Ferris, the American etcher who has done much to extend Fortuny's fame.

The French painters welcomed Fortuny with unaccustomed enthusiasm. Meissonier sat for a figure in the "Vicaria." Gérôme said he was the greatest master of the technic of painting who had ever appeared, and, during one of his absences in the East, lent the Spaniard his studio for a whole winter. "Et Gérôme, que fait-il?" writes Fortuny from Grenada in 1872. Clairin, and de Beaumont, and Doré, and Regnault, enjoyed his society, the last-named more especially in Rome. "Yesterday I passed the morning at Fortuny's," writes Regnault, "and it quite broke my arms and legs! Ah, Fortuny, you keep me from sleeping. Fortuny plunges me into a blue terror. He is the master of us all!" The only pupil whom the Tarragonian artist received into his Roman studio was Attilio Simonetti. At Paris, in 1866, he came to know his compatriots, Ferrandez and Zamacoïs. Other Spaniards, such as his well-beloved companion Martin Rico, with Agrasot, Villegas, Francés, the Madrazo brothers, and Moragas, naturally found him out and enjoyed his society. D'Epinay (author of the bronze "Young Hannibal and Eagle," seen at the Centennial) was one of his constant visitors, and modeled his portrait; Morelli, Director of the Naples Academy, was very intimate with him towards the close of his life. Vertunni, the admirable landscapist, pronounced a discourse over his grave.



ACADEMIC STUDY, BY H. REGNAULT.

We throw into our tribute, like flowers upon a tomb, a few specimens of the workmanship of these admirers of his. By Regnault, whose art had many features in common with Fortuny's, we give a studio sketch, an academic study of a nude model. It serves as a reminder of the visit of the Frenchman to the atelier, whose products so surprised him. By Vertunni, the orator at his comrade's grave, we give a copy in fac-simile of his drawing for the "Pontine Marshes," one of four canvases he contributed to the Exposition of 1878, forming essentially the same exhibit he made two years previously at Philadelphia, and admirable for justness of tone with breadth of treatment.

By Fortuny's chum, Martin Rico, we show a contribution to the Exposition of 1878, "The 'House of Pilate,' at Seville." A painting of the staircase of this same old mansion was executed by Fortuny. We have already published one of Rico's views of Venice, a city to which Fortuny meant quickly to follow his friend, but which he was doomed to die without seeing.



Fortuny had the highest possible opinion of his compatriot's talent. "I have seen here (at Portici), certain *motifs* which you alone could paint well," he wrote to him shortly before his death. He persuaded Rico to pass the winter of 1870-1871 with him at Grenada, at a house he hired, No. 1 Realijo Bajo. "Dear Martin," he wrote, "I am delighted to learn you are disposed to come, and I think we shall pass a splendid winter. We can paint as many patios and gitanos (courtyards and gipsies) as we like." "Rico, who is with us, regales us with his guitar," he mentioned in due time to a mutual friend.

Fortuny's correspondence, not epigrammatic and witty like Regnault's, forms a chain of interesting memoranda. From this very paradise in Grenada he sent his tribute of sympathy for the sufferers by the Chicago fire. "I have sent (1872) besides the little picture for the Chicago sale, a small *arquebusier* as a sop to Goupil."—"Dumas *fills* has been to see me in my studio (Rome); he encouraged me a great deal, and advises me, as you do, to emancipate myself entirely from all picture-dealing or connoisseuring influence." "I am finishing the picture for Mr. Gibson" (he writes in 1872 to Mr. Gibson's friend Stewart), "and have not begun anything new, for I want first to finish up what I have brought from Spain, so as to go immediately to my native country. . . . As for the 40,000 francs for Mr. Gibson's picture, you may put it in any bank you select."

"I have almost finished 'La Modela,'" he writes to Rico from Rome, in 1873, referring to the picture which is shown in our illustration. The Academy of St. Luke, now installed at No. 44 Via Bonella, near the Forum, at Rome, dates back to 1588, when Sixtus V founded an Academy of Art, placed of course under the patronage of that evangelist who is said to have painted a portrait of the Virgin. Fortuny imagines the Academicians, about the beginning of this century, to have assembled in a saloon of the Colonna palace, on the invitation of one of the art-patronizing Colonnas, and there to go through the professional business of examining a model, who postures before the experienced old painters with the nonchalance of ancient habit. The composition contains at least two portraits, of which the most elaborate is that of the actor Lheritier, of the Palace Royal Theatre. One evening, when in Paris, Fortuny was present at a representation of "*La Cagnotte*" in the lively little play-house, and was struck by the mobile visage of this capital comedian. He made a slight drawing of Lheritier in his pocket sketch-book, which he afterwards put to use in "La Modela," making his personage a very striking likeness. He also introduced the sculptor D'Epinay among the Academicians, without, however, so exactly reproducing the features of his friend. Regnault saw the "Modela" as a sketch, and greatly admired it. Afterwards, in Paris, the realists of the Bonnat school said that it was inferior in technic to the "Vicaria," betraying the tendency of Fortuny's later days to make solid objects too luminous and transparent, so that the varnished furniture of the saloon looks brittle, like sugar-candy or glass. D'Epinay recounts that at the time of Regnault's visit the sketch contained an inimitable figure of the model's mother, a shrewd and withered beldam like a wicked fairy, sitting knitting near the table on which the girl gesticulates, and looking with a calculating eye over her spectacles at the Academicians, to see what is the effect upon them of her daughter's venal graces, and how much she may hope to ask as the price of the exposure of this new Pauline Bonaparte.

To our fellow-townsmen, Mr. W. H. Stewart, the Exposition of 1878 owed almost entirely its ability to make an exhibition of decidedly the most remarkable artist arisen since the last World's Fair at Paris. Except M. Heeren, who sent the "Rehearsal of the Arcadian Society," nearly the whole of the Fortuny exhibit was made up from the specimens lent by Mr. Stewart, such as "The Arab Fantasia," "The Connoisseurs of Engravings," "The Tribunal of the Alhambra," and "The Halt of Travelers in a Convent." It is well known that Fortuny died in Rome on the twenty-first of November, 1874.



## THE DAY AFTER WATERLOO.

BY EMILE A. BAYARD.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY DE NEUVILLE.

LOCKEYED out of their expected place in the Exposition building, the battle-painters of France scarcely knew what to do that their talents might be in some wise evident to the Paris visitors of 1878. Finally a door of hope was opened to them by Goupil, who invited them to make an exhibition of their specialty in the famous magazine of the Rue Chaptal. The gallery thus opened was considered a sort of *succursale* to the fine-arts department of the Champ de Mars, and fairly rivaled it in attractiveness, a great proportion of the spectators, it is said, being Germans. There De Neuville's picture of "Bourget" was hung as a centre, and was considered the gem of the collection, its representation of an heroic resistance and defeat making as strong an impression as if it had delineated a splendid victory.

De Neuville and Bayard are old rivals or comrades in designing on wood. Many a successive page in the *Tour du Monde* have they illustrated, side by side. Bayard, too, exhibited a large warlike subject, which was in some sort a rival to De Neuville's "Bourget," but which, being taken from the old defeat of Waterloo, in 1815, was not amenable to the restrictions laid upon themes of 1870, and was admitted to the Champ de Mars. The topic chosen by Bayard illustrates a passage from De Vaulabelle's *Histoire des deux Restaurations*—"The fury which animated Blucher's troops as well as our own survived after the battle of the 18th. The next day and the day after, the wounded of both nations, carried off to the villages or farms adjacent to the battle-field, went on fighting upon the beds or the straw where they were lying." We see accordingly a sickening and ineffectual skirmish in a barn, where all the combatants are maimed men. A Scotch soldier in the foreground, to the left, raises his head from the wheel-barrow which has been his bolster, to watch a triangular duel between three wounded French and Germans, who are picking each other to pieces in the middle. Through the open door the work of harvesting the lacerated victims is seen, and bodies are being carried through it into the barn for treatment, or out of it for burial.

The modern rage for battle painting, to which several French artists now altogether address themselves, dates from Horace Vernet, and the vast success of his lively, but artistically superficial illustrations of the wars of Napoleon and the conquest of Algeria. Vernet's rival in this line was the late Baron Gros, whose large picture representing Napoleon, like a pitying angel, visiting his plague-stricken soldiers in the quarantine at Jaffa, still excites admiration in the Louvre, and somehow puts Vernet's most energetic themes in the wrong. Gros seems now emphatically a man of the past (he died in 1835), yet the Exposition contained a work of his, the "Apotheosis of St. Genevieve," in the exhibit of the city of Paris; and every visitor to Paris in 1878 went to see Gros' decorations of the dome of St. Genevieve's own church, the Pantheon. We will carry back the reader's mind to the epoch of Vernet and Gros by inserting one of the latter's subjects of a less sacred character—a feast of mare's milk in the desert, inspired by





THE DAY AFTER WATERLOO







the incidents of Napoleon's campaign in Egypt. The style is formal, puffy, and affected in comparison with the sinewy vigor of Detaille, De Neuville, Bayard, and Berne-Bellecour. Yet this is the art out of which the later and grimmer art of the modern battle-painters sprung.

The organizers of the 1878 Exposition seemed to these ambitious young painters to be pushing French politeness to the limits of the incredible when they invited the military artists to withdraw from the competition to which the rest of Europe was bidden. Alphonse De Neuville, Edouard Detaille, Dupray, Protais, Berne-Bellecour, Lançon, and their compeers, were asked, by official request, to renounce the competition for medals offered freely to everybody else in the world. The motive was to abstain from showing anything unpleasant to the Germans, who indeed at that time had expressed the intention of not exhibiting for their own part, and who subsequently amended their decision by sending in a fine selection of pictures, from which, out of reciprocity for French abstinence, all illustrations of the recent war were eliminated. Accordingly, the "Bourget" of De Neuville, not being allowed to figure at the Exposition, was punctually visited by every German in Paris, at Goupil's, in the Rue Chaptal. One of them, at least, declared that he saw nothing so good in the Champ de Mars; and that was none other than Ludwig Knaus, the world-renowned painter of Berlin. The "Bourget" is not only the masterpiece of its painter, but a masterpiece in all senses of the term. "You will oblige me very much by not declaring," he wrote to a critic, "that I have made the Prussian conquerors polite and respectful.



MARE'S MILK IN THE DESERT, BY BARON GROS.



ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

That would give me horror, and be contrary to the truth." And he goes on to indite some good French sentiments about the German troops, excusable under the circumstances even to a Prussian. The episode of Bourget was this: During the second combat which the village had to endure, a handful of valorous defenders, eight officers and twenty men, barricaded themselves in the town church, swearing to die rather than surrender. "It was necessary," wrote General Duroc, of this brave defense, "to shoot them through the windows and bring up cannon, to force a capitulation from this courageous band."

De Neuville represented the emptying of the church, the prisoners and wounded filing slowly out, and a pair of mobiles carrying a dying officer on a chair through the portal. We show the style of De Neuville by a little thumb-nail sketch seized from the life, a "planton" holding his easy watch in a rush-bottomed chair. "Planton" is the term for a



PLANTON SENTINEL, BY DE NEUVILLE.

sentinel without arms. He carries only a sword, and, having no gun to demand alertness, of course can sit.

About thirty canvases were in the exhibition of military paintings, at Goupil's. Edouard Detaille, the inexhaustible and witty story-teller of scenes taken from the soldier's life, was represented by six oil-paintings, not to speak of water-colors. Among his canvases were two important ones, "En Retraite" and "En Reconnaissance." Henri Dupray exhibited "The Grand Guard in the Environs of Paris," and his "Place du Marché, à Saint-Denis," two excellent compositions where the witty artist lavished the treasures of his humorous and fantastic genius. Protais, "the elegiac painter of dreamy sub-lieutenants,"



exposed, for what they were worth, his two pictures of "Metz," and "August, 1870." Berne-Bellecour also exhibited two subjects: one was "La Tranchée," or ditch, with the dying scene of Lieutenant Michel, Tirailleur de la Seine, at Boulogne on the Seine, January, 1871. The other was the "Tirailleurs de la Seine à la Malmaison, October 21, 1870," from which we give the artist's sketch of the principal group.



E. DETAILLE.

It was not to be wondered at that the interdiction which came to upset the young French school of military art at the moment when it was putting on its armor for the tournament of the Champ de Mars, should have aroused lively revolts. A prompt feeling of resentment sprung up in the world of the studios, and the ardent hearts of the painters boiled over with what they considered patriotic ardor. Was it not a painful insult to exclude that graphic and youthful school, so popular and so French, which had found a way to extract a kind of victory out of defeat? Had it not a right to participate with other styles in that victory for the French school of art which every one foresaw as the brightest meed of the year? A lively quarrel arose in the camp, followed by an ingenious compromise. The hospitality of the house of Goupil was gratefully accepted, and there, far away from the roar of the Exposition and the scruples of the administration, were prepared for their artistic conquests such admirable paintings as De Neuville's "Bourget" and Berne-Bellecour's "Tirailleurs de la Seine." Of the painters of the Crimea, one, Yvon, did not participate, and the other, Pils, was deceased.



GROUP FROM BERNE-BELLECOUR'S "LES TIRAILLEURS DE LA SEINE."









ALFRED MATHIAS - NEW YORK

THE PHOTOGRAPH

LEAVING THE MASKED BALL.



## LEAVING THE MASKED BALL.

BY RAYMOND DE MADRAZO.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY R. DE MADRAZO.

PRECISELY the opposite of what he ought to be by education, Raymundo or Raymond de Madrazo is a realistic artist brought up in the traditions of the conventional. Son of a painter of great eminence, the *conservator* of the Museo of Madrid, Raymundo was nourished in the fear of the classic. The laws of beauty were drilled into his mind as a principle. At Madrid, in his childhood, he is known to have labored indefatigably under the direction of his father, and at a later date he was packed off to Rome, to imbibe the marble milk of the goddesses in the Vatican, according to the questionable mode of instruction of modern academies. He can say his lesson, then, in Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bernini, and Praxiteles. But, so strong a force is genius, and so decidedly is talent a law to itself, and so unerringly does Nature mix her clay according to a caprice of her own, and so plainly was it written that Madrazo should be a "naturalist," that the academic schooling only turned him out a more confirmed "naturalist" than he was when he left Spain.

Madrazo, we cannot doubt, is a new individuality in art, a name which will go down in the list of masters of the nineteenth century. In a trade where all the tricks seem to have been revealed, all the forms of expression exhausted long ago, here is a man who shows us something novel, something which nobody knew but himself. He is a painter

who paints individually, and there is hardly any thing so rare in the world. When we visit the Spanish gallery at the Champ de Mars—a gallery so rich in novel impressions—Madrazo seizes the attention by the originality, delicacy, brightness, and clearness of his style. He is the cook who invented a sauce. Among artists, and in the circle of the studios, Madrazo has been known for several years as a colorist of sensitive freshness, but people hardly knew how many master-qualities he united. Those who had seen his works piecemeal for a dozen years past, never suspected the keen vitality of his personal style. It was the assembling together of his canvases which surprised the critical world, and convinced every one whose opinion was important that the Madrid painter was one of the freshest eyes and surest hands of the day. The test is this: pass over in the mind the illustrious masters of every age and country, and see if you can find one whom you might honor by attributing to him the "manner" of Raymond de Madrazo. You cannot, for Madrazo has invented his "manner." He is, then, a pioneer.

Madrazo may be termed, for lack of a more explicit nomenclature, a tint-dreamer. Just as there are poets who stray through life without any other care but that of musical rhymes, without any business but



the carving and chasing of a sonnet, so Madrazo exists in the long day-dream of the colors of real objects. He may be seen to pass along the street in a brown study, his eyes half-closed and turned inward to the internal vision; he is musing on some harmony of unattainable hues, or ruminating on some effect he has just observed, or analyzing and separating some dream-tints of the brain, or struggling with a difficult color-problem. One would say that Nature walks ever just before his eyes, and tempts him by shaking out a scarf iridized with changeable tinges. Another artist may be a draughtsman, another a chiaroscurist, another a modeler and student of the "solid," but we would ask if this be not the *Painter*?



PIERRETTE. FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN BY R. DE MADRAZO.

Yet how many aspects of art has he sacrificed to attain this fresh view of the world in its color-octave! We have alluded to his formal education, and we must in justice insist upon it. Of all the artists whom you may meet on the continent, Madrazo is incontestably one of the best instructed—instructed, that is to say, in his craft. He has seen everything, studied everything, and analyzed everything. You shall encounter no one who can chop logic better concerning the schools and the masters. But let him be seated at the easel, and the glorious ignorance and humility of the true painter envelop him like the veil of oblivion. There seem to have been no old masters, no schools, no traditions. The intimate reality of Nature is what he seeks, and what he lays his bare soul to. The difficulties of painting are before his spirit, aggressive and new as if there had never been a Carracchi or a Poussin to smooth them away by suggestions of conventionality. In presence of the artist's ever-recurring doubt and trouble, he never says, "How did Veronese do it?" but, "How shall I do it?"

The last concession which Madrazo made to the anxious pedagogy of his father was to enter respectfully, in coming to Paris, the atelier of Léon Cogniet, that irrefutable atelier where the students never see the instructor. After a brief sojourn he set up his own studio. One of the first tasks he executed in Paris was a ceiling-decoration for the mansion of Queen Christine, in the Champs-Élysées. Fortuny was charged to paint an adjoining one, and for a space the two brothers-in-law worked side by side. We say the brothers-in-law, though they were not to become so until rather later; but this relationship with the celebrated painter of the "Vicaria" is of strong significance in

the history of the artist. It is true that Madrazo always professed, and professes still since his friend's death, a pious admiration for him, a respect as from the subordinate to the superior. He has made himself the propagandist of this precious family reputation. In doing this with the most sincere loyalty, he has been careless of the fact that his own individual renown has not a little suffered from that of his compatriot. The taste for Fortuny has been one of those manias which are too blind to see plainly to the right or the left. For the last dozen years amateurship has made the splendid Fortuny an idol to be worshiped. It is easy now to perceive that Madrazo was all the while willfully concealing himself in the shadow of his brother-in-law. He knew the picture mart so well—he knew that it would be impossible to acknowledge two equal chiefs of the Spanish school. The Universal Exposition has let in the light of day upon that consecrated modesty. The world of judges who establish reputations has awarded to



Madrazo an individual throne beside his brother, and has condescendingly invoked blessings upon this family so richly endowed of heaven. If Fortuny was more cosmopolitan, more a mirror of every worthy influence that ever arose in Europe, Madrazo now seems the more direct inheritor of the national impulse, the more perfectly endued with the mantle of Ribera and Goya. Not that his works can really be assimilated with those of any previous Spanish painter; but the rush of the sunbeams of Spain is in his color; the burning sun of his country dwells in his canvas, as it dwelt in the palette of Spagnoletto after his removal to Naples. He paints because he is of the painting race, and of all the modern "Spanish" painters he is perhaps the only Spaniard. Analyze his heads of young women, or his portraits of children: the grace shed upon them is a stormy and energetic grace, a male force. They tingle in every part with that individual touch which is like the accent of Castilian speech; the color is always direct, the drawing is pure and simple, the harmony of colors is impassioned and vibrating throughout.

What an enviable and amiable family is the family composed of artists, who can collect around a table and show a company of Nature's elect, stamped with the authority of race and blood! All of this home-circle is artistic, like the painter-brothers of the fifteenth century. The father, Federico de Madrazo, has one of those old and safe reputations which last out a lifetime with honor and dignity. His son, Raymond, is the pride of the race. Ricardo, the younger brother of Raymond, is an artist of promise; their brother-in-law, Señor Ochoa, paints already remarkably well. Only the empty seat of the regretted Fortuny recalls to these fortunate ones that there is no complete happiness on earth.

Whoever has been to a ball in Paris will be wafted thither again, as by the stroke of a magician's rod, by Madrazo's picture which we copy. The carriages wheeling up in turn or waiting outside the *grille*; the greatly pinched-up court-yard, intending to be a garden, but only succeeding in being a pavement; the tall blank-faced freestone house, overlooked by other houses uncomfortably close; the determination to be architecturally individual and to imagine itself an isolated chateau in a park; the family life of Paris, in fine, attending only to itself yet pressed upon by neighbors who crane their necks on every side. The family who give this ball have but a part of one story of the edifice; and their arrangements for the party exceedingly put out the fashionable milliner on the third floor, the banker's clerk on the fourth, and the musician on the fifth. However, they dismiss their guests at the side door as if they owned not only the premises but the surrounding acres; and the cabs roll off successively into the brightening dawn as discreetly as if they, too, were the unshared property of their occupants. Madrazo has here accumulated, with his own peculiar flutter, an attractive study of the various dresses which may be found crushed together at a modern masquerade. The beauty in patches and Pompadour costume has precisely the proper face for it, and the bright, irresponsible behavior; the dark-haired belle, who has put on a modern opera-cloak over the robes of a Japanese daimio's wife, is another beautiful figure. This animated and masterly picture is the property of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt.

Thus pleasantly wanders M. Paul Lefort, in a French magazine, through the variegated crowd of Madrazo's "Masked Ball:" "Very much alive, too, and well caught in its flavor of allspice, is the 'Leaving the Masked Ball.' The topic afforded this treatment, and the artist has drawn from it its full capacity for brilliancy, contrast of tones, and metallic ring. The drama is besides very well explained, and makes episodes that are as bright as they are amusing. Here, Pierrette picks up her Pierrot, who has cast himself upon the turf. Lower down, Punchinello carries off a Japanese lady, all the while exchanging some raillery with a Pompadour marquise. A harlequin shivers on the seat of a cab, and Scapin, feeling the cold air of the morning, hurries into a brown overcoat. At one extremity, from the steps of a crowded portico, the most variegated and highly-colored costumes pour out in picturesque disorder, while at the left the cabmen talk, read, smoke or sleep standing, as they await their employers."





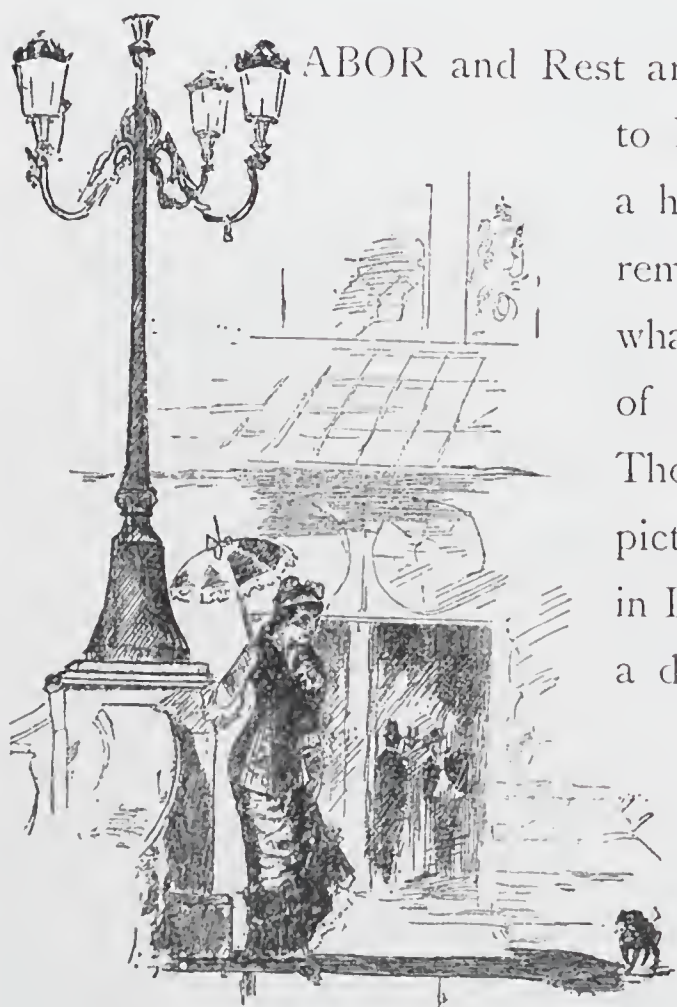
ENGLISH SECTION.]

AFTER WORKING HOURS.

[BY HUBERT HERKOMER

## CHELSEA PENSIONERS; AND. AFTER WORKING HOURS.

BY HUBERT HERKOMER.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY MAURICE LEOIR.

LABOR and Rest are the theme of Mr. Herkomer in the two principal pictures he sent to Paris,—Labor sinking into Rest at evening, and Rest coming at last, in a hospital, to crown a life of war. We will first consider one of the most remarked canvases of the English section, the “Chelsea Pensioners.” To what artistic tradition does this composition ally itself? Is the painter fonder of Rubens, or Rembrandt, or Tintoretto, or Ribera? You cannot tell. The English school of painting is not the disciple of any Talmud. This picture is a pure product of “naturalism,” and of “naturalism” as understood in London. Herkomer was long, with Gregory and the regretted F. Walker, a designer for the *Graphic* newspaper, and he was one of its earliest. We owe to him some of those designs which form the astonishment of artists, and render the gallery of that illustrated weekly so precious. It is in that journal, we may say, that Herkomer was formed, in immediate contact with passing life, in constant watch over daily events, and espial of those manners on which realistic art is nourished. Such was his art-training. On the continent, whether at Rome, Madrid or Paris, this training would be judged very insufficient, yet behold the result! The subject of the canvas is a service in chapel, attended by a score of pensioners. The twenty old men are listening to the sermon, sitting idly on their benches, their elbows touching, the whole crowd dressed in military red. The chapel frames them in, with its stark and lofty whiteness. A pale, foggy light falls through the panes on their old threadbare skulls. From the height of the vault are suspended a few trophies of flags. “Is





THE LAST MUSTER.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY H. HERKOMER.

ENGLISH SECTION.]







that all?"—a doubter would object. Yes, certainly.—"And yet the work is a masterpiece?"—Truly it is. In the course of his profession as illustrator, it is likely that Mr. Herkomer has been attracted to Chelsea by some ceremony, and that under the fresh impression of these rows of old government pensioners collected in their definitive asylum, he has made a sketch of unusual felicity, throbbing with feeling and sincerity. Then, encouraged by his success, he may have taken it up in oil, and thus achieved, straight from nature, the picture before us. Will it be objected that the scene is faulty in composition, and that the interest is subdued? That would be impossible in a picture so born. Truth has her laws of composition as well as fiction, and she has the advantage of never making mistakes within the laws of her own imposing. Every one of Mr. Herkomer's old men, studied with infinite curiosity in their varied expressions, is rightly placed in the foreground or background of the common interest, and contributes to the effect of the silent drama in the centre.

That drama is a simple and dreadful one. One of these pensioners, a tall, dry old disciplinarian, with correct and almost noble bearing, hangs his head on a sudden over upon his breast. His next neighbor turns about, takes him by the wrist, and feels his pulse, with anxiety imprinted on his features. Has the old comrade really given in? This silent, unpretending death-scene, at muster, and strictly under discipline, is wonderfully "respectable." The pious ceremony must not be interrupted; the curate need not be disturbed in his balanced phrases; there is no call to alarm these brave old neighbors, each leaning likewise over the grave. The comrade who has taken the alarm is silent; he is satisfied merely to hold the wrist of his neighbor. Death is in the ranks; he has come to dress noiselessly with the well-drilled veterans, and there he will stay unsuspected while the review is kept up by the preacher, who on this day exercises the veterans.

The other contribution which we represent of Mr. Herkomer's is certainly not of such dignity as the former, but it is likewise a remarkable study, especially when we remember that it is the artist's first experiment in oil-painting. A town built of brick—half a factory-town, and half a farming village—stretches its street in a line with the river. The light is fading, and night approaches, and the good neighbors rest upon the river-bank or on the door-way benches. A boy goes by driving a flock of geese. Under the light trees, dreaming in the dusk, a young harvester-mother shows another hay-maker her pretty baby, asleep, fat and contented. A background of highly cultivated fields appropriately closes in the scene. It is the Holland landscape-painters, with their placid sincerity, who have taught Mr. Herkomer the secret of these frank, simple landscapes and fine effects of peace. Van der Meer has instructed him how to represent them. But it is the artist's first painting; and if we were to form a wish for him it would be that, in his landscape as in his figures, he would form a style taught by no dead painter, but always as fresh, uncontaminated and individual as that of the "Pensioners."

Hubert Herkomer, born in the village of Waal, in Bavaria, was at first in the way of becoming an American, having been brought to this country in infancy by his father, and remaining here until his sixth year. His birth occurred May 26th, 1849. Removing to England in 1855, the father settled in Southampton, at whose art-school Hubert was entered at the age of thirteen. In 1865 the pair went back to their native Bavaria, and it was at Munich, in that year, that he entered a life-school for the first time. In 1866 he went back to London, where in 1870 he painted the "Chelsea Pensioners." It is a polite hit at English national art that a grand medal of honor was awarded to Herkomer, first a Bavarian, then an American, and whose beginnings at figure-painting date from Munich.

Meanwhile, across and beyond the rare success and honor heaped upon Mr. Herkomer, his old father survives and remains what he was, a simple wood-carver, habituated to the country fairs around Munich rather than to the high-pressure studio-life of London.



# THE QUEEN OF THE SWORDS.

BY W. Q. ORCHARDSON.



INITIAL FROM THE JAPANESE EXHIBIT.

ORCHARDSON'S theme carries us back to the Addisonian time of powder and patches, "or when the hoop was worn." It is a brilliant assembly, of the latter portion of the eighteenth century. When every gentleman wore his sword at a ball, it was easy to get up the rather martial pageant represented in the composition. Gallantry meant something in those days, and each chevalier who draws his rapier to raise this triumphal arch for Beauty, is ready to dip it in blood, if need be, for Beauty's defence. The belle at the head of the lovely procession—evidently the acknowledged star of the assemblies—advances under the keen and threatening bridge of blades with a beautiful womanly courage, expressing her supreme confidence—the confidence of weakness in strength that is pledged to enslave itself. Behind advance the other fair dancers, less supremely the protégées of the sword, less queenly, less confident—or, if their timidity is assumed, aware that timidity is the only remaining womanly grace that they can resort to with any effect, after the Queen who makes her effect by discarding timidity.

Mr. Orchardson's other contributions are, "The Bill of Sale," "Escaped," and "The Duke's Ante-chamber," besides a portrait of Mrs. Orchardson. In view of the fact that this fine painter has been medaled in a descending scale at successive French World's Fairs, that observant critical journal, *L'Art*, thus expresses itself. "We make it a point to protest against the singular recklessness with which the international jury on recompenses has treated an artist distinguished among the best portraitists and most charming genre painters in the English school. Mr. William Quiller Orchardson, Royal Academician, had obtained a second medal at the Universal Exposition of 1867. He has been awarded a third medal in 1878. Why not have encouraged him with a simple honorable mention! Frankly, this is making game of the public. And firstly, this action is not lawful, for, if Mr. Orchardson has retrograded, he has not the right to any distinction at all. But such is not the case. We should have been glad to see again at the Champ de Mars his portrait of Charles Moxen, Esq., which was much remarked at the Salon of 1876, along with his portrait of Mrs. Orchardson, the only one which the painter revives for this Exposition: but this last example has sufficed us to be sure that the painting of Mr. Orchardson is like good wine, it improves as it grows older. In his genre paintings Mr. Orchardson affects eighteenth-century costumes, and he uses them with much taste, delicacy, and discretion. Nothing can be so graceful as the picture of 'The Queen of the Swords.' In another order of ideas, 'The Bill of Sale' is likewise an exquisite thing, for the truth of its attitudes and the vivacity of its expressions. Mr. Orchardson is the Meissonier of England."

Mr. Orchardson, the subject of this gratifying eulogium from a foreign judge, was born at Edinburgh in 1835, and began to exhibit portraits in the Scottish academy in 1861. He came to London in 1863. His "Christopher Sly," and "Challenge" were remarked at the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867. We have to thank the owner, Mr. J. G. Sandeman, of Glasgow, Scotland, for permission to make the steel-plate we print of "The Queen of the Swords."





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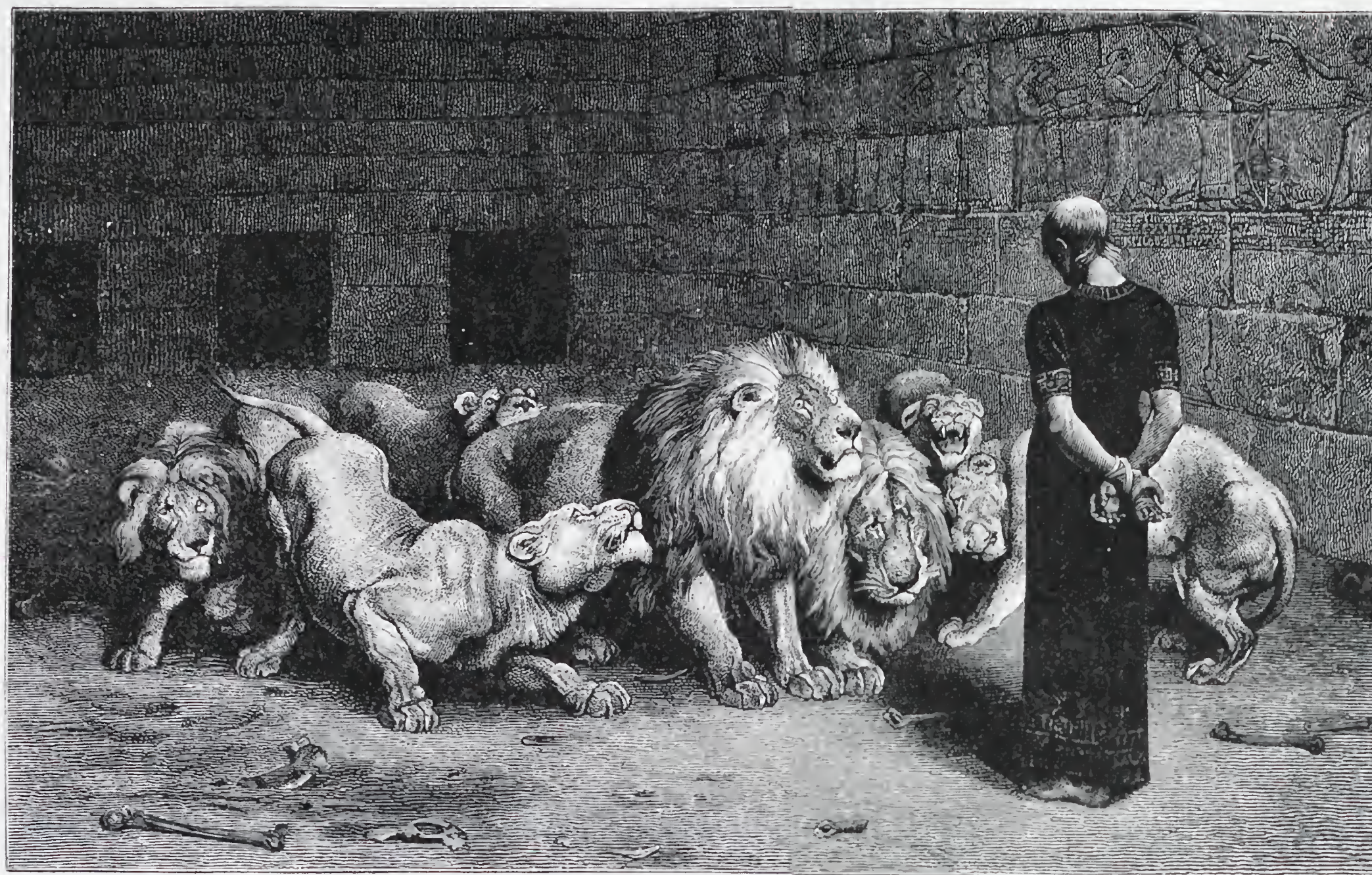












DANIEL.

FROM THE PAINTING BY BRITON RIVIERE, R. A.



## DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.

BY BRITON RIVIÈRE, R. A.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

BRITON RIVIÈRE'S official acquaintance with a very large portion of the American public may be said to date from the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, and his formal card of introduction was his not large, but very important, picture of "Circe and the Companions of Ulysses." Seriously lacking, as this canvas was, in many of the most important qualities of a *painting*,—characterized, as it was, by so many of the defects that seem to be peculiar to the English school,—it yet remained one of the most striking and original works of art exhibited in the British section, if not, indeed, in the entire display. Mr. Rivière is an animal painter only in the sense that he introduces animals into his compositions; but the peculiar force and strength of this

scene lay, not only in the dramatic and almost terrible portrayal of the transformed swine, but in the truly admirable figure of Circe,—a figure which, for simplicity and vivid rendering of irresponsible, unremorseful pagan power and cruelty, and indifference, was worthy of almost any school. The simplicity of the figure was wonderful: the enchantress, in a loose white robe, of flannel apparently, sat on the ground hugging her knees, and with her chin in the air, as any school-girl might have done; her long hair, confined by a single knot at the nape of her neck, trailed down her back, as any school-girl's might do; her wand lay behind her, but evidently only as an incident in the composition, and without adding anything to her magic. And yet there was something of divinity, grace, power, and cruelty without conscience, in her aspect that would have delighted a Greek. This extreme simplicity reappears in the painting of Daniel and the Lions, of which we give an excellent wood-cut: the perpendicular old man, confronting the straight line of the baffled animals, strikes us like a revelation; his impassive aspect betrays perfectly his serenity—his confidence in the Divine protection; and the blazing, sneaking, and astonished wrath and fear of the great cats is depicted with all the force of human emotions, and with an individuality of expression which always distinguishes Mr. Rivière's portrayal of animals. It is but seldom that a painter displays this equal discrimination in his treatment of both bipeds and quadrupeds; and this artist's name is justly classed among the few redeeming ones of the English school who repudiate the merely conventional and traditional aspect of things.



STUDY OF A HEAD, BY E. BURNE JONES.



Of a very different type, however, is that band of originals who cultivate "art for art's sake," and some of whom have not been ashamed to drink absinthe. This English manifestation is entirely a thing by itself. It started with Dante Rossetti, and it replaces the "pre-Raphaelite" movement. It consists partly



STUDY OF A HEAD, BY E. BURNE JONES.

in the admiration of nature, partly in the admiration of William Morris' writings, and partly in a violent affection for missal-paintings and the work of Botticelli. Albert Moore is held to have most closely approached the Botticelli spirit, and his originality is asserted in his slavish imitation. Mr. Moore cannot be equaled in the power of assuming the peculiar awkwardness of ancient art when it was still experimental, and breaking the joints of his pictured maidens into what have been called "Anglo-Saxon attitudes,"—evidently because they are early Italian. The American, Whistler, with his refined but not always comprehensible harmonies of color, divorced from anatomy and drawing, is another light of the school. At its head is Mr. Edward Burne Jones; his "Beguiling of Merlin," "Love among the Ruins," and "Love as Wisdom," at the Exposition, are his demonstration of the singular power he possesses to carry

the soul upon mystic errands into undiscovered recesses of art. When he is most intense, he is innocent and awkward; when most poetical, he is grating; when most voluptuous, he is uncomfortable and uncanny. Without having mastered the resources of painting, as painting has been understood by its grand technical experts, he commands attention by the strange thoughts he contrives to imprison in his works. He went to school in Birmingham, under Dr. James Price Lee, subsequently bishop of Manchester, at the King Edward VI school. Passing to Oxford, he found at college a friend who has had great influence on the progress of his mind. Only six months younger than himself, William Morris proceeded from a family in easy circumstances, like his own, but not too easy to deaden the artistic impulse of the soul with promises of a career of opulent sloth. Entering Exeter College at the same time with young Morris, the future painter made the future poet his chum, and an unusually close communion of mind and soul was begun. Oxford is a tempting place to study art and legend, with its architecture, its collections, galleries, libraries, and schools. There was written the first poem of Morris, never yet published. There, too, our painter, in the midst of his course of study, happened to meet with a picture which decided his vocation. Maclise, and Gilbert, and Landseer had never attracted Burne Jones, though he had sketched by himself, with small help from teaching or from the art around him. But Rossetti's painting of Dante sketching the portrait of Beatrice as he rested before her on his knees, was seen at this time by the young man, and acted on him as the pollen acts on the flower or the spark on the powder. He determined to be a painter, and he became that weird expositor of mysticism in pictorial form which the world recognized at the Champ de Mars in the author of "Merlin's Beguiling."

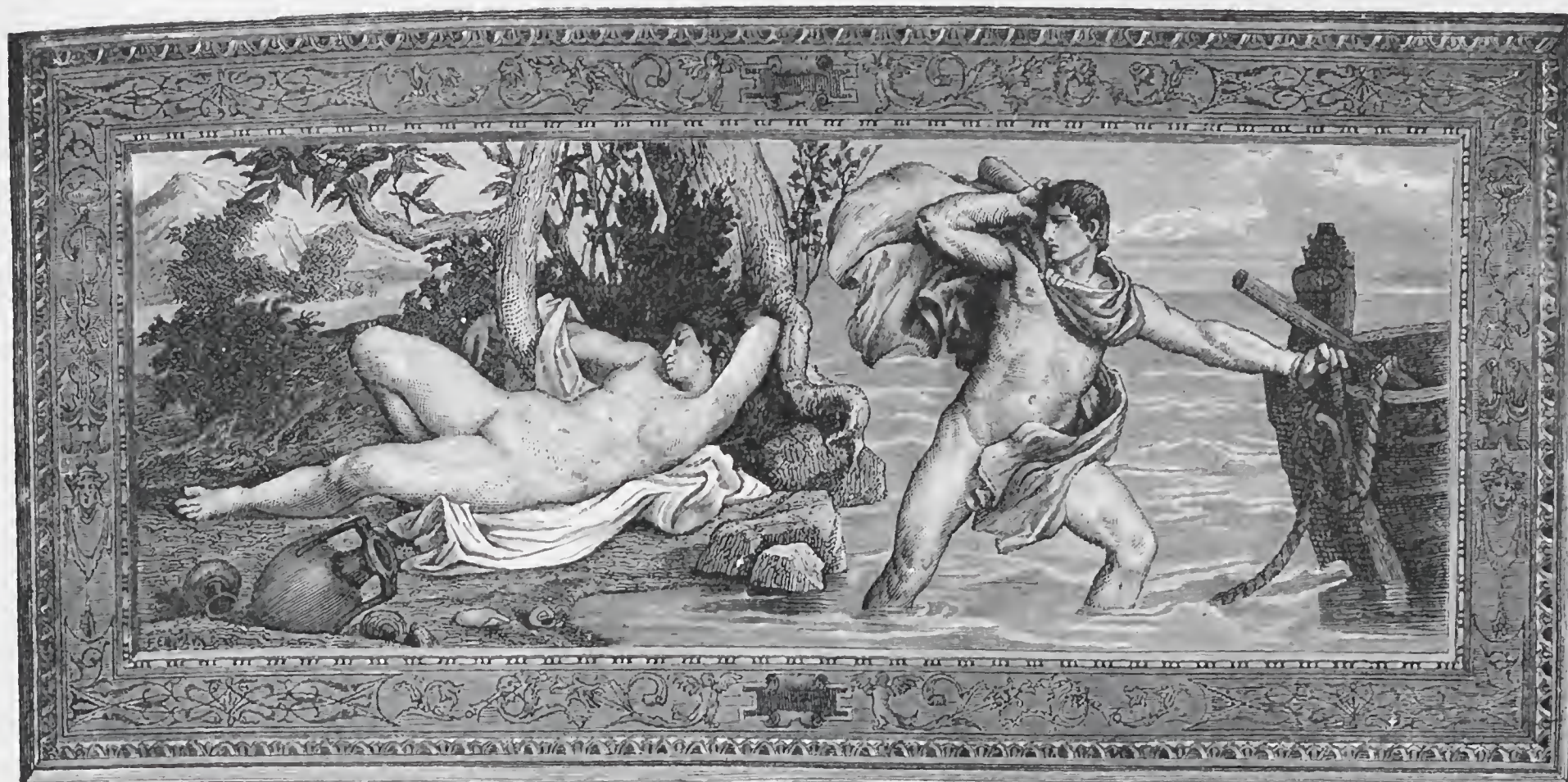












ARIADNE ABANDONED BY THESEUS.

FRENCH SECTION.]

F. EHLMANN.

## THE DANAIDES: AND ARIADNE ABANDONED BY THESEUS.

BY H. LE ROUX AND F. EHLMANN.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

LE ROUX contributed to the Exposition, besides the "Vestal Tuccia," which we have already illustrated, five other subjects, mostly classical, from amongst which we select the most striking for our present notice. The legend of the Danaides seems to be the distorted account of some early skirmish of the primitive Hellenes with the Egyptians. Danaus, King of Argos, receives a visit from his brother, Ægyptus, who comes up from the banks of the Nile with fifty sons. The fifty blushing daughters of the Argive monarch (some of whom must have been great girls indeed, before their younger sisters were marriageable) espouse their swarthy African cousins; but they kill their colored husbands with their daggers on the bridal night, all

but one, who saves the life of her consort, Lynceus, and he succeeds his father-in-law, wearing for forty-one years the crown of Argos. Whatever political event is indicated by this intrusion of an Egyptian ruler on the throne of a Greek province, it would seem to be small matter for boasting on the part of the white antagonists and their descendants. Treachery, and not fair fight, was what overcame the coffee-colored princes. The Greek uncle, indeed, had himself counted out from his arsenal the fifty daggers which his daughters were to thrust beneath the ribs of his nephews. No reasons of state can excuse this pointed act of inhospitality on the part of the prolific Danaus, who fought his political opponents by the hands of girls, and meditated death at the moment of affectedly saying "Bless you, my children!" in the church. The antique writers dwell on the eternal punishment of the daughters, when they would do better to invent some adequate torment for the father. According to these veracious chroniclers, the forty-nine guilty brides were condemned to fill a leaking urn in Hades, and are at it yet.

With rough-ribbed amphoras the white hands are bleeding,  
The weak arms are burdened, that Emptiness feeding;  
"Ah, monster, ah, gulf, whose dry mouth we keep drenching,  
Why mocks us thy thirst, we still languish in quenching?"



The painter shows us, in the pale daylight of the under-world, which is neither moonlight or sunlight, the two long files of Argive princesses. Half of them advance to the ever-thirsty vessel, whose circular mouth resembles a well-curb. The other half go sadly away, to replenish their pitchers at the burning waters of Phlegethon. These Greek brides retain the beauty of the nuptial night. Le Roux is too confirmed a disciple of classic grace to let the pain and weariness of the punishment impair the loveliness of the culprits. He makes the hapless spirits advance and recede in attitudes of melancholy grace, like figures on the frieze of a Greek temple: and the endlessness of their sad procession gives a pictorial idea of the eternity of their expiation.

We add to our illustration of the fate of the murderesses of the Egyptian princes, one more subject from early Greek legend. This is an incident in the career of Theseus, who moulded into form the government of Athens, another city originally swayed by Egyptian rule. Cecrops, a leader from Sais, in Egypt, is related to have brought a colony into Greece, about fifteen hundred and fifty-six years before the Christian era, with better success than attended the fifty royal sons of Ægyptus. Having founded the city of Cecropia, afterwards known as Athens, Cecrops died and was succeeded by Cranaus, a native of the land; some time after, Theseus, one of his successors on the throne, formed the twelve suburbs into a capital, changing the name to Athens in honor of his patron-goddess. Theseus became a tutelary guardian. The Greeks, not satisfied with all the attributes of Hercules, the Saviour-deity they had adopted from Phœnicia, adorned the character of the Athenian hero with similar graces, a little improved. Hercules stands for the great effort of the heathen mind to imagine a Redeemer, a man-god willing to toil and suffer for the perpetual benefit of the human race. In redeeming Alcestis, he even conquers death, for the hope of humanity, as Browning, working in the line of the German interpreters, explains with much eloquence in "Balaustion's Adventure." The legend of Theseus adds certain characters of advanced intellectual subtlety to the type; whereas Hercules was satisfied with a mere crushing destruction of his monsters, Theseus confers a tremendous moral lesson by making them suffer the same kind of fate they had prepared for mankind. Plutarch, the great moralist, is too keen not to see this difference between Hercules and Theseus, and point it out. "Theseus," he says, "pursued his travels to punish abandoned wretches, who suffered from him the same kind of death that they inflicted on others, and were requited with the vengeance that matched their crimes." Thus he made the body of Procrustes fit the size of his own bed, and pushed Sciron off the precipice from which he pushed the passers-by. Theseus' risking himself of his free will among the victims of Crete, in the hope to put an end to the tribute, is an image of the most beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice, vicariously taking a risk for the innocent; while his ideas of government are the bright prefiguration of blessings then to come, he being the first, as Aristotle says, who inclined to a democracy, opened Athens to all strangers equally, and gave up the regal power. While Hercules destroys evil, Theseus reconstructs the race. Very charming are these efforts of the Greek imagination, exercised quite probably in times of political oppression and religious barbarism, to create types of vicarious self-sacrifice or of ideal democracy. Nor should we spoil the picture by interpreting too literally the shifting alliances which every hero of early fable is made to pass through. Ariadne's abandonment by Theseus is a myth, not to be squared to our ideas of the sacredness of lovers' vows and the expediency of monogamy. The all-sufficient solution of such stories is, that in the intellectual and literary ages, ambitious families desired to ally themselves with the mythical heroes; so that a hundred competing houses, determined to have a brilliant pedigree, invented a descent from the gods or heroes, freely sacrificing to their vanity the honor of their grandmothers. And the poets, who composed the "peerages" which lay on the centre-tables of the time, sang what their patrons desired them to sing. Ægle, daughter of Panopeus, is said by Plutarch to have been the inamorata for whom Ariadne was abandoned, after her spirited but rather unfilial assistance of Theseus against her father. Ariadne.



however, was reserved for still higher honors and a very speedy consolation; she was long worshiped as the consort of Bacchus, who was said to have discovered and espoused her after her abandonment at Naxos. In Cyprus they had another legend; and showed her tomb at Amathus (on the spot where their historian, Pæon, declared that Theseus had left her) as the tomb of "Venus Ariadne."

The picture of the abandonment of Ariadne is in water-colors, and is owned by the Luxembourg Gallery, in Paris, having been painted in 1873. Its author is François Ehrmann, who, like Doré, is a native of Strasburg. M. Ehrmann is one of the later pupils of Gleyre, and has been receiving the Salon medals at various times since 1865. He is one of the most graceful of modern decorative artists, and is as agreeable personally as in his art, being the lively comrade and friend of various young American painters now in Paris. It will be observed that the "Ariadne" is an essentially *decorative* work. While the artist has secondarily in his mind the remorse of Theseus and the oblivion of Ariadne, his primary desire is to make Theseus' misgivings graceful, and Ariadne's abandon becoming. The types of hesitation and lassitude are chosen in their calmest and noblest expression. It is interesting to observe how a truly able master of decoration, having to show the parting of two figures for divided careers, and indicating that separation well and clearly, is yet controlled by the terms of his art, and contrives a focus and a parallelism, which unite his centrifugal forces in a calm and elegant unity.

M. Ehrmann is also the artist to whom our readers are indebted for the initial to this article and for the many beautiful initials of classic character which have adorned our pages,—the most beautiful works, we verily believe, ever composed in that kind. The fact is, that an artist merely composing figures for ornamental initials could hardly create heraldic supporters of such deep individuality and epical inspiration. The conditions of a routine task would make it impossible. The nymphs and personages of M. Ehrmann's alphabet, indeed, had a superior origin. The artist received a commission to paint a ceiling. He lavished on it all his love of classicality, all his feeling for decorative and romantic gallantries. The careful pencil studies for this work remained in his atelier, a whole mythology. To these pencil drawings he afterwards adapted the letters of the Roman alphabet, skilfully applying such as were best suited to the attitudes of his pictorial Olympus.





## THE FUGITIVES.

BY P. P. L. GLAIZE.



INITIAL FROM AN "ODYSSEY" OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

PIERRE PAUL LEON GLAIZE is the eldest son of Auguste Barthélemy Glaize, himself a painter of repute and author of a picture which we, who have seen it, cannot easily forget, "The Pillory," a representation of those distinguished benefactors of humanity who have been treated as criminals by their race.

"The Fugitives," painted by the son, is a work of the year 1877. It represents the incidents consequent upon the taking of Athens by the Romans under Sylla, 84 B. C., when a great number of the prominent Greeks, feeling their lives in danger, took to flight. Aristion, the Athenian tyrant, immediately caused the gates of the city to be fastened, upon which the fugitive Greeks corrupted the sentinels, and then caused themselves to be let down over the walls with cords, during the night season. In the present age of impatient ambition, when serious art is deserted by the very ones on whom it most surely depended, Léon Glaize gives us in this fine picture a rare example of what pure learning can do when united with a persevering love of the really beautiful. We cannot be mistaken in believing that the artist who has signed this noble page of color is a master among painters, whether judged by style, truthfulness, beauty of tint, or firmness of drawing. M. Glaize has conceived the scene in the simplest and most dramatic manner: from the top to the bottom of the canvas, the rampart wall drops its sheer declivity in the light of the moon. The gaping depths of the precipice are beneath, out of the limits of the picture. Two human groups, suspended on the cords of safety, are swinging in open space; here it is a mother and her baby, there it is a husband and his wife. Around them shines the steely vastness of the moonlit sky. In this really striking composition the clearness and positiveness of the conception give a breadth to the style which conceals all effort and all intricacy of study. The group of man and wife, sinking in each other's fast embrace, is so original in invention and so decorative in line that it would make the fortune of a sculptor. The young mother, too, half yielding to a horrible vertigo, and shielding her infant with the nervous strength of her splendid right-arm, is awful without ceasing to be beautiful. The general color of the canvas, consistently kept within the pale and diaphanous effect of moonlight, yields no discordant note to the most scrutinizing examination of the critic. Harmony is here obtained without deadness in an effaced scale, and the restrained effect only adds to the puissance. Besides its broad conception, the work abounds in excellent bits; to mention only one, the tense arm of the man who is trying to recover the equilibrium of his turning body, is an energetic piece of foreshortening only to have been executed by a designer of the first order.

Léon Glaize was born in Paris, February 3, 1842, in the house—and we may say in the studio—of his father, so that the first thing which struck his childish eyes was a picture. He therefore had that chance which is so rare now-a-days, when education so often opposes temperament, to spring up in the environment most highly favorable to developing his hereditary faculties. From his first years he has heard painting talked of, and seen it practised. The Glaize family, by the simplicity of its patriarchal ways, and its unmixed belief in the profession followed by its venerated head, as well as by the intimate sympathy of





1 1/2 IN. LAIZE. PINK

PARIS PUBLISHER

THE ALBIONIAN SOCIETY







its members, is the exact image of those lineages of artists, practising a sacred mystery, which existed in the middle ages and handed down the secret from one to the other. All who have passed over the hospitable threshold of the rue Vaugirard—and some of the most intelligent and distinguished men of the day have been proud to do so—talk of the pleasant aspect of this artist-mansion. They speak of our painter's home as of a gay paradise, where hours pass more happily than moments elsewhere, and it is one of the greatest privileges of a young Paris artist to have a guest's place reserved for him there. It was in this sheltered nest, and under the wing of the most "maternal" of mothers, that the intelligence of the young artist opened its pinions. He was a meditative infant, endowed with a quiet persistency which might turn to a fault or a virtue. Under a judicious education this obstinacy became a masculine excellence. The Arab proverb of a reed painted with steel might be applied to Léon Glaize. Determined not to force his childish bent, the father waited impatiently for the signs of an artistic vocation to appear. He had not to wait long. Léon, as a child, had a furtive but overpowering taste for art. Whenever he was surprised alone, it was with a pencil in his hand, copying some object before him; when, at length, he was found armed with the palette and the sheaf of brushes of his parent, and aiming at making certain grand corrections in a just-finished canvas, the utensils were taken from him promptly, it is true, but with joy, for the infant's profession was decided!

The boy's health, naturally delicate, was the first care, however. He was sent into the mountains. The priest of a small town in the Lower Alps, on the outskirts of Forcalquier, undertook charge of the lad, taught him the stories of the Bible, and gave him the constitution of a little goatherd. His correspondence with his mother from Forcalquier is still preserved, and has a most original appearance, writing being in these pages almost entirely abandoned for drawing, and the designs in question showing much of that precision and turn of feeling which distinguish the mature work of the little letter-illustrator.

Returning to Paris with nerves tempered with iron, Léon commenced his studies with all the seriousness of a French artist, for whom "education" does not mean Latin and Greek and Algebra, but design. He entered the studio of Ottin, then the great, convenient, professor-less, cheap, drawing-academy of Suisse, where he first began to study from the life model. Ottin being a sculptor, he took from him lessons in modeling which greatly assisted his science of form. Hippolyte Moulin, now a carver of eminence, was his fellow-pupil at this time, and asserts that at the early age of sixteen, Léon had exhausted all that Suisse's and Ottin's could teach him, and needed no instructor but nature. At this point, when his knowledge of "the life" was already profound, a cultured friend of the family, M. Midy, initiated Léon in the grandeurs of antique art, and his father added what was necessary to an unusually complete technical education. These felicities of environment soon told on his genius. At sixteen, Léon Glaize was working on a large canvas intended for exhibition—the "Samson and Delila," which received an honorable mention at the Salon of 1859. He followed it up with a sequel, the "Samson taken by the Philistines," of 1861, of which Théophile Gautier remarked that it "might count as good and solid painting." To this same Salon of 1861, young Glaize sent a decoration of "Fauns and Nymphs," painted by the wax method, which is now at the Museum of Montauban, and holds its own victoriously against the fine designs of Ingres, which form the pride of that gallery.

About this time Glaize, the father, being called to his native city of Montpellier to execute some artistic commissions, asked his friend Gérôme to undertake the further education of his son, and it was in the atelier of Gérôme that we had the pleasure formerly of seeing him in a position of honor—the known author of several Salon pictures of credit, and a sort of monitor among the inferior pupils. It was under the influence of Gérôme that he invented his "Æsop living as a Slave in Samus, in the house of the philosopher, Xanthus," whose fine composition was so much admired in the Salon of 1863, and which now belongs to the Museum of Dijon.



But Glaize was not yet done with the story of Samson. To satisfy the critics who had complained that he had made the strength of his hero rather a physical endowment than a moral inspiration, he produced the "Samson Breaking his Bonds," where a tranquil and serene attitude spoke of supernatural possession and miraculous aid. This painting, which obtained a medal, is now in the Museum of Mulhouse.

In 1864, while under Gérôme's care in the school of Beaux-Arts, he competed with Henri Regnault for the Prize of Rome, and lost it to his still more powerful comrade. This disappointment was partly compensated by the reception of a medal of the second class for his "Christ and the Ten Lepers," which had been commanded by the city of Paris, and is now in the church of the White Benedictines. At the same time he produced his "Nights of Penelope," now at Brussels. In 1867, he exhibited "Hercules between Vice and Virtue;" in 1868, some portraits; in 1869, a "Young Girl carried away by Death;" in 1870, "The First Duel," owned at Arles; soon after, a "Death of St. Louis," now at St. Louis d'Antin; in 1874, a "Bouquetière," and "Lucia the Italian;" in 1875, the "Oath of the Conspirators."

The "Oath of the Conspirators," "The First Duel," and his mother's portrait, are M. Léon Glaize's contributions to the Champ de Mars, in addition to the picture we illustrate. For the talent displayed in this last he received the order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in the year of its production, 1877.



## THE WRECK.

BY WILLIAM SMALL.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY G. MITELLI.

R. WILLIAM SMALL, a magnificent designer, a capital aquarellist, and a skillful manipulator of oil-colors, sent for his sole canvas to the Exposition our subject of "The Wreck," a painting executed in 1876, of which we are able to give a representation drawn on the block by his own hand. He likewise contributed three water-colors, "The Birch-Tree," "Poplars," and "Going to Market in Connemara." Mr. Small has not yet been adopted by the Royal Academy, even as associate, but he is a full member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colors.

We are made to participate in the horrors of a wreck, and one which is evidently hopeless and unaccompanied by any devices of the victims to assist themselves, for these brave boatmen, who would be promptly busied in efforts at furthering such schemes, can only watch with grief-stricken faces for the inevitable. It is an instant of catastrophe,—some quick parting amidships, or terrible fall of a man into the sea, for the beautiful woman in the foreground suddenly extends her arm to point, with an impromptu movement so admirably formed on the artist's part, and so expressive of violent energy, that we are ready to declare that the arm has just been thrust forth beneath our eyes, and was not there a moment ago. Her figure, too, is admirably





THE WRECK.

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM SMALL







understood, in action and modeling, beneath its blowing draperies. She is accompanied by a fine old type of a wooden-legged sailor in a tossing, stocking-shaped cap. Behind, a sturdy child, crying, but only half understanding the alarm, wraps himself in the apron of the old grandmother, whose hands are clasped and brows knitted with the expression of one who has seen many wrecks and who adds the anguish of painful memories to that of painful impressions. Beyond is a wall of faces in consternation, and, over all, a fisher lad climbing the signal-pole and telegraphing some new disaster, invisible to the others. The scene is terribly pathetic; it might be that immortal tableau of the death of Steerforth, from Dickens, but that the rock-bound coast has not the character of the Yarmouth sands.

We get no glimpse of the breaking vessel, but we know from infallible reasoning, and from our confidence in the artist's adherence to nature, what kind of a vessel it is. It is a small fishing-smack, the craft of some comrade of these poor boatmen; for their eyes are filled with genuine pity, without any mixture of calculation. If it were some large, fair merchant vessel, the expressions would be different: for human nature is human nature, and these indigent sea-watchers live by what the sea produces for them, and if the salvage were valuable we should see horrible expressions of interest and avarice modifying the fine unselfishness of these very faces.

The more cheerful subject represented on this page, also from the English section, is the "Vintage Festival," from a remarkable picture in the exhibit of Alma Tadema. The famous resuscitator of antique manners and customs has not often been happier than in the present example. Sacred joy, gratitude to Bacchus for the vintage, and a hint or two of festive excess, make up the motive of this truly Greek composition. Our illustration is a fac-simile of the artist's pen-sketch for his canvas, which was lent for the Exposition by its owner, Baron Schroeder.



THE VINTAGE FESTIVAL.

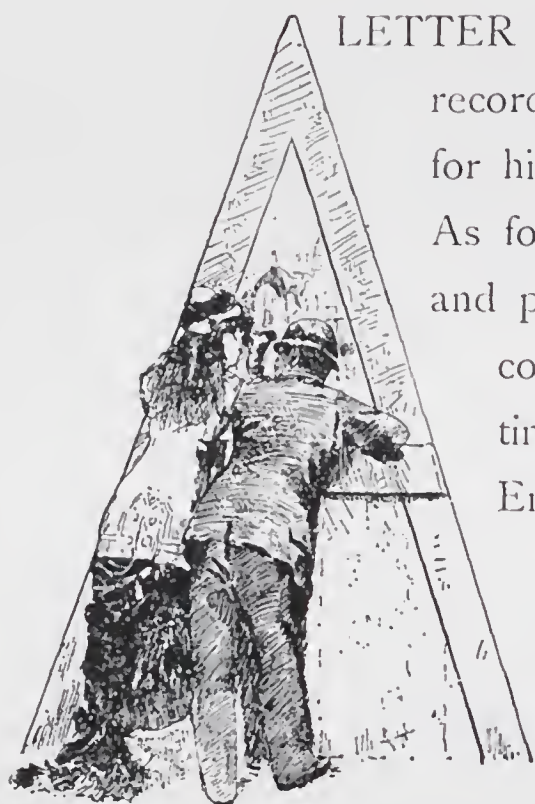
[BY L. ALMA TADEMA.

ENGLISH SECTION.]



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BY J. E. MILLAIS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY ROCHEGROSSE.

LETTER from Mr. H. Hodgkinson, the half-brother of Millais, contains this passage, recording his kindness and popularity: "My half-brother has a multitude of friends, for his goodness is extreme, and he has for his fellow-painters the sincerest sympathy. As for myself, I find him the same good fellow that he was at twenty. Success and prosperity have made no change in his natural character of benevolence and courtesy." Millais is a great hunter and an enthusiastic fisherman. At the same time he is the demiurgos of pre-Raphaelitism and experimental painting in England. His abilities have secured to him a large fortune.

John Everett Millais was born at Southampton, June 8, 1829. His mother went with him to live in the healthful island of Jersey when he was one year of age, and later, when the predestined infant had reached the age of four, took him to Dinan, in Brittany, where he was kept for several years. It was at Dinan that he commenced to give proof of his talent for drawing. Before he was six years old he took delight in sketching the French soldiers and national guards about the town. When he was seven, he returned to Jersey with his mother, and soon after to London, where that lady, struck by the evidence of her son's vocation, went to introduce him to Sir Martin Shee, then president of the Royal Academy, and asked what was to be done with the child. The authority gave the stereotype advice, which was, to send the lad to a drawing-school to copy the antique. Only a year later, little Millais obtained a silver medal from the Society of Arts, which was renewed a twelvemonth after. At eleven years, he was received as pupil at the Royal Academy, of which in due time he was to be one of the principal ornaments. We are informed that since the epoch of the foundation of that academy, he is the first who was received at such an early age. At fourteen, the academy awarded Millais the grand medal for a study from the antique, and from that time and at that age he began to be a painter in oil. One of his earliest canvases procured him, at fifteen years, the honor of a gold medal; another painting, made in his seventeenth year, and representing an incident in the life of Pizarro, received also a medal of gold, and a third gold medal the following year came to reward the most extraordinary precocity noted in the annals of contemporary painting.

Having exhibited about this time a remarkable historical picture representing "Elziva Branded with a Hot Iron," the applause following upon this success was allowed to die away into a mysterious silence and oblivion, consequent upon the young genius having disappeared and ceased to give any sign of activity. He was plotting a revolution in art, with his friends, Holman Hunt and Gabriel Rossetti. For two years the prolific current of his productions was stopped. The most promising pupil of the Royal School was effecting a return to the old school of Bruges, as exemplified by Van Eyck and Memling.

In 1850, the artist, in the ardent energy of his new faith, exhibited a "Holy Family," in the style of Perugino. In 1851 he produced the "Woodcutter's Daughter," now in the possession of Mr. Hodgkinson, his half-brother, containing a landscape background of fearfully industrious detail. Art will perhaps never go further in creating the illusion of reality. The same year Millais, working like a galley-slave, contrived to finish his "Mariana," from one of the pregnant, suggestive lines of Shakespeare. "I will presently to Saint Luke's," says the Duke in *Measure for Measure*: "there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana." A picture is in the phrase. Besides the neglected Mariana in her solitude, Millais





MILITARY PINK

G. BARRIE, PUBLISHER







painted and exhibited, the same year of 1851, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark." The famous "Ophelia" and the "Huguenot Lovers" belong to the year 1852, the "Proscribed Royalist" and "Order of Release" to 1853, and all four have been engraved. When exhibited at Paris, in the World's Fair of 1855, the "Ophelia," "Order of Release," and "Return of the Dove" inspired Théophile Gautier with five or six pages of the most impassioned and penetrating criticism that ever proceeded from his master-hand. The last picture of really pre-Raphaelite minuteness which Millais painted was the "Eve of Saint Agnes," wherein Madeline, standing perfectly green in the light of the painted window, strongly puzzled the spectators in the last Universal Exposition at Paris. Repenting of having shown but this one painting at the Exposition of 1867, Millais sends no less than ten contributions to that of 1878.

During his latter years, Millais has renounced the austerities of that realistic style of painting which he did so much to bring into vogue. Some of his present contributions, however, the "Cold October" among them, show that the pre-Raphaelite in him only sleeps with one eye. His recent manner is brilliant, thin, and glancing, and the accessories of still-life and bric-à-brac are introduced with the opulent skill of a brush trained in the rigors of photographic truth, and for which mere technical difficulties are a luxury. At present he is the most popular portrait-painter in England, and has an immense following of obedient believers, who change their creed with humble celerity every time he makes one of his revolutions in style. He was elected Royal Academician in 1859. The prices he obtains for his work are enormous.

Before the walls hung with British canvases, in the Champ de Mars, passes a graceful and mocking figure, that of M. Duranty, the critic, whose eye-glass sparkles with amusement as he discriminates picture after picture of a method and style so novel for him. We never see ourselves as we are until we see ourselves through the spectacles of a stranger, and for this reason it may be proper to extract some lines from Duranty's criticism in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, which aroused great enmity in London, but which we may refer to in this instance with the less hesitation, as his notice of Millais is unusually sympathetic and respectful. After claiming that Leighton's portrait of Burton wears an expression of habitual fury, and that the sisters painted by Sant have hare-lips, and that Millais' own fair whist-players "are neither gentle nor tender, with the mighty jaws provided them by nature," he proceeds, in relation to the last-named artist: "If I run over in succession the exhibit of the great painter, I shall admire that masterpiece of graceful and delicate color, and of soft but intense expression and endless grace, which is called 'The Gambler's Wife.' I shall admire that astonishing old man, the 'Yeoman of the Guard,' in red, magnificent for freedom, brilliancy, boldness, and sonority: I shall stop before the landscape of 'Chill October,' so individual, exact, and true, with its steely waters and tall herbage and trees rocked by the sharp wind, and with that breath of air and that gray light which animate or illuminate it: the portrait of the Duke of Westminster will seem to me well harmonized, and will introduce me to one of the family of the grand lords by Reynolds; and the portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim will appear to me realized in a style of virile elegance, of rare firmness and a profound sense of character. The 'Three Sisters,' so innocent, so infantine, so freely painted in their variegated octave, will dazzle me by a rare splendor of blonde colors and of richly illuminated vitality. Millais is one of the *males* of nineteenth-century painting; and I hope not to be obliged to add: 'Wo to those who cannot comprehend him.' The variety of his exhibit is splendid, ranging from absolute and decisive exactness up to the vigor of the grandest feats of art, and again to the magic of the most dreamy and pensive charm. Minute pre-Raphaelitism has disappeared, or nearly so, from all these works, but the bold, vigorous hand, and the intensely-feeling mind which were in the pre-Raphaelite of the 1855 and 1867 Expositions Universelles, in the 'Order of Release' and the 'Eve of Saint Agnes,' are now emboldened and more vigorous, more sensitive and more penetrating, and express themselves in keener convictions."





SWISS SECTION.]

SAFE-CONDUCT.

[BY SIMON DURAND.

## MARRIAGE AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.

BY SIMON DURAND.



INITIAL ADAPTED FROM THE EXHIBIT OF HAVILAND FAÏENCE.

UR work made an early obeisance to the genius of Switzerland, the noble Republic where the arts flourish so modestly and so patiently. On our third page we described "Preparing for the Fight," one of the deer-pictures of the Zurich Landseer, Karl Bodmer; and in the course of the same article we mentioned the names of Vautier and Jeanneret, gave a sketch of the "Trappists" of M. Robinet (a French artist who has made himself a Swiss resident) and promised to speak in full of the best genre painter of Switzerland—Simon Durand. This promise we now redeem, and this artist we do ourselves the pleasure of visiting to-day. We transport ourselves to Geneva, the city of Calvin, and after climbing the abrupt, steep streets of the Quarter of Saint Anthony,

with their pavement of broken bottles, we arrive before an ancient house in the street of the Canons, No. 6, of a very chilling aspect, very sombre in tone, and quite Calvinistic in its severity. Can a painter's studio be found in this mansion of gloom? From whence does he get his light? From heaven, probably. The threshold reveals to us one of those court-yards in which the staircase, with its open-work railing, describes a great screw, adorning the interior from roof to ground in a manner so decorative, so Italian. It might be Naples, but it happens to be Geneva. At the seventh story of this cathedral-like railing, we knock at a small door. The portal is long enough in opening, and gives us time to recover from a seven-story giddiness. Finally we are admitted to an atelier of a very simple and almost poverty-stricken character, whose only ornament is an old green drapery, intended to conceal a stock of fresh, white canvases





DURAND PINX.

G. WARRIE F. P. LICH.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE







stretched for use, but whose shrunken dimensions betray the nature of the contents. A lay-figure wraps herself in a faded remnant of damask. On the wall, a few academic nude female studies chase each other in a Spartan dance; on the mantel, a pile of drawings flank upon one side an old family clock—a Swiss clock, a very ancient native—motionless and mute, and flanked, when we notice it, on the other side by nothing at all. The person who admits us to this eyrie is a man of thirty-eight, with thinnish, flaxen hair, and a fat, pale face, divided by a long, sharp nose, with a high forehead, clear and penetrating eyes, and a grave mouth. The slightly repellent nature which has refused us the doorway so long comes from modesty, reserve and absorption, not from unkindness. Simon Durand sufficiently resembles the notion one might form of him after seeing his pictures—a mixture of the German quietude and reflective spirit, dashed with the irony and mordant observation of a Frenchman.

When you have presented your introduction, and the painter finds that you are not an American millionaire come up out of an oil-well to bargain for his genius, his whole being opens like a flower. He proves himself a charming talker, especially when the subject is art. His conversation is like his pencil, sharpened with good-tempered malice towards the laughable side of society, and especially prone to seek its victims in Switzerland. Hence the ethnographic value of his pictures. His scene of a marriage, for instance, does not take place in a cathedral; there are no robes and altars, and the officers around the porcelain stove are city ediles, not ecclesiastics. It is a civil marriage, a protestant marriage, a Swiss marriage. What must be the feelings of this bride of a certain age, who has waited for untold minutes at the desk of the Mayor for the lover who does not keep his appointment—whose friends are wondering, snickering, or going to sleep behind her back, and who kicks over the footstool and picks her bouquet to pieces in the interior agonies of a “frozen storm!” Meanwhile the lad whom she has inveigled is presumably flying over the frontier for dear life.

Another of Durand's contributions to the Champ de Mars—which we illustrate with the artist's own sketch in fac-simile—changes our point of view from the social comedy to the open-air comedy of Bohemia. An Italian vagabond with a pair of tamed bears, accompanied by a little pifferaro with bagpipes, has wandered through the Swiss roads, seeking the wealthy city of Geneva, with its flocks of rich tourists and its reputation of universal liberalism. Straying from his road, and eager to reach the sentimental city of Rousseau, the bear-leader ventures to ask the direction from a mounted gendarme. “Come with me,” answers the kind policeman, “I am going there, and will give you *un bout de conduite*,” a bit of a lift—a morsel of aid. “Un bout de Conduite,” the painter's title for the scene, is doubtless taken from the gendarme's ironical promise; but it will be fulfilled in a dungeon or in the stocks; the supper will be prison fare, and the bears will be killed and exhibited stuffed, in the Geneva Museum, as rigid as the heraldic “Bear of Berne.” Both scenes have doubtless been viewed in reality by Durand on some of his peregrinations, for it is his habit to wander out of Geneva on the approach of summer, his painting-box on his back. If he is invited to a festival, he opens his sketch-book and photographs the humors and accidents of the scene. If a curious face, a singular equipment or a rustic group strikes his fancy, he secures it among his notes, to be repeated on some sparkling canvas, with all the smell of its native earth, its savor of the Alpine blossom. Simon Durand, like Toppfer, the delightful, self-illustrating writer, is a Swiss of the Swiss. Type of the wise, they promenade, but never roam. Durand, while his painting vacillates from the traditions of his instructor, Menn, to reminiscences of Knaus, and thence to reminiscences of Fortuny, is on his guard against the temptation to bundle his talent off to Paris, and make it one of the mere tributaries and affluents of the Goupil picture-shop. He is no advocate of centralization. He would have every town and hamlet support its school of art, its annual exhibition of pictures, and its village Raphael beside its village spire. It is for this reason that he persists in living in the Rue des Chanoines, No. 6, seventh floor, at Geneva.



# ARION; AND, SOMNOLENCE.

BY E. E. HIOLLE AND E. F. LEROUX.



INITIAL FROM AN OVID OF 1651.

ARION" and "Somnolence" are the titles of two statues which have enjoyed the somewhat rare distinction of figuring in two successive World's Fairs at Paris. Both were exhibited in that of 1867, in plaster, as having received medals in the Salon of that year. The "Arion" was subsequently cut in marble, shown in the Salon of 1869, and purchased for the Luxembourg Gallery; and now the two works (the "Somnolence" having likewise burst from its chrysalis form of plaster into the immortality of marble) appear in the succeeding Universal Exposition. An uncommon sense of their merit and importance is indicated by their admission in the present display.

For science of form, for exquisite anatomical knowledge, M. Hiolle's "Arion" has received the admiration of the most exacting judges. It is necessary to see the original,—but what do we say? Having seen the original, it is necessary to be furnished with the experience of many a dissection and many a course of drawing—to appreciate wherein this figure excels many another of about the same measure of obvious originality and grace. The difficulties of a *sesta* or crouching nude figure are so great that these are usually avoided by sculptors; but M. Hiolle has achieved one that is full of majesty and distinction; while, from every point of view as we go around the statue, the limbs fall into harmonies with each other and with the cast of the trunk that delight and astonish by their complication and their unity. A repetition of this group might properly be put into every art-school, for it is essentially an academic work, and embodies a compendium of the laws of form. The subject is hackneyed enough. Arion, the fish-borne minstrel, is not a personage of mythical times, but his adventure is placed in the full daylight of history. Traveling in Italy with his patron, the king of Corinth, about 600 B. C., he became immensely wealthy in the country which has since enriched so many operatic troubadours, his successors: but embarking, with the gold upon him, for his native Lesbos, the mariners resolved to murder him for his money-bags. Arion asked permission to play one air and sing one song, after which he boldly leaped into the sea; and it was then that the dolphins, which his lyre had attracted, carried him safely to the isle of Tœnarus.

Ernest Eugene Hiolle was born at Valenciennes, entered the atelier of the sculptor, Jouffroy, received the prize of Rome in 1862, medals in 1867 (for this model) and in 1869, and a medal of honor in 1870, and is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

Etienne Frédéric Leroux, the sculptor of "Somnolence," was born at Ecouché (Orne), and entered the same atelier of Jouffroy. He was rewarded with medals in 1866, 1867 (for this model), and 1870. His figure is intended to indicate the dreamy condition of the mind between sleeping and waking, and was inspired by a daintily eloquent passage in Musset's "Namouna." Namouna is the love-lorn odalisque who causes herself to be sold a second time in the slave-market, disguised with colored tresses, in order to re-enter the house of the master who had discarded her. The passage out of which sprang our sculptor's conception, rendered from its native music into plain English prose, is this: "Sleep arrives not, but instead that gentle intoxication which seems to be Sleep's sister, or rather Sleep's mistress, which, without sealing our eyes, opens the soul to forgetfulness—that intoxication of the heart, so grateful to our lassitude, that, by the time it has retired, we fancy we have been asleep; as pale as Morpheus, and far more beautiful."





HANS MAKART PINXT

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THE ENTRY OF CHARLES V INTO ANTWERP







# THE ENTRY OF CHARLES V INTO ANTWERP.

BY HANS MAKART.



INITIAL ADAPTED FROM THE EXHIBIT OF HAVILAND FAÏENCE.

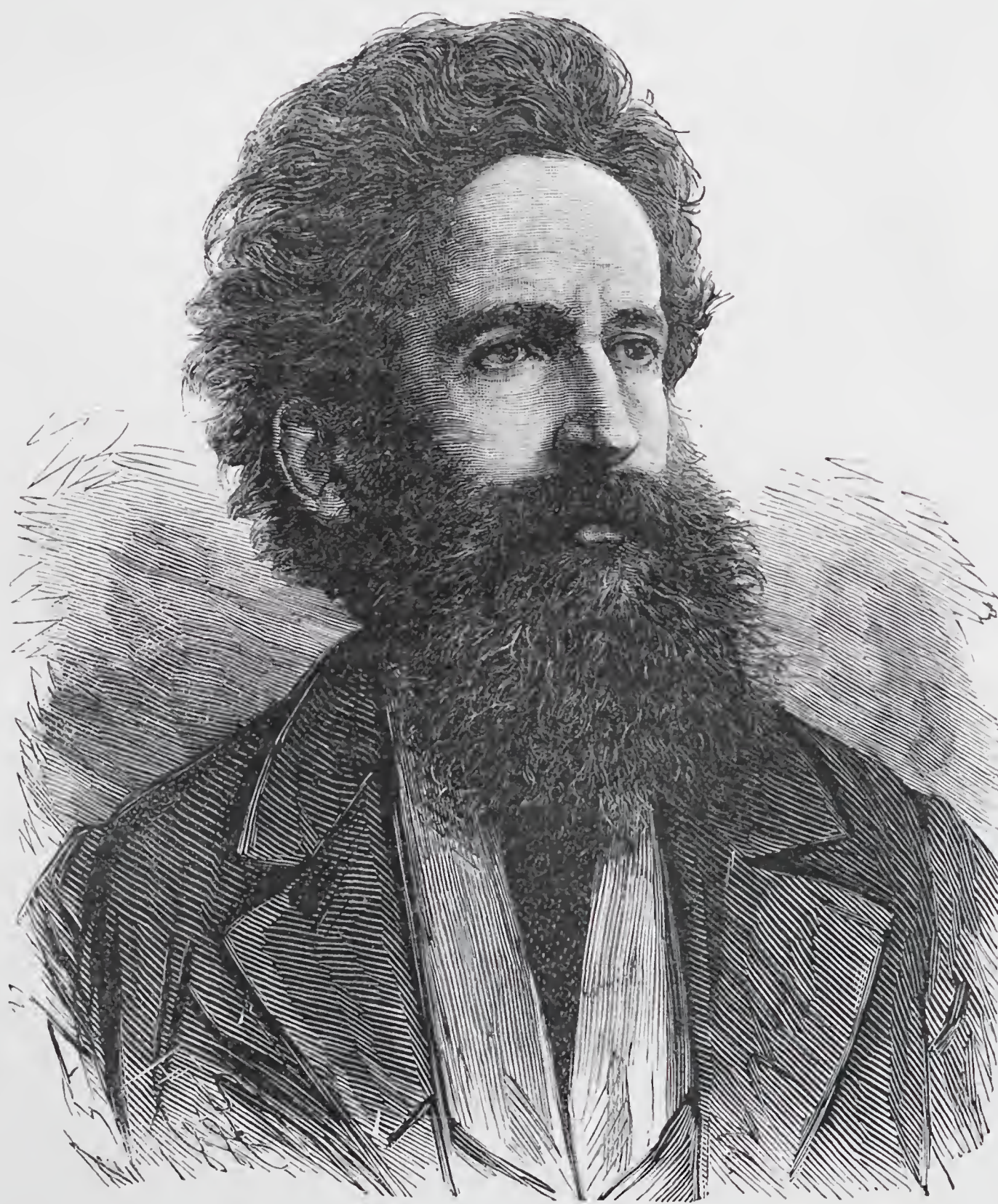
IF the dazzling pageant-scene contributed by Makart it is really unnecessary to speak at length now, so completely has it been canvassed by the whole world of visitors, so victoriously did it throw all smaller efforts of its kind at the Exposition into the shade. Other paintings would have our preference where pure technic was concerned; but the sumptuous gala devised by Makart so royally took the crowd by storm that we prefer to see nothing but its merits, and consider that our pleasanter duty is simply to provide the most accurate, finished, and delicate copy of the work that has ever been published. The resources of our illustrative art for the present volume enable us to give a reproduction close and adequate as any photograph; our readers being absolutely the first

to obtain the advantage of a really perfect copy of this world-renowned painting.

As a companion-scene to the subject of "Charles V Dying at St. Just," which is likewise included in our series, the gorgeous pageant of Antwerp is especially striking and impressive. Most of our readers may have obtained an idea of the election of Charles V from the opera of *Ernani*, where the solemnity of history is embroidered in a manner corresponding to the brilliancy of Makart's picture; most of them will remember that scene decorated with the finest music of Verdi, where Charles receives the news of his confirmation by the college of electors at Aix-la-Chapelle, over the heads of his rivals, Francis I and Duke Frederick of Saxony; the news being brought by the King of Bohemia and the Duke of Bavaria. Entering upon his possessions in the Low Countries with the pageantry of peaceable appropriation, the picture of Makart represents the young emperor marching through Antwerp soon after his coronation, in his twentieth year. Fêtes of various kinds were arranged by the magistrates in the towns through which he passed, and the aspect of that at Antwerp is preserved to us in the diary of an immortal painter. The German biographer of Albert Dürer, Moritz Thausing, remarks: "Numbers of influential men and artists, desiring to be present at the entry of Charles V, assembled at Antwerp. Dürer did not neglect to purchase the programme of the festival, written in Latin by Cornelius Grapheus, and he adds: 'Near the gates of the city there were arranged living pictures, very agreeable to look upon, in which were found the most beautiful young women I ever saw.' Later, Dürer recounted to Melanchthon what he had so admired on that occasion: he remembered that groups were formed, evidently mythological, in which figured young girls almost nude, only covered with a light and transparent veil. The young emperor had not honored them with the slightest glance; but Dürer had freely approached, as much to see the legend represented as to contemplate the faultless figures of the young women. 'As I am a painter,' said he, 'I looked without too much scruple (*Ego quia pictor aliquantulum irreverecundius circumspexi*)!' 'There was music and rejoicing,' adds Dürer's journal, 'and beautiful young maidens whose like I have seldom seen.'" A few years afterwards, when Melanchthon was at Dürer's house, in 1526, he asked him about the maidens, and the painter made the honest confession recorded above,



showing that when away from home the fear of his shrewish wife, Agnes, was not always before his eyes. Hans Makart has certainly the right to repeat the "Ego pictor" of Dürer, and to show himself as little scrupulous as he. He has even carried further the seductions which had impressed the sixteenth-century painter; for not contented with the *tableaux vivants* which Albert Dürer had approached "without too much scruple," he shows us groups of young women on the march, who pass rapidly before the eyes of the artist hidden in the corner. The latter is easily recognized, among the female spectators to the left, by his noble blonde head, upright carriage, and long hair, parted like that of the Nazarenes of old. The



HANS MAKART.

marching of the girls is not quite so probable. It is really somewhat difficult to persuade ourselves that those pretty feet ran bare through the streets of Antwerp, even when paved with roses; still harder to suppose that the boy-emperor, notwithstanding the austerity of his twenty years, should not have honored with the slightest glance—supposing them to have accompanied him at his own speed—such delicate creatures, represented by Makart as Viennese, with treasures of grace and elegance hardly appropriate to the buxom charms of Antwerp females of 1520. But by improving upon rigorous historic truth the scene has but the more of animation and attractiveness. We may make our reserves before the canvas, declare that the color is brassy and theatrical, that the touch has more of facility than of accurate modeling, that it belongs to opera scenery rather

than to sincere and solid art, that all the figures are not in their proper plane, that the architecture is neither solid nor probable, and that the sky in the distance threatens to overwhelm rather than to deepen the canvas; but the mere success of the artist—as legitimate in its way as that of Charles V—is none the less a fact to be weighed in the verdict; for success, when it attains such proportions, is an element which must be calculated in estimating the importance of a work. Musset remarked of Horace Vernet, "that every popular success proves an incontestable talent."

A slight stir was caused in Vienna when this picture was first placed on exhibition, because it was reported that the ladies represented were not painted from professional models, but from Vienna beauties as high-born as those who had immolated themselves in Antwerp for the triumph of Charles V. It was said that reigning belles of the Austrian capital had sat to the artist, as Pauline Bonaparte did to Canova.



It is not easy to determine now that any proof was offered of gentlewomen having posed for either of the less fully draped figures of Makart's canvas, but it is indubitable that a lawsuit did come of the affair. Certain malicious persons persuaded an elderly lady of Vienna that the painter had depicted her among these amiable *figurantes*. The foolish victim applied to the magistrates for leave to punish the artist if he had dared to delineate her charms, or for authority to silence her annoyers if the contrary was proved, declaring that for her part she was a paragon of every virtue; but the heartless legal authorities nonsuited her, remarking that she lacked two great feminine virtues—good sense and a retiring disposition.

Hans Makart was born at Salzburg in 1840, and, showing in childhood a marked artistic bent, was sent to the Vienna Academy when very young. He afterwards continued his plastic studies in Salzburg and Paris, and graduated at Munich under Piloty, whose style he follows. His present studio occupies almost the whole of a rather small house in Vienna, and is a marvel of decorative furnishing, and one of the sights of the capital. Several of his pictures are owned in America, and visitors to the Centennial Exhibition will not need to be reminded of the impressive effect made by his "Catherine Cornaro receiving the Homage of Venice," and by the large pair of decorations representing "The Abundance of the Sea," and "The Abundance of the Land."

Recalling the reader brusquely from sixteenth-century Antwerp to the coast of modern Holland, and from female provocation in its nudity to female vituperation in its eloquence, we show the maternal spirit as now developed in Charles' fair kingdom of the Pays-Bas. Two fishwives of Scheveningen respectively back their children in a combat over a torn kite. The sketch is a fac-simile of the artist's (E. Verveer of the Hague) for his painting in the Exposition entitled "Two Mothers."



THE TWO MOTHERS (FISHWIVES OF SCHEVENINGEN.)

[BY ELCHANON VERVEER.]

HOLLAND SECTION.]



## CHARLES V AT ST. JUST.

BY A. DE VRIENDT.



INITIAL FROM THE "ORTHOGRAPHIA" OF JOHAN DANIEL PRIESLER.

DE VRIENDT, of Brussels—not J. De Vriendt, the painter of our "Baldwin of the Hatchet Administering Justice," but A. De Vriendt—made contribution to the Champ de Mars of the fine picture with the above title, besides two compositions taken from old Flemish history. The scene exhibits the closing days of the Emperor Charles V, who died in 1558 at the monastery of St. Just, on the frontiers of Castile, shortly after renouncing to his brother and son the glories of his vast empire—to his brother Ferdinand his title of emperor, to his son, Philip II, (the husband of "Bloody Mary") his crowns of Holland and Spain. Charles was born in 1500, son of the Archduke Philip of Austria, and the artistic eye is interested to see, in the portraits of his family at Madrid, the prominent Austrian mouth and chin revealing themselves in his descendants, much as we see them in the portraits of that fair Austrian, Marie Antoinette. The royal family of Spain, of the house of Austria, of which we read so much in the memoirs of the period, and which was such a strange chaos of beauty and ugliness, whether physical or moral, need not remain even personally strangers to any one who will visit the Spanish capital. In the Royal Gallery of that city—one of the least known, most splendidly preserved, and most curiously selected of the European museums—Titian and Velasquez and other painters have handed down to us their vital forms so vividly that we may still walk and live amongst them. This family parade begins with Charles V—first standing with his favorite dog, again, as an old man with grizzled beard, upon his war-horse. Here, also, though hung too high for easy reference, is the portrait of his fair consort, Isabella of Portugal, which he carried with him to St. Just—the same queen whom a modern painter, Laurens, has depicted at the moment when her coffin was opened by the Duke de Borgia. Near her likeness in the Madrid Gallery is Titian's strange and impressive picture of the apotheosis of Charles V and his son, Philip II, in which they, kings on earth, kneel as suppliants before the throne of the Redeemer.

This work of Titian's was also carried by Charles V to St. Just, and was the last object which met the dying eyes of the emperor; and by his own desire was long hung over his grave. In the picture before us two Jeronymite monks (St. Just, like the Escorial, being dedicated to St. Jerome) sustain the painting before the emperor's dying eyes, so that the last glances of the moribund monarch rest on that imagined scene where he commends himself and son in heaven to the Saviour's mercy, stripped of all earthly glories as he had divested himself by anticipation while living.



ST. FRANCIS: STATUE ATTRIBUTED TO CANO.





TE VRIENDI PONT

ALBERT WITKAMP

THE MONASTERY OF ST. JUST.







Thus Charles V, who had picked up a greasy paint-brush for Titian, died with his eyes on one of that master's canvases. The Belgian painter seizes with avidity a theme which indirectly conveys such a striking homage to the immortalizing art. The ex-ruler, in a simple habit, without the slightest trace of any order of nobility, in a chair placed on the cold, stone floor, takes off his cap to the symbolic painting of Titian, while his courtiers surround him, and the bare-polled friar kneels in front supporting the picture-frame. In this painful voluntary self-abasement, dead to pride and power, the soul of the emperor, lately lord of many lands, soars to heaven in a rapturous dream, on the wings of Titian's genius.

The strict discipline which Charles V underwent at the Escorial and St. Just is an example of the exaggerated asceticism which is the characteristic of Spanish catholicism in the old times. We know not how to give the reader a better notion and type of the ideal of monastic life in Spain than by intro-



DIANE DE POITIERS. ENAMEL BY B. LIMOUSIN.



CATHERINE DE MEDICIS. ENAMEL BY B. LIMOUSIN.

ducing an engraving of the now celebrated "St. Francis of Assisi," a statue in wood of the date of 1662, itself a part of the Universal Exposition, in the display of historic art at the Trocadéro Palace. Two repetitions of this subject are known, hardly to be made distinguishable by an engraving. One is attributed confidently to the Spanish painter and sculptor, Alonso Cano, and was exhibited at the Trocadéro by its possessor, M. Odier; it was about half the height of a living man, and showed the colors of the different blocks of wood composing it, as the lower part of our engraving represents. The other is in the cathedral of Toledo, and is the work of Cano's pupil, Pedro de Mena, but is assigned to Cano by the sacristans and guide-books. It had its hour of celebrity in Paris five years since, thanks to a copy by Zacharie Astruc. The two statues yield essentially the same aspect in photograph or picture, but it may be remarked that the hood of the Toledo image is closed immediately under the chin, while that of M. Odier's figure shows the bare throat. Ascetic religion has never found a more intense and profound expression.





HERE we may introduce, without a too violent transition, a couple of interesting portraits of the same date as this death-scene of Charles V. One is the likeness of Diane de Poitiers, favorite of Francis I, the king who was the competitor of Charles for the empire, but whose defeat at Pavia left the imperial crown to the latter monarch. The other is that of Catherine de Medicis, wife of Francis' son, Henri II, and from the age represented in the miniatures the two heroines may have been painted but little before the time when Charles V was expiring amid the mortifications of St. Just.

Diane de Poitiers was born in 1499, was married to Louis de Brézé, and preserved her beauty so successfully that she became in turn the beloved of Francis I and of his son Henri. She died in 1566, and her statue kneels over Brézé's tomb at Rouen. Catherine, daughter of that Lorenzo de Medici who is immortalized in Michael Angelo's statue of the "Penseroso," was born in 1519, married the son of the French king in 1533, built the palace of the Tuileries, and instigated her son Charles IX to the massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day. The miniatures in question were executed in enamel by Bernard Limousin, and form precious examples of French art of the period when Titian was painting the apotheosis destined to console the dying sight of Francis' great rival and enemy. These valuable and authentic specimens of the famous Limoges enamel were contributed to the Retrospective Art exhibit in the Trocadéro building by Baron Gustave de Rothschild.



## THOUGHT.

BY H. M. A. CHAPU.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY KAEMMERER.

LEAVING the Fine Arts section of the Main Building, where he has but a "Joan of Arc" and some marble busts, we find the exhibit of Henri Michel Antoine Chapu scattered about the park. At the building erected by the Creuzot Iron Works, he exhibits his bronze monument to Schneider, creator of that establishment, and President of the Chamber of Deputies during the late empire. In the pavilion of the city of Paris he shows a statue of Berryer, with an accessory figure of "Security." At the exhibition of marbles, or *marbrerie*, modestly shown as a simple specimen of marble, he exposes the lovely figure of "Thought," a work intended to decorate the tomb of the late Mme. d'Agoult, an authoress better known by her pen-name of "Daniel Stern."

Finally, we may add his most famous work to those he sends to the Exposition, and register a line of praise for his statue of "Youth," placed in the court of the Beaux-Arts School to the memory of Henri Regnault and other French artists who fell in the Franco-Prussian war.

Our readers have now under their eyes the figure of "Thought," represented as a young maiden seated, who lifts with her right arm the veil in which she is enveloped, as if to search among the stars



MES SOUVENIRS  
 ESQUISSES MORALES  
 ESSAI SUR LA LIBERTÉ  
 RÉVOLUTION DE 1848  
 DANTE ET GOETHE  
 NELIDA



A DANIEL STERN.

*Tulio d'Avè*

*J. Ansseau. sc*

THOUGHT.

FROM THE STATUE FOR THE TOMB OF DANIEL STERN (MME. D'AGOULT), BY H. M. A. CHAPU.

FRENCH SECTION.]







the truth which is hidden there. Chapu has a real genius for inventing expressive and delicate attitudes, and that of his "Thought" is admirable for nobility and tenderness. This type, like every sublimated ideal in art, carries the mind at first back to Greek sculpture, while it has some resemblance to the female forms of Prudhon; but a very individual feeling of modern civilization is expressed in it, and renders it easy for contemporary eyes to like, causing its instantaneous popularity. Although a family likeness runs through his monumental figures, yet there are discriminations among them as rigid as mathematical distinctions, obvious above all when they can be compared easily together, as at the Champ de Mars. Thus, the statue of "Thought" is not like the Regnault monument, a willowy maid bent over as a fair lily by melancholy, but a woman who, though young, is in the full maturity of form and in the richest flower of a womanhood rather cold and aristocratic; majestic in her grace and of the rarest distinction of culture, she symbolizes well the talent of a highly bred and fastidious authoress.

The monument to Regnault is in a somewhat different order of ideas, and a short journey from the Exposition to the Beaux-Arts School is proper to contrast the sentiment of "Thought" with that of "Youth," its complementary figure. "Youth" kneels and clings to the stela on which the names of Regnault and his companions are inscribed. She stretches up a palm-branch towards the bust which surmounts it, and whose dark and manly tint of bronze is relieved against a decoration of flowers on a gold background filling the archway. This delicious maiden, amid a simplicity of physical forms derived from the antique, exhales a modern feeling, a sympathy with our own culture, reading, art, and patriotism which makes her intensely magnetic. She lifts and strains the whole length of her elastic young body to reach the palm-branch towards the lips of the dead artist, and as she extends it she seems exalted with a tender ecstasy of sorrow. In her utmost emotion there is a wealth of native grace.

Both these figures are costumed with a drapery of delicate tissue, which has an expression of its own, and at once distinguishes the origin of the statues from any antique influence. It is a peculiar form of thin and broken gauze, hanging and clinging like wet stuff to the frame, and more ethereal and floating than any Greek sculptured drapery surviving. As the figures are the ideal of humanity, so these stuffs are drapery idealized, deprived entirely of its burliness, and expressive only of the caprices which drapery would take if its laws of hanging and drooping were separated from all substantial self-sustaining character.

The "Joan of Arc" is the only statue exhibited by the artist that is not of a funereal character. It represents the peasant-girl of Domremy listening to the celestial voices which call upon her to save her country; the attitude is most expressive, and the head particularly fine. The other figures are all intended for monuments of the dead, and include the noble Berryer, so stamped with probity and authority in its legal robes, and the Schneider, astute, refined, aged, and sagacious. For the base of this monument to the creator of an industry, M. Chapu has since finished in his atelier a capital invention—a young workwoman, one of those benefited by the industries of Creuzot, pointing to her infant the statue of the benevolent employer. M. Henri Chapu has long held a position in the Beaux-Arts School, where he corrects the drawings made in the evening class. He has a peculiar method of criticising the pupils' work, which leads to great exactness in design. He instructs them to establish in the eye certain vital points about the nude figure, such as the little shadow cast at the insertion of a muscle, the base of the patella, etc., and by mentally "putting in a pin" at those places and estimating their distances apart and relations among themselves, the movement and posture of the model are arrived at with peculiar accuracy.

Our artist was born at Mél (Seine-et-Marne), was instructed by the sculptors, Pradier (under whom he obtained the Prize of Rome in 1855) and Duret, and the painter, Léon Cogniet. He has had various honors between his third-class medal of 1863 and his medal of honor in 1875, and was made Officer of the Legion of Honor in 1872.



## LA VIERGE CONSOLATRICE.

BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.



INITIAL OF 16TH CENTURY: BONAFFÉ COLLECTION.

OUR ample notice of M. Bouguereau, apropos of a previous illustration, makes it unnecessary to dwell on his history, or even on his style. Suffice it to say that, having given our readers the best example we were able to select of his delineation of pagan fancy in the "Flora and Zephyr," we now show him in his truer colors as a Christian artist with the "Virgin of Consolation" or "Vierge Consolatrice."

The present picture was also exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1877, along with another composition, "Youth and Love," the two forming the bulk of a whole year's work. The atelier of M. Bouguereau shows traces of the uncommon degree of care he takes for all his larger and more complicated subjects, in the presence of very elaborate painted studies, almost as perfect as the ultimate picture, of the details or accessory figures. Although his industry makes him a prolific, he is not a rapid worker; the preliminary paintings of arms and hands, of the nude infant whose flesh the fingers of the mother or nurse so often seem to model into life in his groups, or of the goat or dog represented alongside, are in themselves skillful and highly-finished pictures. From this sort of elaboration it happens often that one or two of his conscientiously finished canvases are all that M. Bouguereau has to show for his twelvemonth's labor.

When the "Youth and Love" and "Vierge Consolatrice" of M. Bouguereau were exposed on the walls of the Salon, a light-fingered Paris critic took his way through the galleries, picking up a commendation here, a sarcasm there, a reminiscence yonder, a yawn across the way. At the end of two long articles he said of the contributions of Bouguereau (*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, July, 1877): "M. Bouguereau gives himself great trouble; he has undertaken to be the executor testamentary of Ary Scheffer and Paul Delaroche. He has a little consulted the Italians of the end of the fifteenth century, and still more Cabanel. His anxious and elaborate modeling exerts itself to acquire the caressing lightness of this one, the delicate accuracy of that one, and the sentimental music of the others. This very talented painter has all that is necessary for posturing as a doctrinal professor, for putting lead into the brains of young people, and making his studio the asylum of submissive and correct scholars. 'Where are you going?' we asked lately of a youthful gentleman dressed in black with white cravat, carrying sleeves of paper-muslin done up in a package. 'To the studio of Master Bouguereau!'"

Raillery like this of M. Duranty's has long been the meed of M. Bouguereau; but we verily believe if Raphael's "Entombment" were an unknown work, and were now discovered and exhibited in Paris, it would be considered to have the faults of the Bouguereau "asylum," and would receive the same sort of criticism accorded to this painter and his school. Half the trouble about him and his troop is that, like Raphael and Del Sarto and Bartolomeo, they ignore the rudenesses and hirsute depths and shaggy mysteries of nature, and prefer to imitate the suavity and polish of an antique bas-relief or marble. When Raphael does this it is considered an elegance; when a "Prix de Rome"—who has studied Raphael till he knows him by heart—follows the very lead of the great Sanzio, his classicality is imputed to him for a defect.

The French Government bought the "Vierge Consolatrice" out of the Salon for the Gallery of the Luxembourg, where it went to rejoin Bouguereau's earliest work, sent back from Rome when he was a student there, the "Burial of St. Cecilia in the Catacombs." The juxtaposition of the two works in the same collection—one a youthful effort full of hope and promise, the other that of a maturity that has been loaded with every form of official honor and success—is a proud seal of merit for the painter. The present canvas is a tribute to his wife and child, whose deaths occurred shortly before its execution.





N. A. FOURNIER PINX.

J. BARRETT DEL.













GRAND HALL OF THE FINE ARTS, ENGLISH SECTION.





ENGLISH SECTION.]

A ROMAN EMPEROR.

[FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALMA-TADEMA.

## GRAND HALL OF FINE ARTS, ENGLISH SECTION.



FROM A JAPANESE NETSUKE, SIGNED "TAKA KAZON."

IN the right of the picture we recognize Sir Edwin Landseer's "Eagles Invading a Swannery," immediately above the ornamental plants of the circular seat. On the left, forming the second painting of the upper range on the wall at the back, it is easy to discern Millais' exquisite group of portraits entitled "Hearts are Trumps," and comprising the likenesses of Mrs. Secker, Miss Armstrong, and Mrs. Blennerhasset. Says Charles Tardieu: "It is in feminine portraiture that Millais excels, not only because he plays with rare hardihood among the butterfly tints of Britannic toilets, not caring a fig for the conflicting crudities of color, but especially because of the elegance and grace with which he expresses the poetry of English loveliness, whatever be the type soliciting his pencil,—proud and grave, as in the fine likeness of 'Mrs. Bischoffsheim;' brilliant, as in the 'Hearts are Trumps.'"

This portrait-work attracted unusual attention, even for a Millais, on account of the roguish piquancy of expression depicted on the beautiful faces, smiling over the *equivoque* of the situation in the game at the card-table. Included in the range of sculpture, which occupies the middle of the room, are such noticeable marbles as Birch's "Wood Nymph," and Watts's "Clytie," with a corresponding fancy bust arranged as a pendant. The richness with which the gallery is upholstered forms a striking contrast with the nakedness of the French art-department; here are downy spring-seats, tropical plants in Minton potteries, and the soft folds of heavy *portières* in the doorways.

It can hardly be said that the English art-exhibit is better in Paris, in 1878, than that in Philadelphia two years previously, at the Centennial Exhibition. Indeed it is very much the same thing. The tourist who has studied the former display feels at home again in recognizing, as common to both exhibitions, such important works as Fildes' "Casual Ward," Frith's "Railway Station," Holl's "The Lord Gave and



the Lord Taketh Away," Elmore's illustration of Burger's ballad of "Lenore," Landseer's "Sick Monkey," Hodgson's "Needy Knife-Grinder," Hunter's "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness," George Leslie's "Celia's Arbor," Marcus Stone's "My Lady is a Widow and Childless," Macwhirter's "Out in the Cold," and Wynfield's "Death of Buckingham."

Alma-Tadema's "Vintage Festival," of which his sketch adorns our 101st page, also recalls his similar but not identical scene with the same title at Philadelphia. His picture of "A Roman Emperor," herewith shown, represents the murderers of Carigula discovering, in his palace on the Palatine, his uncle Claudius, ensconced behind a curtain, January 24, 794, from which concealment he was carried to the camp by the prætorian guard and created Emperor.

What is missed, however, and what made the Centennial exhibit far more interesting in a comprehensive and historical view, is the valuable assortment of works of deceased artists sent to Philadelphia,—the loans of the Queen, the Society of Arts, and the Royal Academy,—which placed before the eye at once about a century of British art, and enabled us to estimate the comparative merits of West, Fuseli, Barry, Gainsborough, and Reynolds, along with those of Millais and Landseer.



## THE SERGEANT'S PORTRAIT.

BY JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY M. ROCHEGROSSE.

It is almost fatiguing to recount the honors that have been lavished on M. Meissonier. The third grand medal of honor of a French International Exhibition has just been bestowed on him in recognition of his showing at the Champ de Mars in the present exposition; grand medals of honor were likewise his meed in 1867 and 1855, at the World's Fairs of those years. He was made a member of the Institute in 1861. He began to receive medals as far back as 1840, when he got one of the third class; a medal of the second class followed in 1841, one of the first class came in 1843, and another first-class medal in 1848. He was created chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1846, Officer of that body in 1856, and Commander of the same in 1867. And he has never painted a figure bigger than a manikin. The extravagant prices which his small panels bring are well known, often covering the commodity they pay for with a great thickness of gold. His dearest picture, and masterpiece, is the "1807" or "Friedland," in the A. T. Stewart collection, for which sixty thousand dollars was paid.

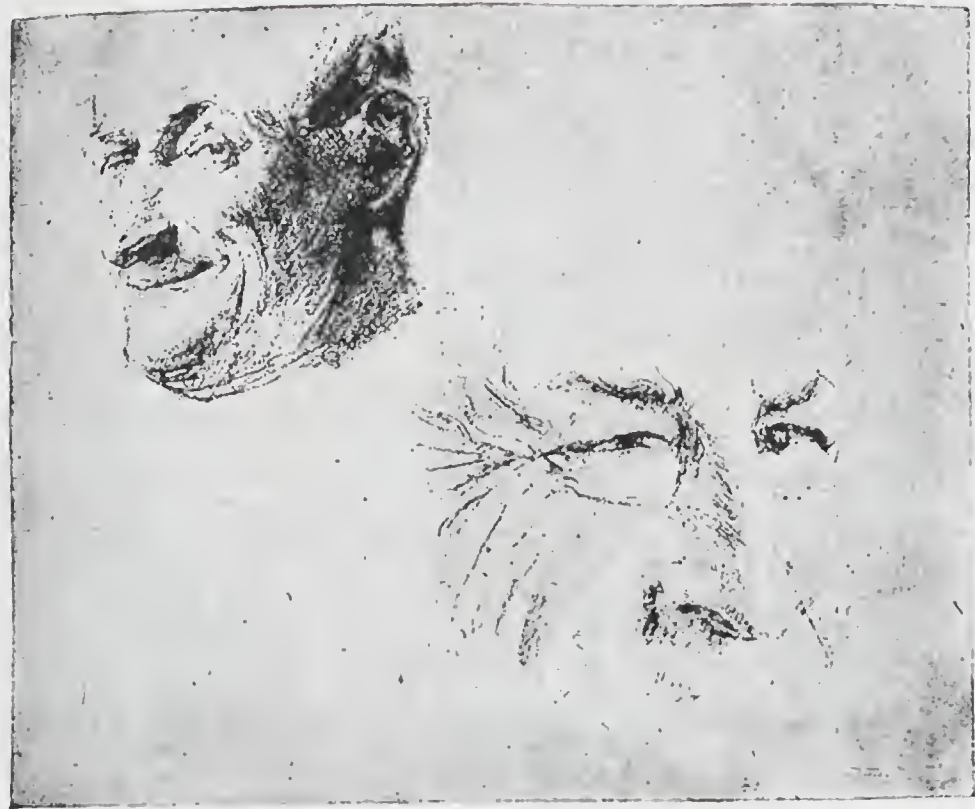
The picture whose copy we give will not contradict, though it cannot fully explain, Meissonier's renown. It is a small painting, as usual, the soldiers being about twice as high in the original as in our engraving. Useless to say that the minute figures have as much life in them as can be condensed into the scale; that their groups and accessories were all painted from living models or actual objects,—the men chosen



J. L. E. MEISSONIER.



for models being necessarily soldiers, to secure the proper military bearing, and the equipment and clothes all real relics, not theatrical properties. The lank self-consciousness of the sergeant who stands



FAC-SIMILE OF DRAWING BY MEISSONIER.

for his likeness, the broad grin of his bare-armed military servant, who comes up with a crock of water and leans over the back of a chair to admire the artist's work, the critical or approving or doubtful air of the three other inspectors of the masterpiece, the grave and worthy face of the painter, in his three-cornered hat—just like the one of Napoleon's they keep in the Louvre,—and finally the look of abstraction and detachment in the face of the smoker at the extreme right, who sits leaning against the barrack wall and takes existence with soldierly soberness, are all bits of real nature. The characters of these men are written as if in a novel of Lever's. But the purely artistic qualities of the work are exemplary.

For instance, here are the perpendicular legs of seven men—fourteen perpendicular tibias, for the painter to group: relieved in their white gaiters against a dark background, as many a painter would have placed them, they would have fallen into a hideous geometrical stiffness; see how admirably the master has varied their directions, always with an eye to collecting them into groups, conveying their lines to a focus, and forming a unity out of commonplace and annoying elements. Each personage is modeled like a statuette; he stands or sits with perfect firmness, the light and air play around him, and the wall looks either at a proper distance back from the nearer figures, or else supports and backs those which are supposed to touch it. In fact the scene is a bit of absolute reality. The beauty of Meissonier's work, the inimitable quality, and that which separates him from Zamacois, and even Fortuny, has been defined by an artist to be, that he paints small pictures perfectly in the grand style.

Meissonier descends from the great Dutch school of realists, Gerard Dow, Metzu, Velvet Breughel, Denner and Teniers. Born with an extreme and concentrated sharpness of sight, he has carried miniature painting into ambitious groupings and complicated themes such as no miniaturist ever thought of before. This incontestable master must be given credit for having dug his little field and perfected his little crop to the very perfection of liliputian husbandry. Pigmy battles portrayed as on the lids of snuff-boxes, men-at-arms, guards, vedettes, smoking men, reading men, musical men, art-critics, soldiers, all chiseled and chased and carved like chess-men, but in the most profound truth of nature—admirable in color, strictly



MEISSONIER'S STUDY AT POISSY. FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY HIS SON.

harmonized with their accessories and backgrounds, placed in the breathable air of a room or in the free sunshine of outdoor nature—such are the *personnel* of Meissonier's drama. In all the long and felicitous list of his faultless works, artists place, perhaps, the highest value on "Le Rixe," a struggle between two



combatants; not that it is altogether his most important effort—we have just called another his masterpiece; but it is of splendid energy and strict truth, while it represents motion, so that it could not have been painted from posed models, like nearly all of the master's figures. One of the faces of the combatants in that picture, says T. Véron, is that of the famous painter, Eugène Delacroix.

Meissonier inhabits the rustic village of Poissy, the seat of pilgrimages from many art-loving Americans, whose worship of his genius not a little molests the painter's privacy. Here was laid the railroad by whose means he was enabled to study the motions of a galloping horse, led by a groom alongside the car-window, at the time he was painting the "1807." Here, on the turret of his mansion, he nearly froze himself while sketching the snowy landscape for his Russian scene of "1814." His son Charles has delineated the Poissy studio, filled with saddles, arms and accoutrements for his military pictures. His wax models for the horses of the "1807" are an interesting part of the contents. In preparing his wonderful works he does not disdain to sketch an expression or a grimace from the mirror, as evidenced in the accompanying leaf from his album, where the larger face is an accurate likeness of his own visage.



FRENCH SECTION.]

THE SERGEANT'S PORTRAIT.

[BY J. L. E. MEISSONIER.]







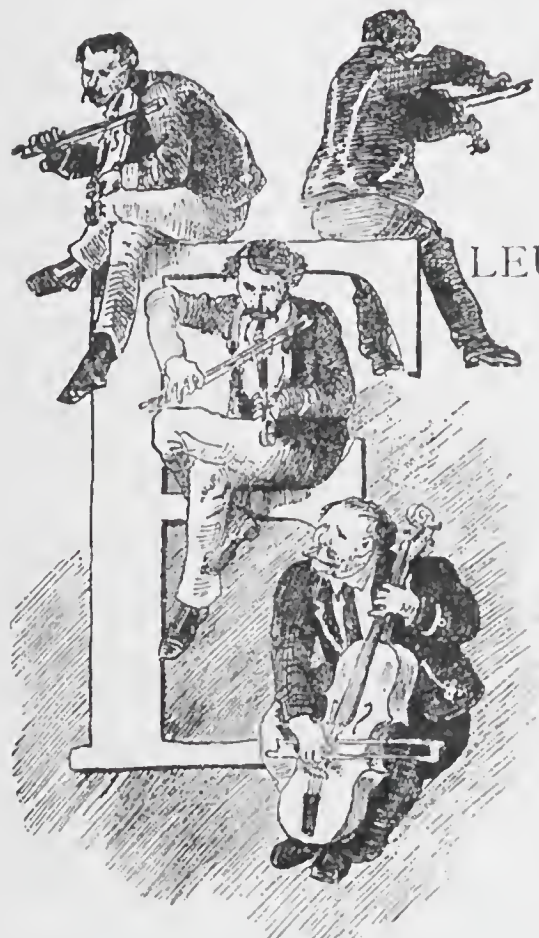


NAPOLEON ANNOUNCING TO JOSEPHINE HIS PROJECT OF DIVORCE.



# NAPOLEON ANNOUNCING THE DIVORCE.

BY E. PAGLIANO.



INITIAL BY ROCHEGROSSE.

LEUTERIO PAGLIANO, the painter of the present canvas, is a resident of Casal Monferrato, at Milan. He is a "professore" of painting and a "commendatore" in that city, and he received a medal at the Universal Exposition of 1867 for his pictures of "The Chevalier Bayard Convalescent at Brescia," and "Episode of the Battle of San Martino." His conception of the Bonaparte divorce is the lofty dramatic view of the subject. In his eyes, Napoleon is the noble husband, torn with anguish and personal regret as he announces a political necessity that rends his heart-strings; Josephine is the distracted, faithful, submissive wife. The sentiment of the scene is the sentiment which Josephine was presently trained to utter in public: "We both glory in the sacrifice we are making to the interests of France."

In reality, as we know from the impartial memoirs lately printed of Josephine's lady in waiting—Madame de Remusat—the heart of neither made at this period any pretence at being faithful to the other, and their union had long been an alliance of State; so that the private scene, whatever chagrin may have been felt on one side, must have been rather different from this close connubial agony. Signor Pagliano has, however, turned his artistic periods very elegantly. The group is simple and pathetic, without unnecessary demonstration. Napoleon is the immovable statue, with Will written in every part of his frame, contemplating with fatal gaze, not unminged with remorse, the agony that convulses the figure of Josephine. She, on the contrary, is the wretched, heart-broken wife, now for the first time turning, perhaps, from her husband. She leans away from him, in an attitude that would be unwifely in one who had any longer the rights of a wife. Her slender Creole head is bowed over the table; and the painter, like Timanthes in his picture of Agamemnon, contrives to express grief more eloquently in the folds that veil the face than would be possible in a delineation of the features themselves. The attitudes certainly enclose a world of expression, and the picture tells its story with nobility and charm, not despising the decorative aid of that most exquisite of joinery-architecture—the slender, pseudo-Greek, fastidious furniture of the Empire.

Italian painting of the "professore" class, such as the above, is not so perfectly "in the movement" of modern taste as Italian genre-painting. The class of artists who teach in the academies, and keep up the memory of classical art, are unable to secure so much of the world's attention as the modern graphic artists who have followed the movement of Fortuny in Italy. Among those who contribute to the Paris



OLD PEASANT-WOMAN. BY INDUNO.



Exposition, and whom Paris most highly esteems, is Girolamo Induno, of Milan, who received an "honorable mention" in the French capital as long ago as 1855, and more recently was the recipient of a medal at the Vienna Fair. Induno understands the glancing effect of sunlight, the play of color in brilliant illumination, the natural caprice of grouping, and the perpetual comedy of character. We cannot resist going out of our way to reproduce one of his capricious pen-and-inks,—a mock-humble, smiling Italian beldam, who might be Juliet's nurse, and who you feel sure must always have the last word. His picture of "Italy, 1866," was an order of the late king, Victor Emmanuel, and was borrowed for the present Exposition, with his "Woman of Savoy," "Emigrants at Monte Rosa," and "Amateur of Antiquities."

As we may not have another opportunity to revert to the graceful and versatile contribution of Italy, we take occasion to proclaim the name of another worthy son of the land of art, Pio Joris, of Rome. This artist paints in glancing colors that seem shaken from the butterfly's wing, and in the transparency, flash, and delicate emphasis of his style is a true Southron and follower of Fortuny. His contributions to the Champ de Mars were only two—we choose the best—"A Baptism-Procession in the Island of Ischia"—where Joris has painted with splendor and fire the "bay the peacock's neck in hue," and set beside it a characteristic procession of Southern Italy. We do not know whether the style of this work should be called "painting" or "illumination." The blaze of hot sunshine, with whose rays the clever artist has a fencing-match, swelters, furnace-like, on this glittering beach, while the family procession walk along by the sea to some sailor's chapel upon the beach to baptize the fisherman's humble child.

One of Ischia's special admirers was Bishop Berkeley, whom Americans are more apt to picture sitting on a certain pet rock, near Newport, and gazing out upon the footprints of Roger Williams's colonists, than as melting to the Italian seductions of the Bay of Naples. "The Island is an epitome of the whole earth," he wrote in 1717, to Alexander Pope, "containing within the compass of eighteen miles a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion." Subsequent travelers have found the same charm; but the most eloquent advocate is certainly the artist who can make its climate live in his colors and its Greek populace move in his outlines.



A BAPTISM IN THE ISLE OF ISCHIA. BY PIO JORIS.









TAMAR AND ABSALOM  
FROM THE PAINTING BY A. CABANEL.



## TAMAR AND ABSALOM.

BY ALEXANDER CABANEL.

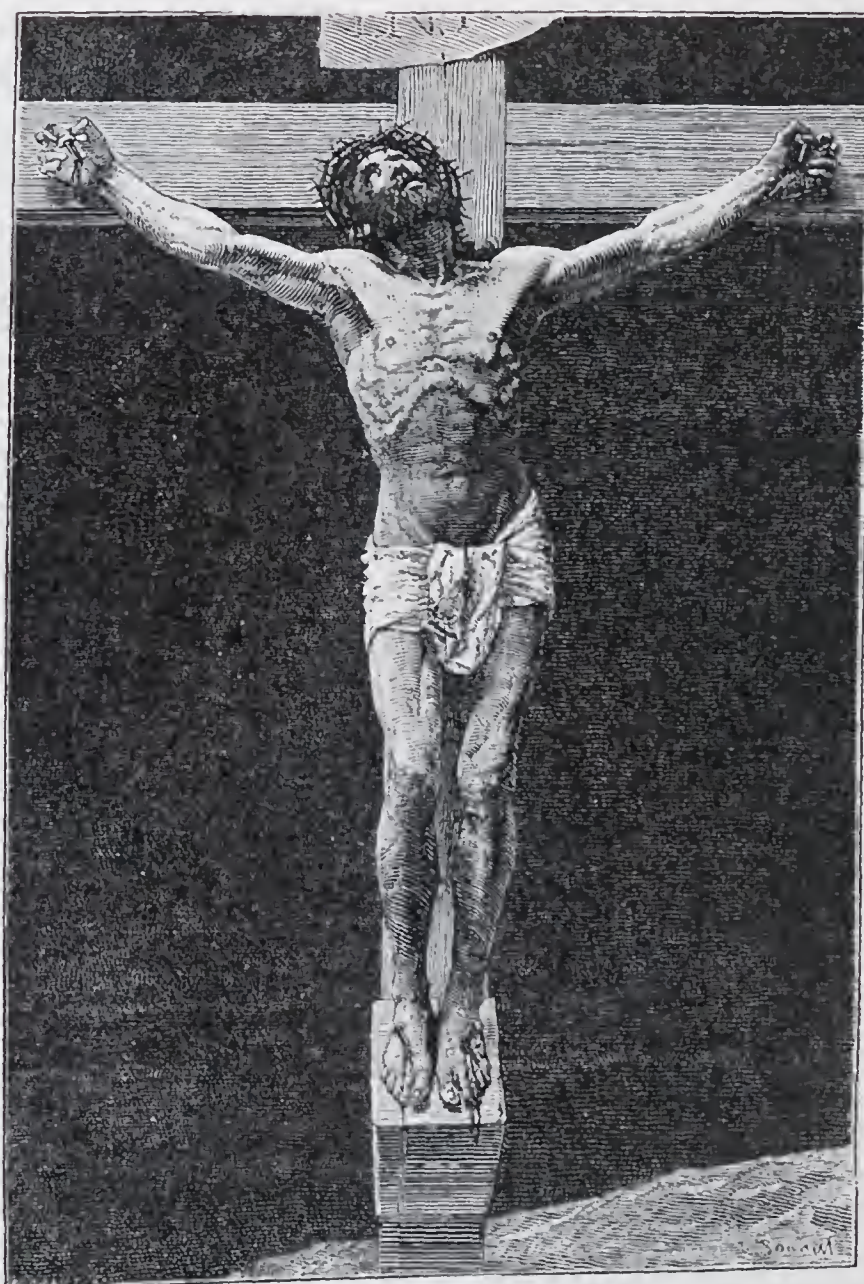


INITIAL BY THÉODORE DE BRY.

CABANEL, whose likeness we inserted early in our work, contributes to the Champ de Mars (besides five portraits) his decoration for the Pantheon, and those two pictures of his which have been bought for the Luxembourg since 1870—the “Tamar and Absalom” and “Francesca di Rimini.” The latter was seen, in a small replica, at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. The “Tamar” is the most important biblical work he has undertaken of late years, and with the Pantheon decoration, is what has earned him the grand medal of honor which the Exposition season adds to his innumerable rewards. We see Tamar throwing herself on Absalom’s knees to complain of her half-brother, Amnon, (II Samuel, xiii, 18–20.) “And she had a garment of divers colors upon her; for with such robes were the king’s daughters that were virgins appareled.” “And Tamar put ashes on her head, and rent

her garment of divers colors that was on her, and laid her hand on her head, and went on crying. And Absalom her brother said unto her, Hath Amnon thy brother been with thee? But hold now thy peace, my sister: he is thy brother; regard not this thing. So Tamar remained desolate in her brother Absalom’s house.” The artist’s conception shows the prince vowing death against his step-brother with true Eastern vengeance,—the vengeance that can dissimulate and wait. It was two full years after his temporizing advice to his insulted sister that Absalom gave the banquet to the princes of his father’s house. At this pastoral pageant, which the king’s sons attended on their mules, and of which the pretext was the shearing of Absalom’s flocks at Baal-hazor, the guilty prince was slain by his brother’s servitors, whereafter Absalom hid himself for three years and subsequently became a treasonable conspirator. He is seen in the picture as a noble barbaric chief, reclining on a divan set against a wall that is decorated with the Assyrian rosette, his long tunic fringed in a fashion distinctively Eastern. The architecture and accessories, soon to be influenced with Sidonian types under Solomon, are of an unimpeachable Babylonish probability. Tamar—a brown supple-bodied Eastern queen, with some remnant of her virgin pride still unhumbled in her—basks in haughty sorrow on his knees, her flow of words stilled

and her face swollen with angry tears. The Nubian slave watches apprehensively. One feels a sultry atmosphere brooding over the figures, out of which may well leap the chain lightning that is to be the agent of fratricide.



FRENCH SECTION.]

THE CHRIST.

[L. BONNAT.



A more virile and masculine painter, L. Bonnat, contributes a subject more centrally connected with our religion than Cabanel's. We refer to the



L. BONNAT.

celebrated "Christ," of the 1874 Salon, now belonging to a room in the Court of Assizes in the Palace of Justice, but lent for the Exposition. Its dreadful realism makes the divine sufferer seem to bleed from his cramped and knotted limbs before the eye. The extraordinary terrorism excited by the artist's peculiar treatment is explained by the custom of using these Crucifixions to hold criminals in awe in the French courts. Bonnat does not often trench on the horrible, being better known by his studies of Italian children.



ITALIAN GIRL. BY L. BONNAT.



## HIS FAVORITE FLOWER.

BY JULES WORMS.



INITIAL FROM AN OVID OF 1651.

UIZZICALLY represented by his friend Zamacoïs as a jester of the Francis I epoch, Worms exists in our memory, in the best portrait we have seen of him, as a sardonic and grimly-weary Yorick, in the great picture of the Stewart Gallery, wherein the Spanish quiz represented the French painters with the traits of clowns. It is indeed as a humorist that this French painter is best known. We do not recall a single example of his talent which trenches on the tragic or the pathetic. He is one of those who were born to make the world brighter, gayer and more cynical. The Spanish scene, "La fleur préférée," is so entirely self-explaining that we will leave the pleasure of its elucidation completely in the reader's control, merely stating that it was painted for the Paris Salon of 1877, and belongs to M. Delagarde. M. Worms is of France—Frenchy, and of Paris—Parisian, having seen the light in the capital and accustomed his feet from a tender age to the pavement of the Latin Quarter. Entering while young the atelier of Lafosse, he obtained a medal in 1867. The following year he got another for a little picture on wood, "La Romance à la Mode," which was purchased by the Government, and may now be seen in the Luxembourg collection. Another medal distinguished him in 1869, and the present Exposition has rewarded him with one of the third class. Still earlier than any of those awards was his appointment as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in 1866, as a reward for the un-medaled Salon picture of that year, "A Race



JULES WORMS.





JULES WORMS. P. 1871

LE JARDINIER







of *Novillos* in the Spanish Province of Valencia," a painting which, as well as his "*Scène de Mœurs de la Castille-Vieille*," appeared in the Universal Exposition of 1867. As an improvement on that contribution of only two paintings to the last World's Fair at Paris, the present one displays seven oil-paintings from his brush, and two frames of water-colors.

So much for the dull-useful information. Worms is one of those artists with restricted ambition, and capacity marked rather by cleverness than genius, who abound in the city of the Seine, and fill up the measure of its brilliant civilization in the way of producing what is known as "*Articles de Paris*." It is a mistake to suppose that the "*article de Paris*" is necessarily a toy, a doll, a bit of silversmith's work, or a music-box. It may be a picture, a statue, or an opera. The real signification of the term is a product of ingenuity, fitted up with extraordinary neatness, and displaying a fitness of means to ends that verges on the incredible. Of what other category are the bronzes of Bartholdi, the tunes of Lecocq and Offenbach, the pictures of Vibert or of Worms? The true function of such a producer as our artist is to place himself early with the most skilful merchant or purveyor, as Worms has done with Goupil, who manages his business interests; then, with due attention to keeping the hand alert and neat, the wit keen, the product regularly abundant, the maker of "*articles de Paris*" is secured from want. A surprising "*evenness of merit*" is noticed in the works turned out by these employés of Goupil; and that again is a characteristic of the factory style of production—the quality must be of equal goodness, year in and year out. We are not disparaging that class of paintings which we characterize as "*article de Paris*." The world needs them, and it wants to have them as good as possible. Happy Paris,

that can get its "*articles*" accepted as works of art, while the Vienna goods, and the Düsseldorf goods, and the Brussels goods, and the Munich goods, and the Naples goods only rank in the category of manufactures!

Gustave Moreau exhibits six oil-pictures of which the "*Hercules*" is the first catalogued, and five water-colors, perhaps the first water-colors since Raphael's cartoons devoted to lofty spiritual and mystical themes.



PEN-AND-INK SKETCH. BY J. WORMS. FROM HIS PAINTING  
"EACH AGE HAS ITS PLEASURES."



FAC-SIMILE OF DESIGN FOR "HERCULES AND THE LERNIAN HYDRA."

FRENCH SECTION.]

J. G. MOREAU.



# THE BETROTHAL RING.

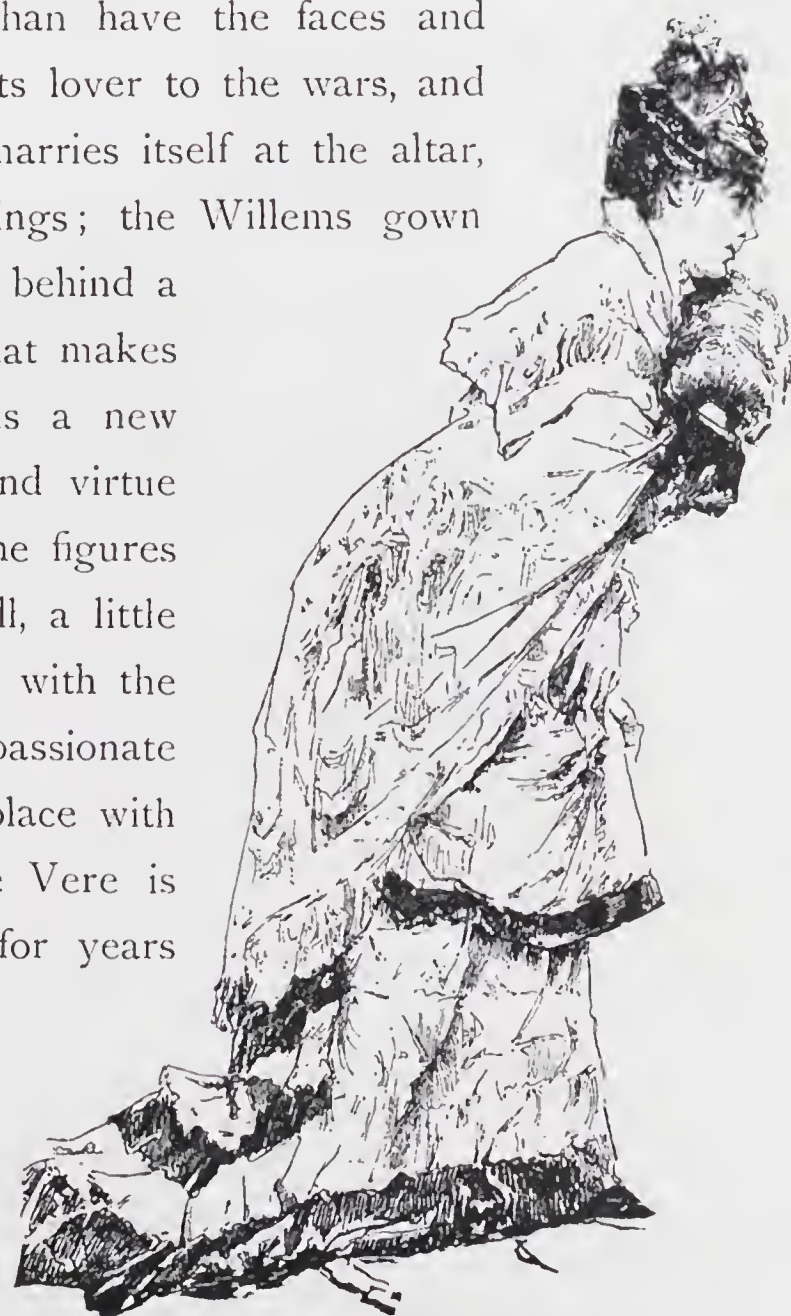
BY FLORENT WILLEMS.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY G. MITELLI.

ERLAT, of Antwerp, WILLEMS, of Liege, and A. STEVENS, of Brussels, are three Belgian painters whose comparative merits are estimated in an ascending scale by connoisseurs. All of them have been rewarded in Paris Salons so richly and so often that it is a fatigue to record their honors. So crude a criterion, after all, is the awarding of a medal, that the recent adjudication of one of the first class both to Willems and Verlat as well as to Stévens, in this Exposition, affords no gauge whatever of the comparative estimate in which the men are held by the best judgment of France. Willems (long a Paris resident) emulates Metzsu and Terburg. Terburg's famous "satin gown," which trails through picture after picture of his in the old European galleries, has been the trophy which has prevented this knight of the palette from sleeping. A satin gown of exquisite gloss and finish—a true rival of the Terburg fabric—is to be found in most of the compositions of Willems; only, as a French critic remarks, whereas Terburg wove his tissue out of seeming silk, Willems carves his in seeming alabaster. Let us not disparage, however, that favorite costume of Willems', languid in its dignity, refined in its polish, aristocratic in its trail, and self-supporting in its burliness; the Willems satin has more character—merely in its own make, all uninspired by human inhabiting—than have the faces and figures of many another painter. The Willems gown dismisses its lover to the wars, and there is trepidation in all its little crackles; the Willems gown marries itself at the altar, and candor and rectitude beam from its glossy pillar-like flutings; the Willems gown accepts the betrothal ring, or surreptitiously meets its pet bravo behind a pillar of St. Mark's, and there is a dignity and suavety about it that makes the betrothal sacred and the rendezvous innocent. Willems is a new Sartor Resartus, with a mission to tell how much expression and virtue there may be in clothes. It has been complained of him that the figures which emerge from his shining satins are a trifle stiff and dull, a little wanting in humanity; but it should be remembered that they go with the costume, which is invariably that of the old formal régime. A passionate drama, with palpitations and agonies, would be entirely out of place with a dress professedly formal. A delicate atmosphere of Vere de Vere is the right one for these exquisite creatures. M. Willems has for years renounced his Belgian birthplace and inhabited Paris, where he has a beautiful studio in the rue Saint-Georges. He contributes ten canvases to the Exposition Universelle.

Charles Verlat, with eight pictures sent to the Exposition from Antwerp, must not be judged by the sample of his comic talent with which we lighten page 126. Specimens of his earnestness are seen at the Champ de Mars in the "Barabbas," and the "Mother of our Lord." The "Note on Sight" is simply one of his studies of the *Cynocephalus* in the Antwerp Zoological Garden,—a creature who, being seized by the artistic eye in his most human



FAC-SIMILE OF SKETCH BY ALFRED STEVENS.



and cunning aspect, has been adapted by the pencil with legal spectacles and cravat, until he seems the image of a sneaking attorney. The note, which the unwelcome visitor so cunningly proposes to collect, is impossibly dated the "31st" of February, and reads: "On presentation the administration of the Zoological Garden, James Hemans, Director, promises and agrees to pay to M. Papion, or his order, the sum of three hundred francs." The odious baboon is already licking his chops as he tastes the fat commission for which his mouth is watering. Would that all our hypocrites betrayed their animal nature as transparently as this specimen: his hypocrisy is at least bestial; it might be worse, for it might be human.



MASTER EMMANUEL CRABBE.  
FAC-SIMILE OF DESIGN BY  
ALFRED STEVENS.

Since the death of Baron Leys, Stevens certainly holds the first rank among the admirable Belgian painters for technic in the human figure. He is the laureate of the reign of Woman in the nineteenth century. "One person," remarks M. Camille Lemonnier, "fills his stage almost alone; it is Woman; but there is no Woman under heaven more versatile than his, nor who attaches herself to the destiny of man by a greater number of cords. He has expressed her under all her aspects, pursued her in all her metamorphoses, painted her in splendor and in the mire, but he has never calumniated her. Posterity will have no trouble in telling what manner of men we are, before these nervous and valetudinarian creatures—the plagues and the loves of our existence."

This type of Stevens', the writer goes on, "is accompanied by a world of exquisite nothings. As the sun attracts the flowers out of the bosom of the earth, her smile has evoked around her jewels, ornaments and tissues, a blazon of exquisite trifles.

She is the fairy of a paradise that constantly changes, of a moving kaleidoscope which takes the color of the time and whose combinations leave her wearied, still seeking for new caprices. While the greater number of paintings in our day are silent on the subject of ourselves, the art of Alfred Stevens will tell of our modern minds, in their escape from prison, in their quest of some uncertain promise over the flood of waters. He chronicles his period like a historian and a moralist. When we enter an exhibition of contemporary paintings, it seems as if the artists were already ancestors; callous to the world actually surrounding them, they have the expression of not knowing us. The art of Stevens is in direct accord with the modern spirit; he has the conciseness and neat style of modern literature; he instructs, and he gives the news. He is like our poetry, founded on realities; he gives our life."

Our sketches show this subtle talent in its freshness, each of them marking the creative moment; they are copies in fac-simile of his first thoughts for pictures since elaborated into celebrity. The lady at her mirror is "Winter"—a woman of the world at her toilet, one arm bent over the head and attaching a flower in the hair; "a rosy light illuminates her frail white silhouette, enclosed in satin and book-muslin." This belongs to a series of "Four Seasons," ordered by King Leopold II, ornamenting the red-room, or ambassadors' saloon, of his palace. The boy's figure is the sketch for the portrait of Master Emmanuel, son of Prosper Crabbe, of Brussels, the heir of a house containing an interesting gallery, amongst whose treasures is Stevens' likeness of himself inspecting a female model. The boy's completed portrait is "a fine velvety harmony in gray."

Alfred Stevens was born May 11, 1828. He lost his father early, and entered the atelier of Navet. Roqueplan, who often visited Brussels, remarked his talent and took him to Paris, where he remained six months, but returned to Brussels, in which city he lived from 1844 to 1849: in



WINTER. BY ALFRED STEVENS.



the latter year, Roqueplan returning, observed his improvement and carried him off again to Paris, where Willems offered him the use of his atelier, in which he labored assiduously. In 1851 he sent to Brussels some pictures, among which was one representing the "Dawn of Ash Wednesday surprising a Masquerade." Leys and Gallait encouraged him; and Couture, being present and observing the "Masquerade" on the evening when the exhibition opened, went up to the young unknown artist and embraced him. In 1855 Stevens was a lion of the Exposition Universelle; but it was in that of 1867 that he manifested himself in all the lustre and versatility of his genius. His pictures made a sensation, and Gautier vowed that their very titles were paintings. He was named officer of the Legion of Honor, and obtained the first-class medal by the unanimous vote of the jury. It was Leys, his elder friend, who got the medal of honor. He has since resided in Paris, turning out innumerable works, mostly dramatic studies of the "society woman." "What renders the man a perfect exposition of his art is the frame in which he exists, that is to say the coquettish little mansion in the rue des Martyrs, with its garden drowned in foliage, its rooms stifled with stuffs and tapestries, its patter of feminine feet on the stairs, its perspective into the *mundus muliebris*. Potteries, rare furniture, cabinets encumbered with Chinese and Japanese objects—nothing is lacking to make the house a typical house of the modern artist."



NOTE ON SIGHT.

BELGIAN SECTION.]

FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN BY THE AUTHOR.

[CHARLES VERLAT.]









W. GREEN, FINE

HERE THEY COME. DOBBY DAY





ITALIAN SECTION.]

GREEN PARK. LONDON.

[BY J. DE NITTIS.

## HERE THEY COME!

BY C. GREEN.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY S. ARCOS.

‘LIFE of the upper-ten, or high life, is exquisitely represented in the Exposition by C. Green, the famous water-color artist, as well as by J. de Nittis, a wandering Italian painter of merit, who left Italy for Paris, and Paris, after the Commune, for London. We examine first the effort of the native painter. His aquarelle of “Here they Come!” seems to us a much more delicate performance than Frith’s “Derby Day,” so celebrated by the engraving. Frith’s ladies and gentlemen are parvenus and newly-enriched trades-people; but the elegant creatures who are seen in the upper register of Mr. Green’s picture, mounted on their monumentally-constructed English carriages, have the true air of aristocracy. The vulgar crowd below, whom the efforts of the policemen can hardly keep in the line, reveal every possible type of the London cad, from the “’Arry” down to the coster. This drawing attracted the delighted attention of the French critics, and the writer in *L’Art*

who took up the subject of English water-color art (a subject full of national jealousies and rivalries for the French) selected Mr. Green’s picture as the special standard and example by which the British national water-color school was judged. This writer, M. Alexandre de Latour, remarked: “I would at once indicate the almost universal defect against which certain wonderfully gifted artists are about to establish a reaction. I mean the elaboration of detail at the expense of general effect. The result is that the attention is too often forced to scatter itself, instead of concentrating itself, as is the case in any really sovereign composition. But I hasten to add that when this fault is compensated for by the extraordinary merits of observation, and by the prodigious ability of execution, which so eminently charac-



terize the talent of Mr. Charles Green in his 'Country Circus,' and still more in his animated scene borrowed from the famous Derby Races—the decisive moment, the moment of arrival at the Winning Post—we can hardly resist setting this fault down as one of the venial faults." This water-color drawing belongs to Mr. Wertheimer. That of the "Country Circus" is owned by Mr. Carver. Mr. Green is known as the illustrator of Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*, in the Chapman and Hall edition, and he was sufficiently proud of his work on that enterprise to exhibit two of the designs for the present display. He also sent an oil-color picture, "The Old Neighbors."

Joseph de Nittis, whose sketch for the "Green Park, London," we exhibit in fac-simile, was born in the Italian town of Barletta, and has been attracting attention for the last few years by a class of exquisite subjects uniting several good styles—as impressional as the works of Vollon, as analytical as the works of Detaille. He is a pupil of Gérôme. In London, the effects of fog, of muddy streets, of struggling daylight, seemed to his Italian eye the most characteristic and precious, and he has rendered them with a sort of bleared and dreary truth that makes one shiver. At the same time his eye for human character is of dramatic quickness, and the panorama of London streets has found in him a keen appreciator. His estimate of British high-life seems to us unimpeachably accurate, though it shows the special difference of an estimate prepared by a foreigner. This will never, till the end of time, match exactly with the estimate of a son of the soil. English carpers have said that De Nittis' English ladies were not perfect models of English "respectability." To refute the accusation we present his simple, unbeautiful, but certainly high-bred damsel in his own sketch, as she sits in the boat, forgetting to manage the tiller, and followed by her graceful sisters, the swans.



## THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

BY G. J. VIBERT.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY F. EHLMANN.

VIBERT'S picture is inspired by that fable of La Fontaine's which has been a special favorite with French artists—the improvident insect applying to the ant, "quand la bise fut venue," and being told by this very unpleasant neighbor that, as it had sung all summer, it might advantageously keep up its circulation by dancing all winter. Nothing has ever been written since the time of Solomon which puts in a more odious light the character of that priggish creature who, from the ele-



G. J. VIBERT.

vation of his miserly storehouse, assumes the professor's chair and presumes to constitute himself the teacher of all mankind. One has but to think over the product of recent French art to recall a number of representations of La Fontaine's fable, and it is gratifying to notice that the artists are usually in sympathy with the *Cigale*—the type of their Bohemian





J. Pelissier del.

F. Melville sc.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. VIBERT.









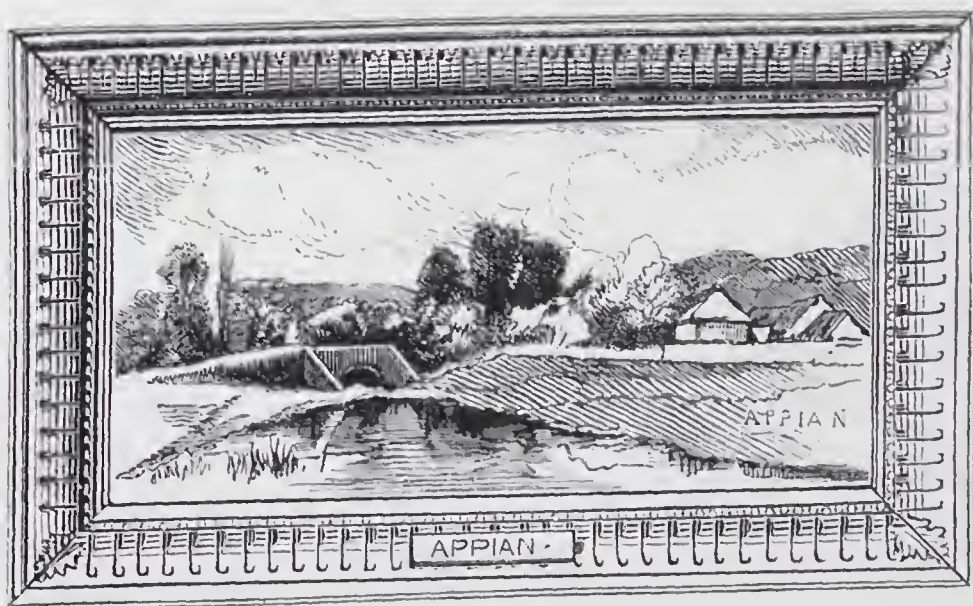
DIANA. BY J. LEFEBVRE.

profession. On an early page of this work we gave a little sketch of the "Cigale" of Jules Lefebvre, a painter who, as the known champion of the elegant and exquisite nude, represented the poor Grasshopper as so harshly blown upon by the *bise* that she remained clothed only in her hair and her guitar-ribbon. Having named Lefebvre, and being more concerned to give our readers pleasure than to adhere with desperate strictness to the concerns of the Exposition, we go out of our way to introduce his lovely sketch (made since the Exposition closed) for the "Diana Surprised" of the 1879 Salon. Lefebvre's "Cigale," a life-size masterpiece, was sold recently in New York in the Latham collection, and purchased by the Goupils for their Continental market. The subject of the "Cigale" has been put forth by French sculptors in bronze, plaster and marble—the Exposition itself yielding proof of its being a favorite topic with the carvers:—nobody, *bien entendu*, ever carves the "Ant." Doré's illustration, in his designs for La Fontaine, will occur to many readers—the Ant represented as an Alsatian housewife, busily knitting in her doorway, and the Grasshopper as a Spanish gipsy with an unstrung guitar and a ragged mantilla. English



"CIGALE." BY CARL VERNET.

art, too, celebrates the woes of the indigent Bohemian; we need only cite Hogarth's "Distressed Poet," in his garret. Returning to the French school, we draw upon Carl Vernet, the wit and dandy, the father of Horace Vernet and son of Joseph, for one of his famous caricatures—a sketch of a starved "Cigale" before a cook-shop, only able to keep his fingers off the viands by plunging them into his muff, and devouring with his eyes the hoard of the "Ant." The idea of making the thriftless personage one of the male gender is a telling one, and, though hardly contemplated by La Fontaine, this bandying of the satire to the more self-reliant sex gives crispness to Vibert's painted fable. We have the Spanish gipsy, in looped and windowed raggedness, his cap moulting its forlorn peacock's feathers, and his baggage reduced to an exaggerated mandolin; the baggage of his thrifty interlocutor is, on the contrary, weighty and well-stuffed. The wings of the poultry form a head-dress for his sturdy visage, like an elk's antlers; he is a monk, a personage who in the estimation of French satire is of neither sex; and as he comes down on a begging tour from his monastery in the Pyrenees, refusing the slightest charity though so well provided, it is evident that Vibert considers him a less admirable and less industrious character than the poor humbled minstrel.



THE AQUEDUCT: AFTER A "FUSAIN." BY A. APPIAN.



"The Port of Collioure, in the Eastern Pyrenees," is an oil-painting contributed to the Exposition by Adolphe Appian, of which we give the artist's sketch in fac-simile. Great nobility of style ensues from this artist's choice of simple themes with large forms, where each necessary tint can be treated as a breadth of color. M. Appian is especially noted for his masterly charcoal drawings, where this simplicity of style is reduced to a science.



FRENCH SECTION.]

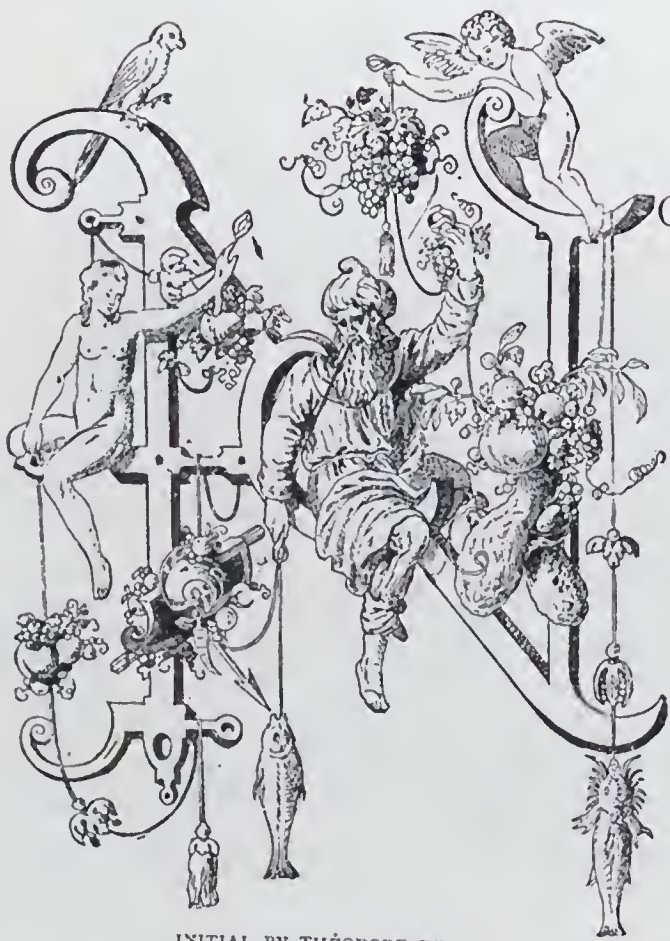
THE PORT OF COLLIOURE.

BY A. APPIAN.



## THE INDISCREET SOUBRETTE.

BY J. E. SAINTIN.



INITIAL BY THÉODORE DE BRY.

NOTES can be delivered in various ways, and read at various times. Balzac has an *Étude de Femme* representing the lovely and prudish Marchioness de Listomère deeply scandalized at the receipt of a billet during her morning toilet. "At the hour of her rising," observes the novelist, "about two in the afternoon, the Marchioness received from her chamber-woman, Caroline, a letter, and she read it during the time that Caroline was dressing her hair, an imprudence which a good many young wives commit." Mme. de Listomère is depicted as the most well-behaved of women, armed with a propriety so conspicuous and so safe that "she has acquired the right to tattle as long and as often as she likes with men she thinks amusing, without her name being entered in the album of ill-construction." She reads the letter. It begins: "O dear angel of love, treasure of life and happiness!" She proposes, at this introduction, to throw the sheet into the fire. But,





J. FABRIK. PUBLISHED.

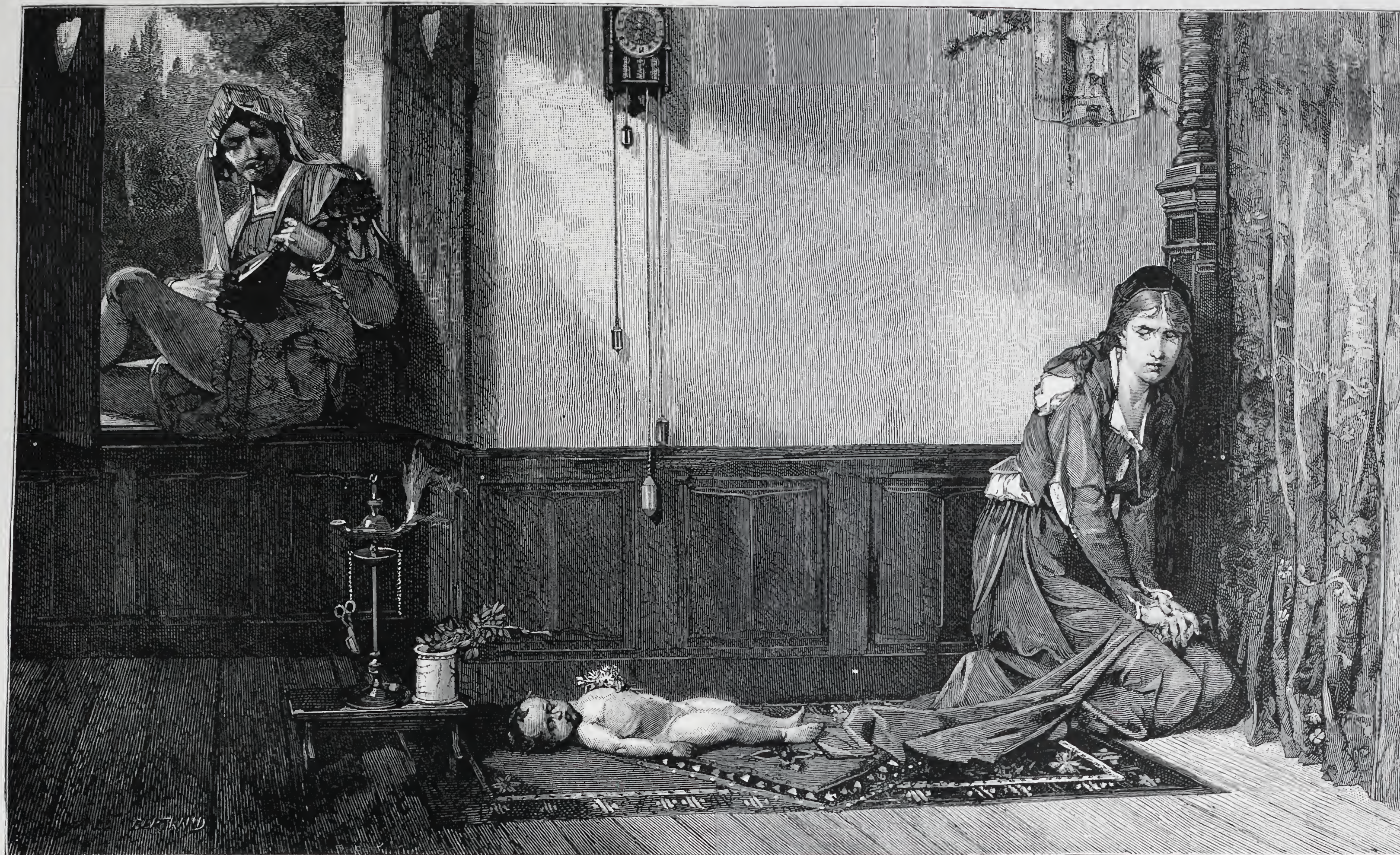












THE MARGUERITE OF FAUST.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. BERTRAND.



says Balzac, "a fancy passed through her head which every virtuous woman will understand to a marvel, which was to see how a man who commenced in that way would finish." We can see the result from all this distance. The chambermaid says to the other chambermaid that Madame has received a wonderful love-letter. "And she read it!" A world of meaning is contained in this extension of the domestic's idea. "I would never have believed that of Madame!" answers chambermaid number two. Now the fact was that Eugene had written his letter to Mme. Nucingen, but, having just danced with the Marchioness, had placed her name on the cover by what we now call "heterophemy." When apprised of his blunder by his valet, he committed, says Balzac, the first fault of amusing himself with the notion of getting the Marchioness to laugh some day at his mistake, by which she made herself the mistress of a love-letter to which she was not entitled; and he committed the second fault of not going to the said Marchioness for four days, "thus letting the meditations of a virtuous young woman crystallize." The consequences are bad. The ermine of propriety concludes to be insulted, and leaves word at the door that Eugene shall be excluded: but, on the occasion of his first visit, he happens to see entering the unsuspecting husband, who cordially drags him up stairs. So the lady learns, after four days and nights, that the declaration she had appropriated was not meant for her. Rather to her surprise, the sentiment of discovery is disagreeable. "Then it will have been that eternal Mme. Nucingen?" she asks him, with pale lips. It is not so pleasant as this pearl of virtue would suppose, to learn that the insult was not directed at yourself but at somebody else. She takes to her bed for two weeks with a nervous attack, which the good husband explains to be a stomach-complaint.

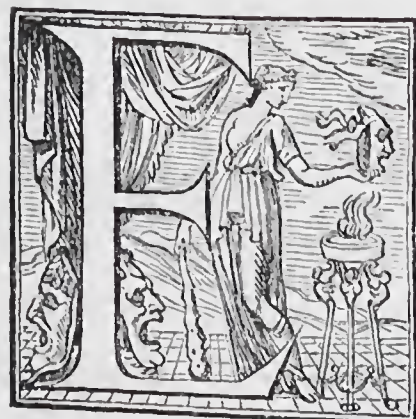
Such is the outline of one of Honoré's malicious little social studies. Why has it come into our head in regarding this picture of Saintin's? Surely this pure, transparent-looking patrician will not commit the imprudence of reading her letter all the way through, if it is a love-letter!

Jules Émile Saintin, the artist, was born at Lemée in the département of Aisne, and studied successively under Drolling, Picot, and Leboucher. He earned medals in 1866 and 1870, and in 1877 was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He has revived the old-fashioned mode of portraiture in pastel, and something of the faded, chalky bloom of pastel has got into his oil-color style.



## THE MARGUERITE OF FAUST.

BY J. BERTRAND.



INITIAL FROM A 16TH CENTURY "OVID"

VERY painter has his own conception of the *Marguerite* of Goethe; as for the general public, it is probably influenced more than it suspects by the make-up of various prime-donne. A rapid-tripping brunette with Lucca; a cold, aged statue with Miolan-Carvalho; a Scandinavian snow-woman with Nilsson; a dark doll, having a music-box inside, with Patti; a rigid liquid-voiced petrification with Kellogg—confused with these various incarnations, the ideal Marguerite is not so much a single figure as a chorus of sopranos. It remains for the painters to come forward, and by means of the imaginative resources of their art, to present a

figure of Marguerite superior to the accidental flesh-and-blood impersonations of the stage, and commensurate with the rare delicacy of the poet's creation. We are all familiar with the "Marguerite" of

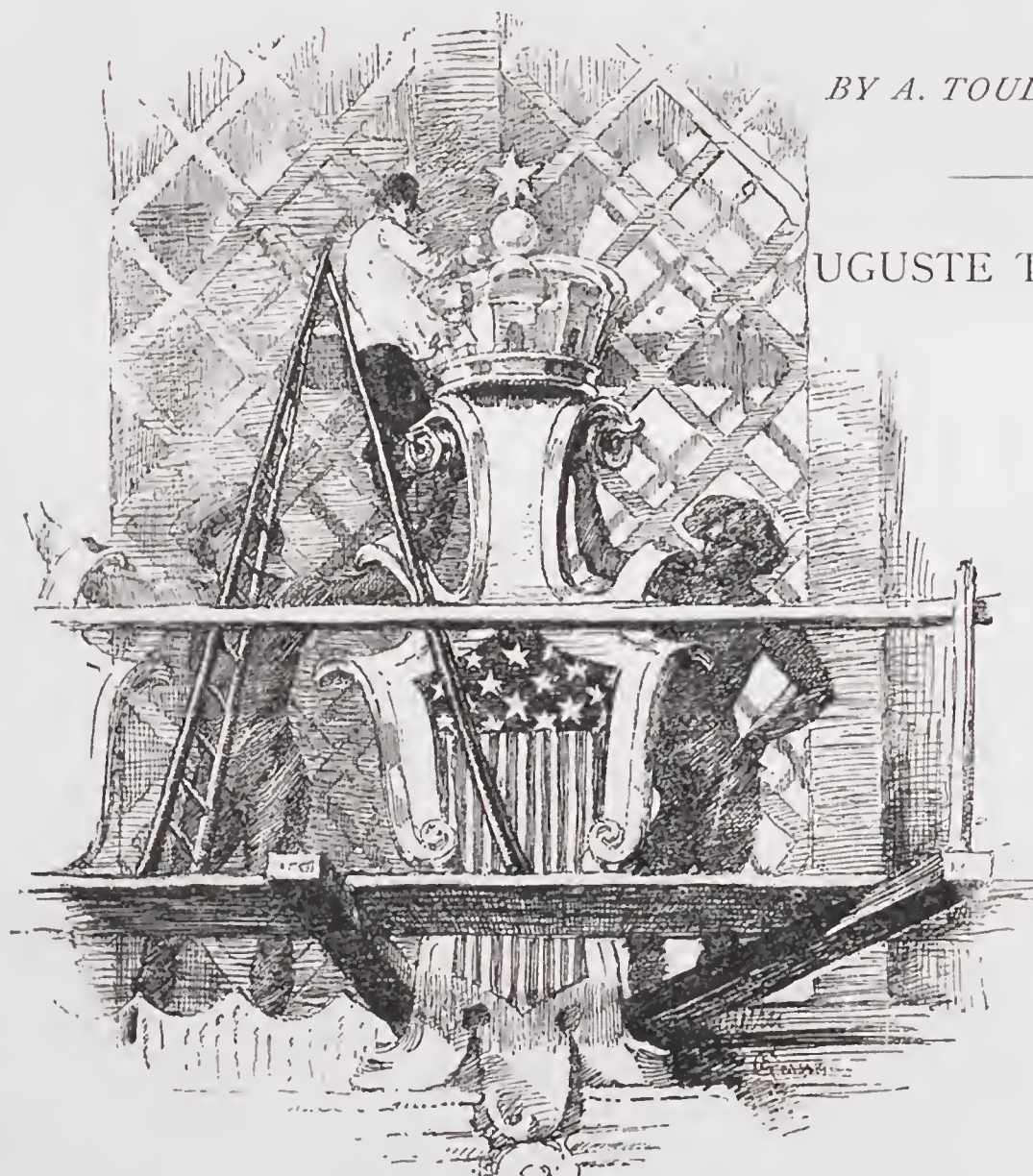


Retzsch's outlines, and with that of the engravings from Ary Scheffer. Tissot has represented her with archæological quaintness. A little less antique than his, yet still with a lingering reminiscence of her original residence in an illuminated missal, Bertrand's "Marguerite" has the long, narrow garments, the slashed sleeve, the velvet toque of a mediæval allegory. She crouches shuddering on the floor—it is the mad scene at the close of Goethe's drama,—and would fain pass bodily through the walls of the corner she burrows in, so dreadful are the images which to her lunatic fancy fill the place; beside her she seems to see the baby she has drowned, and her ears are still filled with the mocking songs of Mephistopheles. The reader will observe the peculiar composition which the artist has used, the focus of the scene being quite vacant, and the personages arranged very centrifugally around the edges; this blank emptiness of his stage gives our painter a very appropriate expression of austerity, of cheerlessness, of desolation. In his arrangement, too, the hapless infant lies directly under the descending weight of Time.



## FLIRTATION

BY A. TOULMOUCHE.



FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN BY E. GRASSET.

UGUSTE TOULMOUCHE was born at Nantes, and pursued his studies at Paris in the atelier of Gleyre. He obtained his first medal as long ago as 1852, and others in 1859 and 1861. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion in 1870, and the present Exposition rewards him with one of its medals of the third class. Toulmouche has attained a high distinction for his society subjects,—a gawky youth, sublimely overdressed, and making his first call, while the experienced girl of the period receives his compliments with unconcealed ennui; a pair of fine ladies determined to improve their minds, and falling fast asleep over "the serious volume;" a set of roguish girls clustering on a library step-ladder, and flushing high as they nibble at the forbidden fruit set to ripen on the upper shelf of all,—such subjects he treats with

unfailing dramatic piquancy, in a style of painting marked by dryness, glitter, and high enamel finish. His favorite model has always been his wife; and recalling the range of his works for the past fifteen years, we recollect a gallery of portraits of Mme. Toulmouche in all the fine modes that have proceeded from the imagination of the Paris dressmaker, and gradually aging in her looks and hardening in her dramatic style of "posing." Mme. Toulmouche is the heroine of the present "flirtation;" but M. Toulmouche need feel no jealousy, for the gentleman supposed to be the accomplice of her coquetry is another relative, M. Lecadre—which cognomen, in fact, was that of the artist's wife before her marriage. Thus





A TOMB OF THE FINE

CONTRASTION













THE HILL - CHICAGO, ILL.



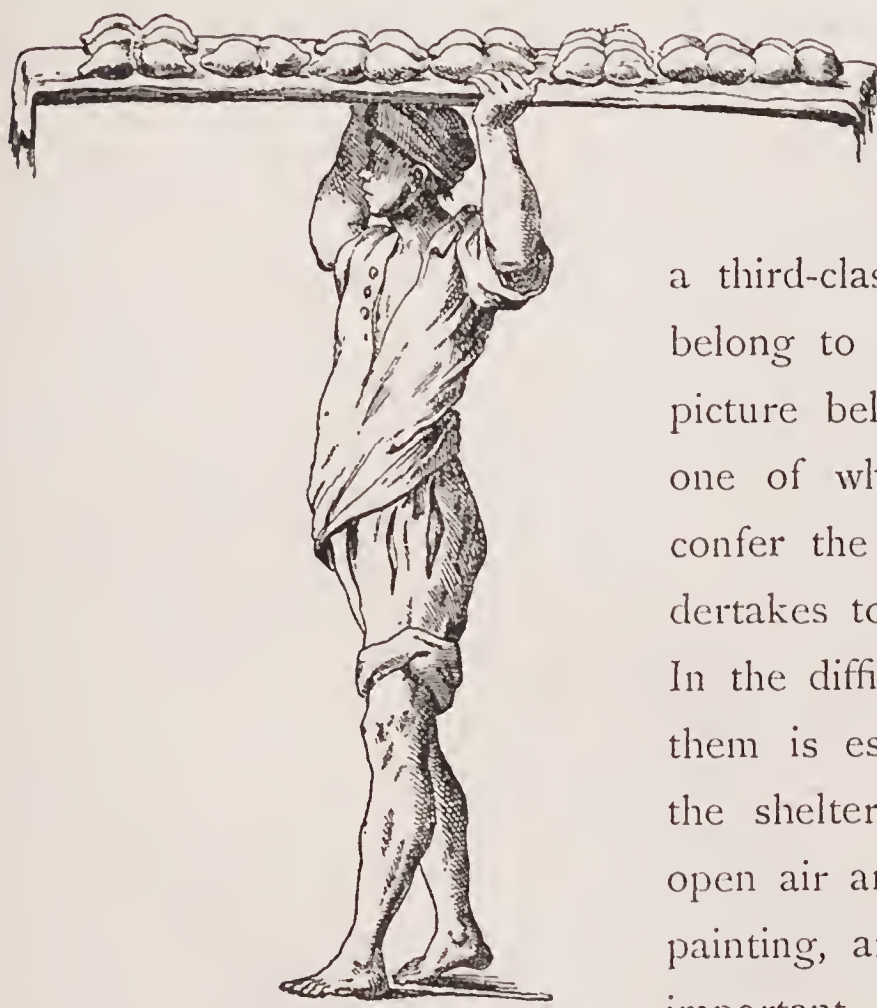
does the clever painter utilize the home-circle for his lay-figures, and impose upon the purchasers of his efforts his own family portrait-gallery in the guise of works of imagination. The present example shows all the crystalline refinement of his style: the enervation of the ball is over; the opera-cloaks have been removed from the dressing-boudoir, all save one, and that lies on the couch beside the practised flirt, who nestles among the rumpled cushions to try once more the points of her weapons—her fan and her smile—upon the helpless being before her with the wine-heavy eyelid and the helpless-looking crush-hat. It is one of the little dramas that go on in the corners of all our rooms, and that lead up to a fifth-act, whether of tragedy or farce, according as fate prepares the drop-curtain—either of black or of gossamer.

The above initial, formed of a workman's ladders, appertains both to our own country and to the Paris Exposition. It represents the artisan decorating one of the scutcheons which terminated the pillars ranged along the façade of the main building. Each scutcheon, supported by a pair of cherubs, represented the arms of one of the great powers in turn; we select that which bore the arms of the United States.



## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

BY J. R. GOUBIE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY MITELLI.

THE picture selected for illustration was painted in 1876. The artist, a born Parisian, entered the Beaux-Arts school, selecting for his professor M. Gérôme. In 1874 he obtained a third-class medal. His three pictures contributed to the Exposition belong to the years 1876 and 1877. The cleverness manifested in this picture belongs to three several departments of the painting art, only one of which could be taught in the Academy. An Academy may confer the power of representing the human figure; but it never undertakes to teach animal-painting, and it does not instruct in landscape. In the difficult walk undertaken by our young aspirant ability in all of them is essential, and for two-thirds of his equipment he must leave the sheltered studio of his college and put himself to school to the open air and the beasts. His landscape and his horses, in the present painting, are as well executed as his human figures, and even more important. The wet chill of a miserable November day is perfectly expressed in the landscape. The dogged misery of an ill-assorted

couple, one of whom is obstinate and the other is feeble, manifests itself in the pair of steeds. It is a threatening allegory. The gray mare, *not* the better horse in this Hobson's choice of better or worse, seems on the point of foundering; the black is obstinate as a mule; in vain the postillion scowls at him and checks him with the rein, and his master shakes his fist impotently at him from the carriage window; his sullen fit is not to be beaten out of him. Is it not evident that the master is the human portrait of the mulish black, and that the uneasy bride, whose round face rises like a full moon behind her husband's cocked hat, is typified in the blundering gray, with its terrible vacuity of expression? Fancy such a pair joined in harness forever and ever, while the clouds fall in denser and denser storms, and



the roaring sea sweeps nearer to the road and sends still chillier breezes, and the monotonous rut grows stonier and stonier, and steeper and steeper! Such is the descent of life for some couples. It is a sarcastic tableau.

C'est ainsi qu'on descend à deux  
Le rude chemin de la Vie!



## HALL OF THE FINE ARTS, GERMAN SECTION.



FROM A JAPANESE NETSUKE, SIGNED "TAKA KAZON."

OUR readers will be glad to compare with the view we have presented of the English Art Section, a corresponding view of the German Section—that department arranged so late in the day, with such perfect taste and so rich a selection of specimens. The chiaroscuro of our engraving almost veils the pictures, but the groups of sculpture are revealed in brilliant force. That which so conspicuously shows to the left is by Reinhold Begas, and represents Psyche transported by Mercury of the winged cap, to endure the trial of the assembled gods, according to the fable of Apuleius; the other group, also by Reinhold Begas, represents the seizure of the Sabine women by the soldiers of Romulus. The most of the paintings were brought from private collections in Germany, and from the public galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and Munich, and afforded the spectator a *coup d'œil* of contemporary German Art.



PARK OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DESIGN BY M. LALANNE.









GRAND HALL OF THE FINE ARTS—GERMAN SECTION.













ENTRANCE TO A ROMAN THEATRE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, R. A.







## ENTRANCE TO A ROMAN THEATRE.

BY L. ALMA-TADEMA, R. A.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY M. SCOTT.

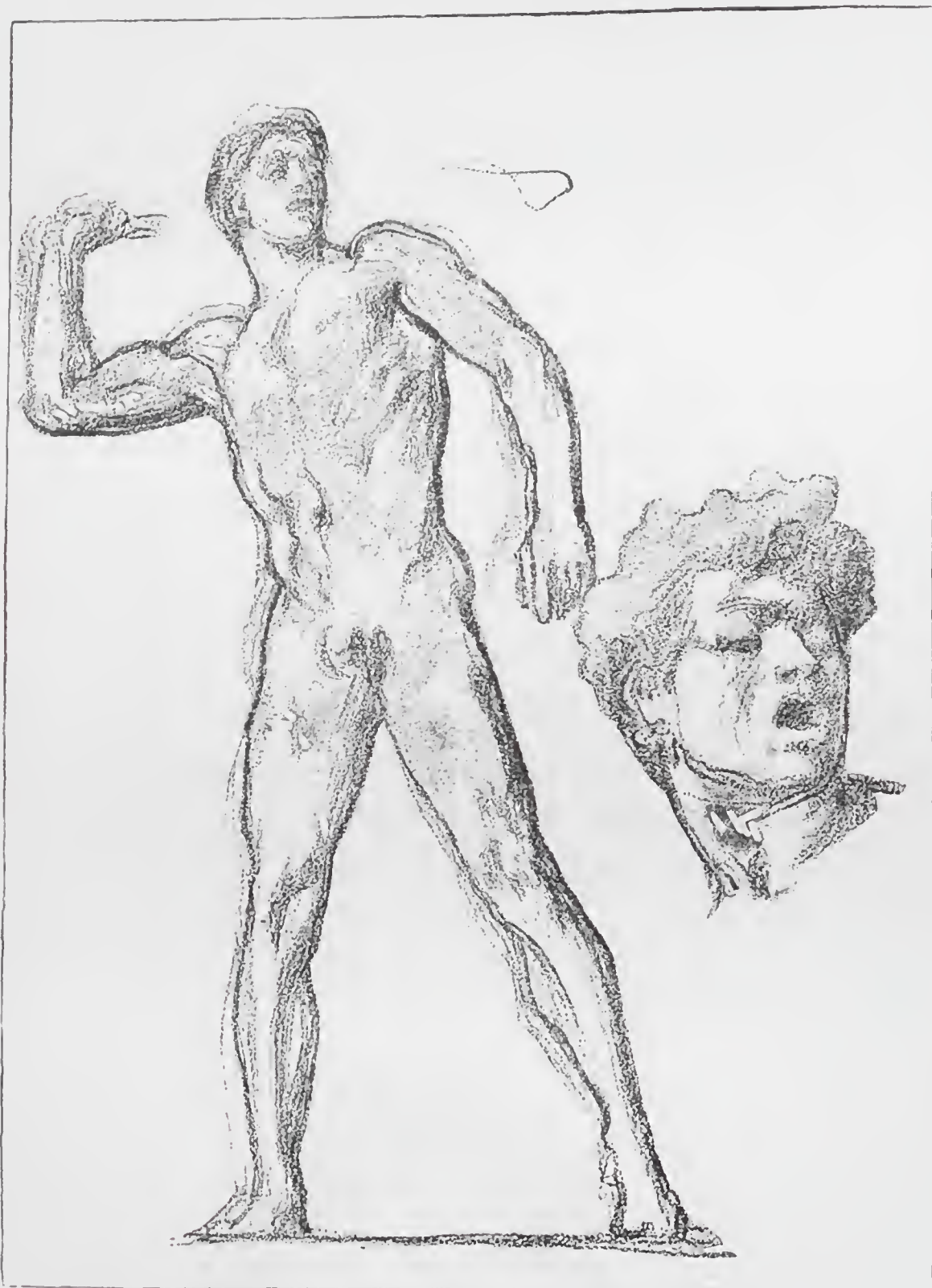
LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA, the sturdy Netherlander who has made himself by naturalization an English citizen, and by affiliation “an antique Roman”—with occasional lapses into the estate of a pre-historic Greek—in this brilliant canvas, now in the possession of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, gives us a novel aspect of the life of imperial Rome. Forsaking for the moment her temples, palaces and bridges, he sets the spectator down before the entrance to a theatre on a day of high festival, which is to be celebrated by a performance,—for the ancients, both Greeks and Romans, only gave dramatic performances on stated occasions. The date is the later days of the empire,—between Macrinus and Constantine, if we may judge by the closely cut hair of the patrician on the entrance-step, who, with his wife’s hand on his shoulder, bows to the stately matron leading her little boy. Imperial Rome was able to boast of but three stone theatres such as that here depicted,—that built by Augustus (after a plan of Cæsar), and called by him after the name of his nephew, Marcellus, that of Cornelius Balbus, and that built by Pompeius, B. C. 55. All the others, though sometimes splendidly decorated, were built of wood, to be pulled down after the festive performances were over. During the Middle-Ages the Savelli family used the remains of the theatre of Marcellus for the erection of their palace, now in the possession of the Orsinis. The passages between the foundation-walls of the theatre were a few years ago used as offices, and part of the old wall of the *cavea*—the auditorium as it would now be called—may still be recognized in the enclosing wall of the palace. Pliny has left a curious description of still another building, erected by C. Curio during his tribunate, B. C. 50, with a great sum of money, said to have been given him by Cæsar for party purposes, and which may possibly be considered as the first attempt to construct an amphitheatre. Says the historian, “He built two wooden theatres by the side of each other, each of them keeping its balance by means of movable pegs. In the forenoon comedies were performed on them, and the two theatres were turned away from each other, so that the noises on the two stages should not interfere with each other. All of a sudden they were whirled round, so as to stand opposite



L. ALMA-TADEMA, R. A.



each other; in the evening the wooden partitions of the stages were removed, the ends of the sitting-steps (*cornua*) touched each other, and an amphitheatre was thus created, in which Curio, after having endangered the lives of the people themselves, arranged battles of gladiators." Pliny strongly reprov-



STUDY FOR THE "EASTERN SLINGER," BY SIR F. LEIGHTON.

both tribune and people for trusting their lives to such fragile wooden machinery.

The Romans borrowed the original semicircular plan of their theatres from the Greeks, afterwards making certain additions, as the colonnade at the top of the rows of seats, with spaces for the spectators, and in widening and deepening the stage, so as to give space to the numerous actors of their drama and to the gorgeous pageants frequently introduced in imperial times. In the Greek drama the various rôles were divided amongst three actors, but in Rome each part was performed by a separate actor. The first scenic performances are said to have been introduced into Rome on occasion of a plague which raged during the consulate of C. Sulpicius Peticus and C. Lucinius Stolo, 364 B. C. The magistrates, to appease the incensed deities, instituted the games called *Scenici*, which were amusements entirely new. Actors from Etruria danced, after the Tuscan manner, to the flute. The mimic dances thus introduced were soon afterwards accompanied by the recital of comic verses

in changing metres, the result being the satirical drama (*satura*). The creator of the drama proper may be said to be Livius Andronicus, about 240 B. C., who, abandoning satires, first added to the pantomime, accompanied by flute-playing and singing, the dialogue (*diverbiū*) founded on a story or plot (*fabula*). According to Livy, Andronicus was the first who gave singing and dancing to two different performers; he danced himself, and gave the singing to a younger exhibitor. His successors were Nævius, Ennius, Plautus, Terentius, Pacuvius, Atticus and others who, under the influence of Greek models, further developed the Roman drama. The close relation of Roman to the later Greek comedy explains the absence of the chorus, which, in its turn, accounts for the want of the orchestra in Roman theatres, the space assigned to it in Greek theatres being used for seats for spectators. The action therefore was limited to the stage itself, as in modern theatres. At first a temporary wooden stage was erected for the *ludi scenici*, usually on the slope of a hill. There were no seats for the public, neither was a space reserved for the upper classes. The first distinction of this kind was made in 194 B. C., when the front part of the *cavea* was separated from the rest by a barrier, and reserved for senators. During the next forty years it became the custom of the rich to have chairs carried after them to the theatre by slaves; but the original form of the *cavea* was retained till after the subjection of Greece, when the first theatre,



with semicircular rows of seats, rising in the manner of terraces, was erected; the seats of the senators were placed immediately in front of the stage, not unaccompanied by the indignant murmurs of the populace. Further distinctions were soon made. The fourteen rows immediately behind the seats of the senators were assigned to the knights, the priestly colleges received seats of honor; the women were placed higher up, separated from the men; only the highest steps of the *cavea* remained to the populace.

The spectators in the painting before us, being of the privileged classes, are entering the theatre by a door in the *proskenion* wall of the building, which brings them immediately to their seats in the lower and more honorable part of the *cavea*, without giving them the trouble of passing through the long entrance-ways which radiate out from the orchestra under the seats of the audience. Through this arched door-way may be seen these seats, rising one above the other, with the early comers already taking their places; and, at the side, the official who receives the entrance fees leaning over his table. Behind the matron and her child another lady is being assisted in her descent from her chariot by one of her slaves, while the driver, holding with one hand the great umbrella which shades her, pulls in his horse with the other. This handsome high-seated chariot, with its curiously uncircular wheels and its graceful ornament, is an interesting restoration of the pleasure-carriages of antiquity. To the right of the entrance, on the wall of the theatre, is inscribed the announcement of the coming performance, with comic portraits of the various actors. In the comedy and burlesque performances, the *atellane* and the *minimus*, these actors were of both sexes, and the utmost grossness was tolerated, at least in later times.

A very different inspiration, from the farther East, is Sir Frederic Leighton's "Eastern Slinger," of which we give a fac-simile of the artist's sketch. This naked figure, elevated on his lofty station and dark against the glowing evening sky, lit by the rising moon, is of a more slender and nervous type than the "Python-Slayer," but of the same family. He will be remembered by visitors to the English section of the Centennial Exhibition, and is incorrectly known to the many readers of *L'Art* as a "David." Notwithstanding his success in these two "academies," the President of the Royal Academy seems rather to be drawn towards a serious historical art and towards certain grave idyllic subjects—the *genre* of the Golden Age. The "Summer Moon," at the Philadelphia exhibition, and the "Music Lesson," at the Paris one, in 1878, are perhaps the most beautiful specimens of these imaginative subjects;—a less successful one is the shepherd piping to the indolent ears of two Arcadian nymphs, exhibited in 1881. Here, somehow, it is not the true Arcadia,—Peace has not altogether banished Care,—the wind of the weary world is still in the shepherd's pipe. One of the latest and most important of the painter's works, the one by which, perhaps, his fame will be the longest preserved,—for it is possible to imagine Florence as still a centre of Art when England is swallowed up,—is his autograph portrait in the Palace of the Uffizi. Not many Englishmen are there represented besides Sir Joshua Reynolds; and among his contemporaries the President shared the honor of the invitation to contribute to the collection with only Mr. Watts and Mr. Millais. He has painted his own portrait as that of a very handsome man,—possibly somewhat *too* handsome,—attired in the scarlet robes of the D. C. L. degree, over which hang the gold chain and medal of the President, with the white and black of collar and coat showing at the neck. The face is seen in full, the hair and full beard are touched with gray, and the expression is alert. Behind him, on the wall, we catch a glimpse of the riders from the frieze of the Parthenon.



## NYMPHS BATHING.

BY W. A. BOUGUEREAU.



FAC-SIMILE OF DESIGN BY MADRAZO.

AT the Salon of 1879 M. Bouguereau exposed his "Naissance de Vénus," and in the previous year he signed the important canvas of which we give a photogravure, and in which the upright figure in the extreme left of the composition is a reproduction of the Venus in the Salon picture. In this brilliant piece of painting there is scarcely any more claim to originality of theme than in the former, in which the details were simply borrowed from right and left, from ancients and moderns,—though, perhaps, originality in the treatment of the legend of Venus' birth, with all its accompanying cortege of Nereids and Tritons, was scarcely to be looked for. M. Cabanel contrived to achieve a certain kind of originality; but his Aphrodite Anadyomene is even less Greek than Bouguereau's,—if such

may be possible. This reproach, of want of classic feeling in his classic paintings,—as well as that of lack of religious feelings in his religious ones,—has more than once been leveled at Bouguereau, and generally, it must be confessed, with considerable justice. Only there are exceptions to be noted,—as there are to most statements. "The Flagellation," at the Salon of 1880, was certainly, of all the "*tableaux de sainteté*" of modern times, one of the least pious; the figure of the Saviour, attached to the pillar by his arms, was without either character or grandeur; his face betrayed only a cruel, but perfectly human, suffering.—"The Virgin Surrounded by Angels," at the following Salon, was a Madonna like a hundred others—neither better nor worse. The painter, as has been rather justly said, "possesses only in an infinitesimal degree the religious sentiment; he is able to translate of it neither the ardor nor the mysticism, but only the amiability,—he portrays the prettiness, when he does not fall into affectation. His works never have looked, nor ever will, a single ray of faith." On the other hand, his Venus riding triumphantly in her sea-shell, his Nymphs pushing the terrified Satyr into the stream, his Aurora, and his pagan divinities generally, are not pagan at all,—they are modern, sophisticated, self-conscious, not naked, but only undressed. The exceptions to be noticed, however, to both these statements, are at least two in number. The "Vierge Consolatrice," in the Luxembourg, from the Salon of 1876,—painted in a sorrowful year to commemorate the death of his wife and child,—is, of all his religious pictures that we have known, the most moving and the most devout. The despair of the young bride, who throws herself across the knees of the Heavenly Mother, the pallid little corpse at their feet, and the infinite pity and tenderness in the dark eyes of the Virgin, are all the more touching, coming from this painter with his "so little faith." And this present picture of the river Naiades bathing, if it is not pure Greek is, at



JAROSLAV CERMAK.





W. BOUGUEREAU - 1878

W. A. BOUGUEREAU, PINT.

J. HAPPEL, PICTOR

NYMPHS BATHING.



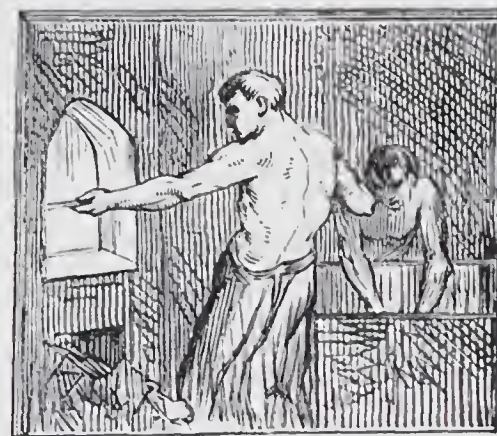




least, something very much more than modern and commonplace. Even in the separate figures, picked out one by one, there is an indefinable distinction, an approach to ideal beauty, which we do not remember in any other of his mythological subjects; even the translated Venus on the left is very much less *Parisienne* than her successor of the following year. And the whole painting when it is first seen—the group of shining, translucent figures set in their leafy darkness—has a very charming air of mystery about it; the spectator has a certain sense of awe and of profaning sacred things which, we imagine, were somewhat the sentiments of Actæon. The strong contrasts of light and shade have something to do with this, and something more the very effective painting of the flesh, which this artist knows so well,—the idealized, sublimated, incorruptible flesh of the divinities, fed by immortal blood,—

“Such stream as issues from a wounded god;  
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood;  
Unlike our gross, diseas’d, terrestrial blood:  
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,  
Nor wine’s inflaming juice supplies their veins.)”

It is rather a curious error of some modern critics to demand of the painters of myths and allegories a rendering of flesh that shall be like the coarse, work-a-day tissues of ordinary mortals. In one breath they will dispute the artist’s faithfulness to the ideal type in the lineaments of his abstractions and quarrel with him because the flesh-tints are not like those of the models of the studios. Homer would have set them right in this important particular. The Water-Nymphs were only inferior deities, but their fair bodies were certainly not built like those of thick-skinned mortals; from the very nature of their element they must have been even whiter and more delicate than the Dryades and Hamadryades for instance,—who probably partook somewhat of the coarse and rugged structure of their tree-bolls,—than grizzly Pluto, than Vulcan, or even than black-browed Mars. The wit of the painter can not set before him a more fantastic and charming substance to invent by means of his pigments than the flesh of these divinities of the seas and streams,—something that must have structure and solidity, and reveal the construction underneath, and bear a certain considerable resemblance to that with which we are familiar on our own bodies, and yet have upon it the stamp of a certain divinity. The conditions are not absolutely irreconcilable, but they are excessively difficult, and the number of men in the history of art who have mastered them may almost be counted on the fingers. Either the painter frankly gives up the task and copies as nearly as he may the tissues of the fairest subject that comes before him, or he goes completely astray and produces something that neither gods nor men can accept as supposable flesh. In either case his sin is pretty black; to give to silver-footed Thetis the bodily substance of a grisette is as bad as to give her the working-girl’s countenance; and yet, such are the requirements of art, the text from which the painter starts must be the ordinary tissues before him, and not a mere abstraction. The mere painting of such material bodies as we ourselves wear is already sufficiently difficult; that of taking these bodies and translating them into something similar and very much better is vastly more so. Hence the despairs, and the subterfuges, and the failures! Every great painter has had his own “method”—which is generally buried with him,—those of MM. Bouguereau and Henner, for instance, are still unlearned by all their *élèves* and followers; “Titian’s flesh” is one of the problems of the ages. The late Thomas Sully, in a brief monograph, unknown, we believe, to most readers, after narrating the process which he had adopted himself, gives the following interesting analysis of the method of flesh-painting employed by the great Fleming. “I inspected carefully the manner pursued



“THE FURNACE,” BY J. F. MILLET.



by Rubens in the conduct of a picture. The fairest flesh-tints were, in the high lights, Naples yellow and white, going off into shadow, by mixing with the neutral tint (composed of black, white and vermilion, or Indian red.) The next degree of shadow is of this neutral tint and Venetian red, and the darkest shade is a mixture of burnt umber and Venetian red. Over this are broken some tints of blue and white. The olive and white in the half-shadows, and the same with a burnt sienna hue. The Venetian red and white is broken here and there over the flesh, which gives a true effect. An arm had, in the finishing, some blue and white scumbled thinly over the light, and, while wet, some touches of Venetian red and white were broken into it, as on the elbow, wrist and fingers. The next degree of darker flesh had the broad light



N. DIAZ

of Venetian red and white going into shade by use of the olive tint; this, again, strengthened with Venetian red, for the half shade. The extreme dark shade in the flesh is of burnt umber and Venetian or Indian red. The first shade (the olive tint) is corrected with the neutral tint. Very dark flesh is of burnt brown ochre and white, for the broad tint; the high light of brown ochre and white. The half shade is of the olive tint, and the extreme dark of burnt umber and Indian red. In comparing the different works of Rubens I have seen in London and Paris, I could not detect in his method any toning over flesh." Of all the masters, it may be remarked, none were less troubled with any theory of distinguishing between the flesh of mortals and immortals than Peter Paul Rubens; Marie de Medicis and Juno, in the clouds above her, were painted with exactly the same scheme of colors.

Mr. Sully, in his little volume, has been at the trouble of collecting some data as to the methods employed by some of the great artists in solving this, the most difficult of their problems, and the diversity of opinions is worth recording. "Corregio," he says, "generally painted on a ground of pearly tint, composed of Indian red, black and white. Titian's grounds were usually of burnt umber and white, which is the nearest approach to the half-tint of nature. Rubens used a white ground, and his coloring, which is uncommonly rich, is like metal, compared with the truth and purity of Titian." And it may here be interjected, that one of the leaders of the modern French school, M. Bonnat, when he finds one of his pupils falling into the habit of painting "too gray," condemns him to a sitting at the Louvre for the purpose of copying a bit of Rubens' flesh as a speedy and efficacious remedy. "Sir Joshua Reynolds," continues Mr. Sully, "preferred using, for the first sitting for a portrait, only white, yellow, vermilion and black in the flesh. Sir Thomas Lawrence was accustomed to paint his common-size portraits placed in a broad, flat frame, painted yellow, which defended the edge of the canvas, and helped him to determine how much yellow should be in the picture. Lawrence oiled out the ground when proceeding with his work. He was very exact and particular with the outline; more so than any painter with whose process I am acquainted. . . . When I visited Washington Allston, in 1835, he mentioned, in the course of a conversation upon art, that his method in painting was much more simple than formerly. He had in a great degree banished *process*, finding it better to use the simplest means to produce an effect of color. He disapproved of using raw umber in flesh tints, (a color much used by me.) He preferred, as a shade-tint, a mixture of Indian red or vermilion, Antwerp blue or blue-black, and yellow ochre and









J. TISSOT, PINX.

G. BARRIE, PUBLISHER

TEN EXILES.



white. He never used Prussian blue. He employed Naples yellow in flesh, also Venetian red. After this conversation, I for some time abandoned the use of raw umber, but finally replaced it upon my palette, and have found no reason to regret it. . . . Benjamin West advised the use of Spanish brown, mixed with white, as a flesh-tint. By a sort of accident I have made use of it in one or two portraits, and have found it an excellent color. I believe it will not change. . . . In retouching flesh-tints, I find it better to prepare the surface by scumbling the lights and glazing the shadows, than by oiling the surface, since oiling where the new paint has not touched it will become yellow after a time. The practice of scumbling and glazing may often be repeated with advantage to the picture; it will give softness and depth of effect. Even the hair will be much improved in silkiness of texture by this treatment. Allston strenuously recommended solid painting in tinting flesh, especially for a large picture, to be seen at a distance. 'Paint,' said he, 'pure, decided tints; if they are too raw, you may correct them by scumbling. Glaze at pleasure.' Again he said: 'Never use brown drapery to a dark or yellow complexion; it will make it look like a snuff-bag.' He recommended me to use a very slight glazing or toning over every portrait I painted. Generally speaking, he thought asphaltum most fit for the purpose. Any opinion on the subject of painting, from Allston, is entitled to grave consideration. . . . Allston told me that his picture of 'Elijah in the Wilderness fed by Ravens,' (one of his best works,) was painted with colors ground in skimmed milk. After having advanced his work as far as he could with these means, he varnished with copal, and then finished with ordinary oil-colors."

By whatever process of alchemy M. Bouguereau has arrived at his undeniable skill, the fleshly substances with which he has clothed his Nereids appeal to us as, in all probability, something very like that which these pretty and gracious divinities actually wore in the ancient days of Hellas. Set against the gloom of the cavern, from which their little river issues, lit by a light falling from above, and framed on each side by the semi-obscurity of the forest, their pearly and translucent tints are a delight to the eye, and quite acceptable to the reason. The gloomy picturesqueness of their surroundings is in accord with classic tradition; it was only in the wildest and most romantic localities that they fixed their abode, on mountains and rocks, in woods and caverns; their grottoes were beautified by evergreens and delightful scenes. The sea-nymphs adorned their caves with shells and festoons of sea-weeds. The mountain nymphs were called Oreades; those who haunted hills and dales, *Napææ*. As to their immortality the Greeks differed; it was sometimes supposed that they were subject to death, like men, but only at the expiration of very long lapses of time. According to Hesiod they lived for several thousand years, and Plutarch seems to fix their span of existence at nine thousand seven hundred and twenty years. Hesiod gives their total number as above three thousand. Their worship was not attended with the same solemnity and dread as that of the superior divinities; no temples were raised in their honor, and the only offerings they received were milk, honey, oil, and sometimes the sacrifice of a goat. The only malign influence they seem to have exercised was that of afflicting with delirium whoever ventured to look upon them naked,—a fate which we cannot but wish for the interloper whom the painter has most unnecessarily introduced in the underwood. Homer, in the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*, has given us a list of the nymphs who accompanied Thetis when she came from the sea-depths to comfort Achilles,—*Nesæa*, mild and silver *Spio*, *Cymothoë* and *Cymodoce*, *Alia*, *Agave*, gentle, and *Amphithoë*, gay, the sisters *Callianira* and *Callanassa*, *Dexamene* the slow, and swift *Dynamene*, the black *Fanira* and *Fanassa* fair, and many others.

It is a very different light that falls on the painting by Tissot, "The Exiles" reproduced by our plate. It is necessary to traverse the lapse of time, and the still greater diversity of thought, between the two ages to find ourselves before these silent pedestrians, this still and sombre landscape, this gray sky, through which no sunshine breaks and which no wind shakes. The scene seems to symbolize to us



rather some troubled epoch in the life of humanity than some local incident of history of manners and customs. It is the time of the Middle-Ages from which the painter has drawn his theme,—that vast period of Change, and Faith, and Superstition,—of Travail, of Doubt, and of universal Swording. The world had outlived that earlier and ruder period when, to quote a historian, the poor man counted himself fortunate if he kept his life from day to day, the woman, her honor; but life was still full of great peril and greater uncertainty. The arm of the Church was everywhere, but so was the fighting—omnipresent even in peace; “*la Très-Bienheureuse Vierge Marie*” still interceded in Heaven, but Antichrist was surely coming,—to be born in the south of France, in Africa, in Flanders,—handsome and strong, with all his teeth at his birth. The Fiend was still a tangible and ever-dreaded foe; the spaces of the earth swarmed with “reasonable creatures, other than men,—Incubi and Succubi,—corporeal and spiritual at the same time, like us; living in the middle of us, being born and dying like us, like us redeemed by the merits of Jesus Christ and capable of salvation or of damnation.” In the cities there were to be encountered not rarely, even in the most frequented streets, in the most swarming and most deafening market-places, right in the middle of all, under the feet of the horses, under the wheels of the cars, a cave, a pit, a cell walled and railed up, at the bottom of which lay in prayer, night and day, a human being, voluntarily devoted to some grand expiation, to some eternal penance. But the world was not even then all gloom; there was still youth and laughter,—even in A. D. 1300, when Cimabue had died and Dante had gone down a second time into his Inferno. Over the recluses and among the spectres flashed fair faces and shining costumes, “bailiffs, aldermen, échevins, burgomasters, burgomasters’ wives, aldermen; all upright, grave, starched, holiday-suited in velvet and damask, cowed with bonnets of black velvet, embroidered with great tufts of golden thread, from Cyprus; figures severe and worthy, of the family of those whom Rembrandt lights up so strong and so grave on the dark background of his *Ronde de nuit*; personages like those who carried, as if written on their foreheads, the boast that Maximilian of Austria had had good reason ‘*de se confier à plain*,’ as said his manifesto, ‘*en leur sens, vaillance, expérience, loyaultez et bonnes preudomies*.’” But in all this serious, picturesque and varied world it is the gravity that appeals to Tissot, and, perhaps unconsciously, tempers his colors. Indeed, of the handful of modern French artists who find their inspiration in the so-called “Dark Ages,” it is almost possible to epitomize in one word the characteristic of the epoch that appeals to each,—to Tissot the seriousness, to Roybet the color, to Garnier the cruelty or the coarseness, to Leloir the fête-days, to Gués the romance, to Villa the *genre*, and to Florent Willems—the white satin! The scene of “The Exiles,” as indicated by the plate, carries our thoughts to those dark times when thought was not free, but when the Pope, through his crowned vassal, the king, undertook to regulate the conscience and the opinion of the subject. The quaint, heavy garments and the type of faces of these melancholy promenaders are indeed of a troubled time,—when whole country-sides were depopulated and the roads filled with expatriated subjects leaving the scenes that would never meet their fond eyes again. It is a phase of the endless cruelty of religious persecution. The sorrowing lovers who head the procession have yet some comfort in each other and in their youth; the world is only gray, not black, so long as his arm is around her and her head on his shoulder; but to the aged parents who toil after them the bitterness of their exile is well-nigh hopeless. Their costumes show them to be personages of importance, and, these cultivated lands which they now traverse for the last time are probably their own. The very hound seems impressed by the gravity of the occasion and walks sedately in front of his master; only the children—too young as yet to comprehend—look around them or stop to gather the wayside flowers. In the distant field a bare-legged serf stoops over the furrowed ground, and the gray poodle peers at him curiously over the low stone wall. The gray, sombre, mediæval note of the whole scene is sustained throughout, and gives the painting its high artistic value.









ET BLANCHARD. PINX.

C. BARRIE, PUBLISHER

HYLAS AND THE WATER NYMPHS.



The painter, J. Tissot, though English by residence and Flemish in his painting, is truly a Frenchman, born at Nantes, and a pupil of Hippolyte Flandrin and of L. Lamothe. He has been said to have drawn his inspiration from Baron Henri Leys, the true antiquarian, whose four compositions in fresco, in the great hall of the Antwerp Hôtel de Ville, seem actually a vision of the magistral splendors of Memling and Van Eyck, and transport us, in thought, to the times of the Reformation, when seeing, in this grave, municipal building, the "Burgomaster Lancelot Van Ursel Haranguing the City Guard," or the



BARON HENRI LEYS.

"Archduke Charles taking the Oath before the Municipality of Antwerp,"—subjects so identified with epochs in the history of the Protestant cause in the sixteenth century. Inspired, perhaps, by the scholarly productions of Baron Leys, inspired also by the naive effects in the early missal-paintings, Tissot has acquired the gift of forgetting the nineteenth century in a reverie of the past. In the Luxembourg gallery hangs his *Faust and Marguerite*, which was transported there from the Salon of 1861,—a great honor to the young artist, as he did not receive his first medal till five years afterward. After constituting himself one of the best "mediævalists" in France, Tissot left his native country at the time of the Franco-Prussian war to establish himself in London. His reception in the British capital was enthusiastic, and he has captured the suffrages of his English hosts by a series of remarkable etchings, as true to the actualities around him as his earliest studies in that other expatriation of his—the Past.

Our plate of "*Hylas and the Water-Nymphs*" is from the large painting in the Luxembourg palace, by Edouard Théophile Blanchard; it was the last picture he sent from Rome, and exhibited in the Salon of 1874, obtaining for him a first-class medal,—the crowning honor of his studies as pupil of the



Beaux-Arts. The painter was born in 1843, and died suddenly, in the flower of his age, like his friend Henri Regnault, Giraud, and so many others. "Whom the gods love, die young!" quotes his biographer;—"wise saying of the old man, who, having known the first joys and the bitter ending of existence, and having struck the balance, places among the happy ones only those who have tasted the cup of life and



H. REGNAULT.

have not had time to drain it to the bottom. How great soever may be the profound weariness of all things earthly betrayed by this despairing cry, we can not stop our ears to it, for it is the cry of the human. It is the Dead Sea fruit of human wisdom; it is the last word of worldly experience; the day of our death is better than the day of our birth!" The works which this painter left behind him indicate a talent much beyond that usually given to men, and may serve as an indication of the still greater ones that he might have accomplished had not a cruel fate suddenly ended all his aspirations. But the wisdom of the sage may be applicable to him also, and his fame may only have been augmented by the early termination of his career.

The grandfather of the artist was also a painter; his father was a distinguished engraver, who reproduced in the course of his life the greater part of the works of Ary Scheffer, Delacroix, and other masters of the Romantic school. The young Blanchard entered the

school of the Beaux-Arts—in the atelier of Cabanel—on his leaving college, in 1862. There he met, for the first time, Henri Regnault, and the friendship which soon grew up between them endured for life, with a faithfulness sufficiently rare among men, and still more so among artists and possible rivals. Both young men were among the most brilliant pupils of the Government School. In 1868 Blanchard carried off the *Grand prix*, with "The Death of Astyanax," which opened for him the way to Italy. On his road to Rome he stopped at Florence, where he was profoundly impressed with the works of the Renaissance, which crowd this sanctuary of art,—with Masaccio, and Donatello, and Michael Angelo. But the austerity of the Florentine genius was not so much in accord with his artistic temperament as the sumptuousness and color of the Venetian school, and in the city of the Doges he subsequently fixed his abode. In Rome he experienced a serious illness, and was obliged to seek his convalescence in Naples, after which he returned to the villa Médicis. A study of a nude figure sent to Paris obtained at the Salon a second-class medal, and he afterwards exposed an "Odalisque Playing with a Serpent." A residence in Rome is not obligatory upon the pupils of the villa Médicis, and Blanchard, who knew Florence, Naples and the Eternal City, preferred to set up his studio in Venice, where he remained for a considerable length of time,—“not only in order to complete with scrupulous care his copy of Carpaccio, but also to enable him to study profoundly the art of the Venetians. His temperament as a colorist rendered him somewhat unsympathetic with the masculine simplicity of the Florentines and the Romans; he felt himself much more at his ease before the great magicians of Venice,—before Paul Veronese and Titian. He comprehended painting as they had done,—a sparkling fête, a splendid feast of color; gold, silks, brocades; the young patricians in their draperies of satin and gold; the *patriciennes* with their blonde tresses and their robes the color of the skies; the festivals in the palaces of red marble; the barks full of musicians, trailing in the water their hammer-cloths of rose-colored silk; the departure of the Bucentaur; the return



of the victorious admirals; the Doges; the Inquisitors of State in their long mantles of velvet,—all of this multitude rustling, sparkling, in the blaze of the most brilliant sun and of the most limpid azure that the imagination of a painter has ever dreamed of. This vision of the Venetian splendors haunted him always. In all his pictures may be found this supreme skill of the brush, this burst of color which Venice alone has known. The same draperies rustling with light, the same transparent carnations, the same luminous shadows, the same gaiety, the same enthusiastic love of this joyous beauty. To speak truly, he was himself a Venetian."

But the fatal war of 1870 opened; the news of the first French defeats and of the German invasion reached the painter in the midst of his work, and, like Théophile Gautier and Regnault, he hastened to Paris and enrolled himself among her defenders. Notwithstanding his delicate constitution he bore his share in all the hardships of the siege; and the final capitulation found him mourning the death of his friend Regnault. The vivacious biographer, from whom we have obtained these details of the painter's life, burning with patriotism and with grief, thus inveighs against the hated invader in combatting whom Regnault fell;—"Germany, which is of all the countries of the world, that in which the most is written on Art, on the Beautiful, killed thus, with her last shot, this rare painter, whose equal she certainly never possessed. For the French school the loss was indeed a great one, but one easily repaired. In Germany such an artist would have been a precious glory; a radical difference between the nation which *reasons* about chefs-d'œuvre and the nation which *produces* them!"

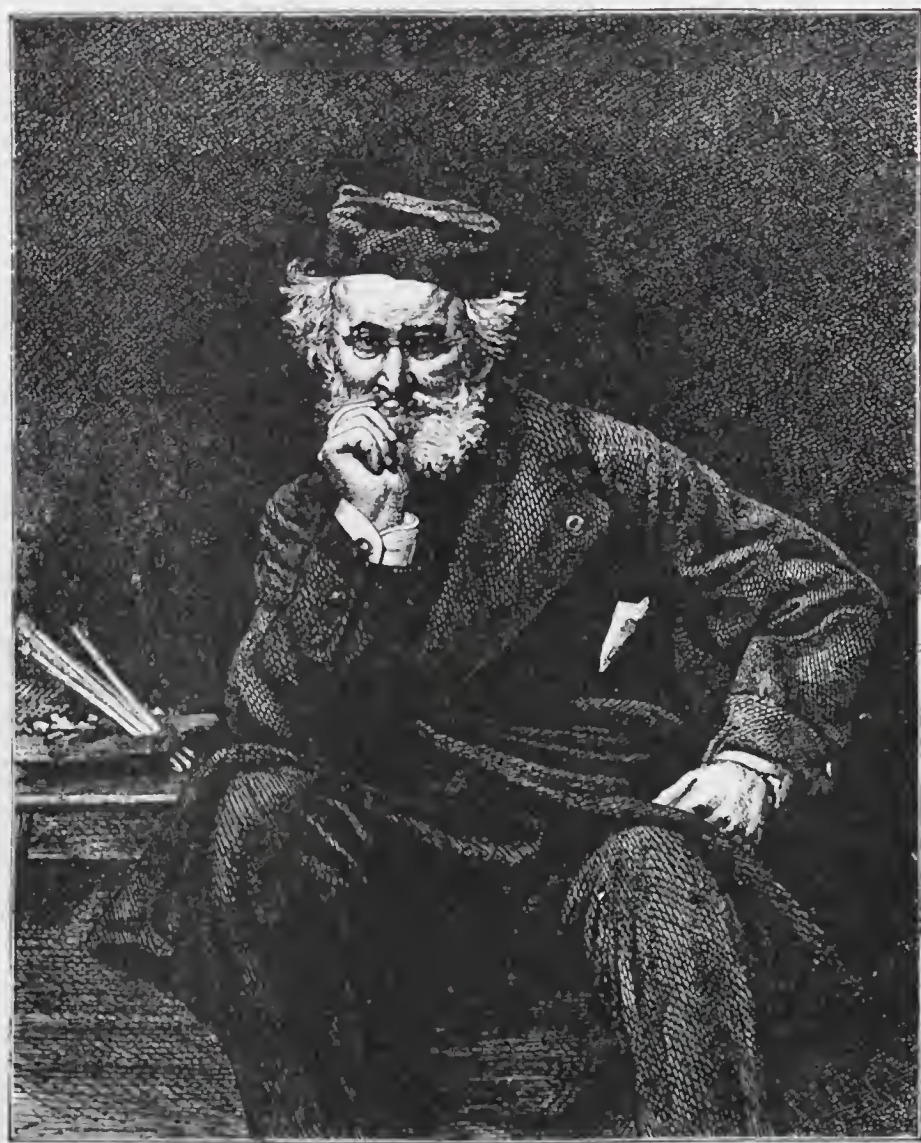
After the siege Blanchard resumed his brushes, and sent to the following Salon "*La Cortigiana*,"—a painting in which he sought to depict the type of all that is perfidious and dangerous in feminine beauty, and which met with a great success. At the Exposition of 1878 he was represented by the "*Chanteurs Florentins*," and at the Salon of the same year by "*The Buffoon*," in which the court-fool, humpbacked and ugly, sits at the foot of the bed of a *grande dame*, who, in her perfect contempt, does not care to cover herself, and laughs idly at him as she does at the butterfly that flutters over her head. In the deformed breast of this Triboulet, however, beats the heart of a man who loves hopelessly, and the hideous grotesqueness of his situation was that which the painter sought to render. Possibly the idea was too subtle to be appreciated by the multitude; but the painting was not received with that approbation which the artist had hoped for,—a disappointment which, however, was more than forgotten in the happy marriage which united him to a daughter of Mme. Naptal-Arnault, one of the most estimable ornaments of the French stage. Blanchard's portraits, of which he only executed a few, are among the best of his works, and the painting upon which he was engaged when the sudden hand of death interrupted him was a "*Francesca de Rimini*," which he destined for the ensuing Salon, and for which, like a true Frenchman, he found his inspiration, not in Dante, but in the "*Souvenir*" of Alfred de Musset. Like his compatriot he sought to dispute the saying of the great Florentine, that the worst of miseries is the remembrance of happier days; and this last painting remains, like a type of his own life, brilliantly commenced but lacking the final signature.

His picture of "*Hylas Entraîné par les Nymphes*," in spite of certain faults of composition, is one of the principal ornaments of the Luxembourg gallery. The figures are of the size of life; the son of Thiodamas, stretched at full length on the river bank, in a posture full of naturalness if not of grace, sustains himself by one hand clutching the tree-trunk and with the other lowers his brass amphora into the stream. The thirsty crew of the ship *Argo* have landed on the Asiatic coast, and Hylas, the beloved of Hercules, has been sent to find a supply of fresh water,—a quest from which he never returns. As he stoops over to fill his vessel the river Naiads, enamored of his beauty, rise slowly to the surface and emerge from under the reeds; one lifts her moist finger-tips mockingly to his mouth; one, lying indolently on the surface of the water, hinders his occupation with her arm. A third, full of an eager curiosity,



breasts her way among the water-weeds to see this new-comer from the outer world of men. Alas for Hercules, the youth he stole from his royal parents of Mysia shall be stolen from him in turn, for many days and nights, abandoning the Argonauts, filling the woods and mountains with his complaints, shall the strong man seek in vain his lost friend! Though beloved of the gods Hylas was but mortal, and what mortal could resist the entreaties of these fair, pale divinities. Forgetting Colchis and the Golden Fleece, forgetting his friends and his distant home, he lends his ear to their soft words and follows them to their sea-green homes forever under the flowing stream. Happy days when the world was young, and when lost youths were not drowned but drawn away by the water-nymphs!

In this painting Blanchard has not been led astray by his passion for the splendor of Venetian color; the light that falls on this sylvan scene is not the blazing one of the Adriatic but a softer and more tempered one, fit to fall through the immemorial foliage of mythology. The bodies of the Naiads, a little fairer than those of mortal bathers, are yet not so white and translucent as Bouguereau would have



LÉON COGNIET, FROM A PAINTING BY L. J. F. BONNAT.

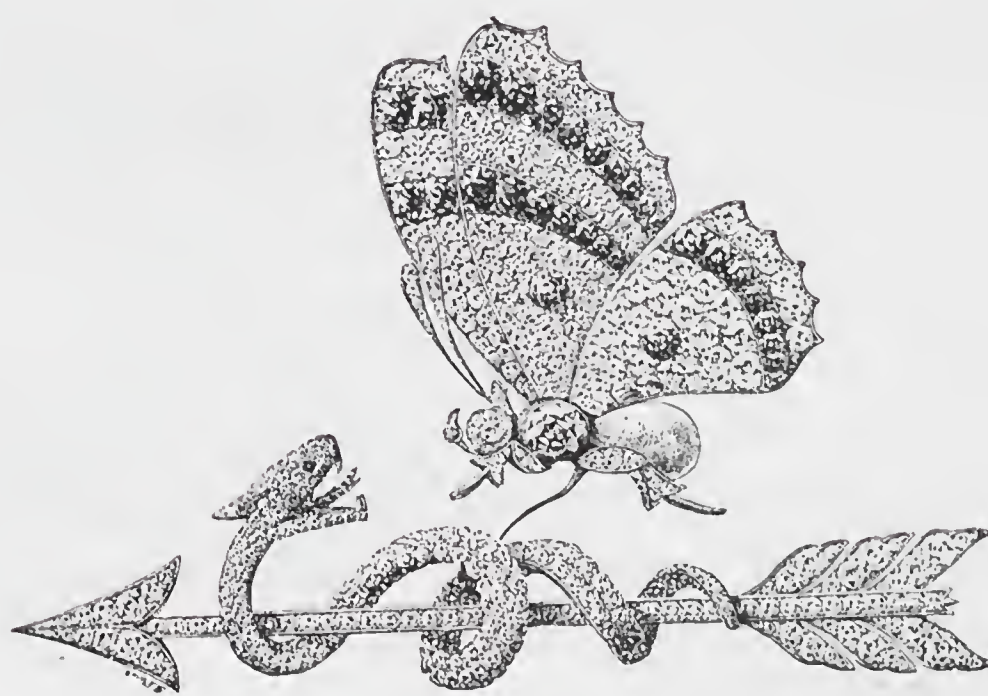
made them, and there is less search for ideal grace in their gestures and faces. Hylas himself is quite brown-skinned and human, and his stretching, foreshortened figure is drawn with great ability, though it is somewhat disagreeably cut in two by the rather unnecessary drapery across his loins. There is a great feeling of truth to nature in the details of the foreground, and in the distant vista of the stream, seen under the leafage of the great tree which shadows the figures. The whole scene is chaste and elegant and somewhat repressed,—possibly a little bloodless, and sufficiently discreet,—which is the poetical and refined method of telling the poetical and pretty story. William Morris would have accepted this rendering of the idyl. There are many ways of painting mythology, and our inclinations are disposed to favor the method employed by this painter. As an instance of one of the most opposite of possible styles we might take that of Diaz, whose Venuses, Cupids and Dianas, set under the leafy shades of his wood of

Fontainebleau, have a charm of their own, a beauty of light and color, that, however, does not quite compensate for their lack of character and originality,—for their almost total lack of design. It is, perhaps, scarcely worth the while of the critic to quarrel with an artist who paints a Greek theme without any thought of making it Greek,—or, rather, who applies his classic titles indiscriminately to most unclassic work;—the list of offenders in this respect is far too long, and embraces too many of the great names. But the quantity is none the less false though the line is Homer's. He is, however, fully entitled to raise his professional protest against those painters who sacrifice everything to color, who are content to abandon design, technique and truth to nature for the sake of sumptuous hues. And French painters are often among the greatest sinners in this respect, as French critics are often iniquitously disposed to condone the offense. It is not enough that Diaz, for instance,—since we have chanced upon his name,—depicts an Aphrodite that never saw the seas of Hellas, but he is also content to fashion her after such an amateur fashion that she could never move nor walk on any sea or any land. And the complacent French critic,—seeing the renown of his national school in question,—lifts up his



voice in adulation before this native divinity "*baignée d'ombres vaporeuses*, odorous like roses of a thousand perfumes; resembling certain of the figures of Correggio and Prud'hon!" Correggio and Prud'hon! Fortunately, the great school of the Beaux-Arts—which so many of these modern gentlemen are pleased to exclaim against for its slavish adherence to academic tradition—still regards it as the unforgivable sin to draw badly; and in very many of the private ateliers this same creed is inflexibly maintained. If America is ever to have a national school worthy of her name let us hope that it may be founded on this immovable rock!

One of the founders of the modern French school, Léon Cogniet, has been visibly brought to the memory of the present generation by the presentation of his portrait, painted by one of the most illustrious of his pupils, Bonnat. Professor of Drawing at the Lyceum of Louis-le-Grand and at the Polytechnic School, Member of the Superior Council of l'École des Beaux-Arts, Officer of the Legion of Honor in 1846, Member of the Institute in 1849, Grand Prix de Rome in 1817, First-class Medal in 1855,—the old man died full of years and honors, and his aged, alert, owl-like aspect, lends itself readily to the vigorous painting of his *élève*. When the young Bonnat was recalled to France by the death of his father, Madrazo, in whose atelier he had commenced his studies, advised him to continue them in Paris under Cogniet; and when, fifteen years later, M. Hébert was named director of the school at Rome in place of Robert-Fleury, his pupils chose Bonnat to continue this atelier founded by Cogniet. Fifteen years after this, Bonnat succeeded to Cogniet himself. The picture by which the old artist is, perhaps, best known in this country, by means of reproductions, is that of "Tintoretto Painting his Dead Daughter," executed in 1845, and now in the Museum of Bordeaux. "Marius on the Ruins of Carthage," and "The Murder of the Innocents," both exhibited in 1824, first established his reputation, and the first was purchased by the Government as was also "Numa." Two or three of his battle-pictures are in the galleries of Versailles; a "St. Stephen Bearing Relief to a Poor Family" is in the Church of St. Nicholas-des-Champs. He also decorated a ceiling at the Louvre and a chapel at the Madeleine.





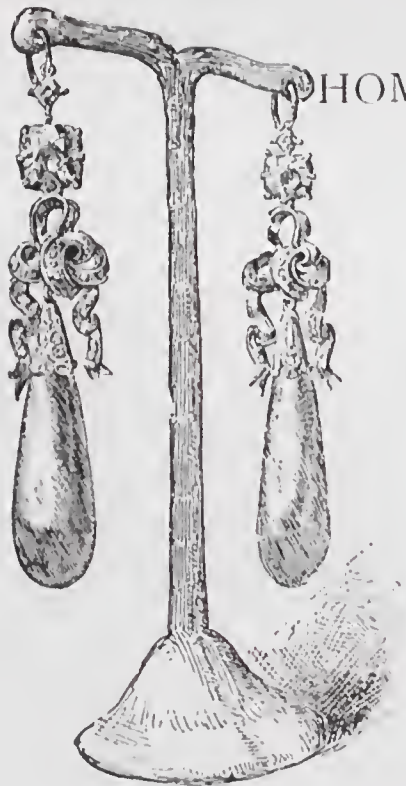


THE LUST OF GOLD.

[BY THOMAS COUTURE.]

## THE LUST OF GOLD.

BY THOMAS COUTURE.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY C. GAILLO.

THOMAS COUTURE, known to all the world as the painter of the "Decadence of the Romans," in the Luxembourg Gallery, may also be classed among those masters of that school already called old, and which seems to us much more distant in point of time than it really is. Couture only died in 1879, at the age of sixty-four. The two wood-cuts which we engrave from his paintings illustrate his teaching by means of parables, and his fondness for allegory, which he was original enough to clothe often in purely modern types. "The Lust of Gold" is a parable of the good old-fashioned kind; to this sordid old money-changer, the dispenser of tangible riches, come all classes of humanity, offering all they have in exchange for his shining metal,—the maidens, their beauty; the poet, his pen; the warrior, his sword. A touch of sympathy has made the painter soften his sarcasm by the visible reluctance and sadness with which some of these poor mortals make their proffer, by hidden faces and gestures of despair. Behind this Plutus stands the fiend, in the flesh, and with his immemorial grin of triumph. "Pierrot's Duel," on the contrary, is a more subtle satire and one fashioned with more modern images. It is one of the long series of adventures of this unlucky hero of Italian pantomime, whom the painter has appointed his whipping-boy and on whose shoulders he vents his spleen at modern society. Many of the most important of these paintings, are owned in this country. Mr. C. P. Huntington, of New York, possesses the "Trial of Pierrot;" his friend, D. O. Mills, guards the "Pierrot and Harlequin Reading the Moniteur;" and Mr. Robert Hoe, Sr., of New York, is owner of a passage of the same drama, slightly modified,—one of the lawyers of Pierrot's trial hurrying to court, followed by his clients in the guise of plucked chickens. In the duel scene, which we reproduce, poor Pierrot has been challenged to mortal combat, and not even Bob Acres found himself on the field of honor more unwillingly. Fortunately his adversary—to





A SWISS GIRL.  
FROM THE PAINTING BY L. J. R. COLLIN.







whom Harlequin is appointed second—has evidently no greater stomach for the fray than the hero himself. Limp and knock-kneed, the starch vanished from his linen apparel as his audacity has from his little soul, he stands, with his hands behind him, unwilling even to touch the weapon offered him and with a lugubrious look upon his countenance. The truculent bravo who acts as his second explains to him the use of his fighting sword,—of a most terrifying length,—and another friend, an absurd Indian chief, in a great coat and with English whiskers, looks anxiously on. Notwithstanding the secluded bit of woodland in which this meeting takes place the result will probably be as bloodless as though it were before their accustomed footlights. It is probable that Couture retained a sneaking liking for his chalk-faced hero, and did not quite accept him as the hopeless knave into whom the French stage has developed him. Originally Pierrot was but a very insignificant personage of the Italian comedy, or, rather, of the burlesque scenes. His costume was very nearly that of the “Giles” of Watteau,—broad hat “à la Colin,” white frock, loose pantaloons, white pumps;—his character was judiciously balanced between garrulity and silli-



“PIERROT'S DUEL,” BY THOMAS COUTURE.

ness. He was the valet of the handsome Leander, the go-between in his amours with Isabella. He held the principal rôle in certain small dramas, like the “Pierrot Romulus” of La Sage,—a parody on the “Romulus” of Lamothe; and he even appeared at the Opéra Comique in the “Tableau Parlant” of Grétry. But this prattling Pierrot of the ancient theatre was a very different personage from the terrible pantomime of the Funambules; the old type disappeared to give place to a new creation, the work of a master. Gaspard Deburau, and, after him, Paul Legrand and Charles Deburau, were the originators of this character, which seems to have found no worthy interpreters since their day. In this modern transformation Pierrot is no longer either simpleton or babbler, he is the knave, the insolent, the poltroon, the gourmand, the thief,—he has all the vices and is capable of all the crimes. He has neither friend, wife nor mistress, he is not even capable of entertaining an honest emotion. If his master is killed by Harlequin he profits by the occasion to cuff his inanimate form, for, servile as he is before those whom he fears, he delights to triumph over those who are fallen. He has preserved of the costume of Giles the white jacket with great buttons, the large pantaloons and the slippers; but he has replaced the chapeau à la Colin by a black skull-cap, which makes his ears stand out from his head like the handles



of a vase. No emotion ever betrays itself upon his whitened visage, and it is only by a suppressed gesture, by a movement of the mouth or a contraction of the eyebrows that the actors who have excelled in this part permitted Pierrot to express his covetousness and his passions. Pale, thin and famished, he circulates through all the action of the drama, careless in appearance but committing all his knaveries in an underhanded manner. Harlequin, Columbine, Cassandra, agitate themselves around him to effect their escape from situations always more or less critical; as to him, he is exercised solely to ascertain whether he can safely or not steal the pastry. Charles Nodier, Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, and Champfleury have not disdained to study this truly original type, as created by Deburau; Gautier even wrote a brilliant *pochade* to illustrate its capabilities, *Pierrot posthume*; Champfleury composed for Deburau and Paul Legrand a number of pantomimes, of which the best three are "Pierrot in Africa," "Pierrot the Valet of Death," and "Pierrot Hanged."

The year before Couture's death was marked by the extinguishment of another light in the galaxy of modern painters, and one that, unlike Couture's, went out early. Jaroslav Cermak was born in Prague, August 1, 1831, and buried in the Olsany Cemetery, in the same city, forty-seven years afterward. He was one of the most distinguished of that small band of painters whose Slavic blood burned with the traditional hatred of their Turkish neighbors and who have devoted their brilliant talents to portraying the atrocities of Turkish war. One of the noblest examples of Cermak's indignant compositions is in this country,—the "Episode in the Massacre of Syria,"—in the collection of Mr. T. A. Havemeyer, of New York. In 1873 he exhibited, at the Paris Salon, "An Episode of the War in Montenegro, 1862;" in 1876, "An Episode of the Siege of Naumbourg;" in 1877, a very effective and dramatic scene, "Herzegovinians Returning to their Village and finding it Ravaged by Bashi-Bazouks, the Cemetery Desecrated and the Church Destroyed." At the great Exposition, in 1878, he was represented by a "Dalmatian Chieftain Mortally Wounded," and by the "Herzegovinians Returning." The painter received a careful education and commenced his art studies in 1847 in the Art Academy of Prague, under the direction of Ruben. Later he devoted three years to traveling in Germany and Belgium, and entered the Academy at Antwerp, under Baron Wappers. Gallait was attracted by the evidences of the young man's talent and invited him to work in his own atelier. Soon after he was awarded a prize in his native city for a drawing, "Hussites Invading the Council of Bâle with Prakop;" but this Protestant theme was offensive to some of the Catholic citizens of Prague and the cartoon was found one day torn and disfigured. Disgusted by this outrage Cermak renounced historical art and devoted himself to that class of subjects in which he afterwards acquired his fame. The picturesque costumes and manners of the Slavic populations of Hungary, Moravia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia and Montenegro served to illustrate his glowing canvases, and when, going to Paris in 1868, he began to exhibit his Danubian subjects, his success was rapid. His summers he was in the habit of spending in the little Brittany town of Roskoff, Department of Finistère. His studio in the capital was filled with the trophies of an enlightened collectorship, and his care for the details of his art amounted to almost a piety. He did not hesitate to make a fire of carved wood-work and furniture,—living for days in the half-extinguished fume and smoke of the embers,—in order to represent such a subject in his Herzegovinian pictures; and when he wished to make a study of a cannon he had the heavy gun hauled bodily into his studio. Like Meissonier he adopted the habit of modeling in wax the horses that were to be painted on his canvas. At his early death—deeply felt in his native country and in that of his adoption—he left generous bequests for the furtherance of popular education, and for the endowment of a life-saving company on the coasts of his favorite Brittany.

The famous Belgian painter, Louis Gallait, is chiefly known in the United States by a popular line-engraving of "Alva Viewing the Bodies of Counts Egmont and Horn;" by a water-color repetition, in small, from his own hand, of the same subject, in the collection of Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore;



by another replica, in oil, of his "Oubli des Douleurs," in the same gallery; by two of his "Oath of Vargas," and "Jeanne la Folle," in that of Mr. August Belmont, and by his "Dying Minstrel," a small picture, in that of Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe. Count Lamoral of Egmont and Philip of Montmorency, Count of Horn,—those distinguished victims of the Protestant cause in the Netherlands, murdered by the bloody Duke under the forms of justice,—have been favorite subjects of this painter. Besides these two representations of their dead stateliness, he exhibited at the International Exhibition, in 1862,



LOUIS GALLAIT.

the "Last Moments of Count Egmont," now in the Royal Museum at Berlin, and he also painted "Counts Egmont and Horn Listening to the Sentence of Death." At the Latham sale in New York, in 1878, his "Columbus in Prison" sold for a large price. The original of the "Oath of Vargas"—the sinister priest who was the familiar of the Duke of Alva—was among the treasures dispersed at the late San Donato sale. In another work we have already spoken of this painter's somewhat artificial and dramatic, but effective, style—of the old school of Delaroche and M. Scribe—and of his partiality for mournful scenes, but his fame rests on an enduring basis and the list of his honors is a long one. He was born at Tournay, in 1810, studied at the Academy of his native city, under Celsthue, and in the



atelier of Hennequin. He took his first prize at Ghent for "Christ and the Pharisees," and then went to the Academy of Antwerp. His native city bought his "Christ Restoring Sight to the Blind Man," placed it in the Cathedral, and granted to the painter a sum of money to enable him to study in Paris, where he went, about 1834, and placed himself under the instructions of Delaroche. "The Beggars," exhibited there about this time, was bought for the Museum of Liege; in 1836 he sent to Brussels "Montaigne Visiting Tasso in Prison," one of his best works, which was bought by the King of Belgium, who also purchased, in 1848, his "Temptation of St. Anthony." The Queen of Holland acquired "Queen Joanna Uncovering the Face of Her Dead Husband;" the French Government commissioned him to paint the "Battle of Cassel" for the Gallery at Versailles. It is said that while he was painting "The Plague at Tournay" the Belgian Government offered him £5000 for it. Among his later works he has been engaged in decorating the Belgian Senate Chamber with fifteen historical portraits, on gold grounds, of eminent warriors, legislators and patrons of arts and letters. In 1862 he visited London and was received at a public banquet by his English admirers.



"THE EVE OF ST. JOHN," BY JOSEF ISRAËLS.

A more sombre talent is that of the Dutch painter Josef Israëls, so well known by his works exhibited in the Paris Salons, as well as in the galleries of Brussels, Rotterdam and London. It is not the horrors of war that inspire his brush, but the sorrows of peace, the heavy burdens of the life of the poor. "He has not the careless, humorous spirit of Blès," says a French critic, "but he is so good, so human, so melancholy, with a bit of sentimentality! He humanizes color; it speaks, under his brush, the language of suffering things. He loves the mean, smoked houses,—the sombre cabins of fishermen, the hearth with its black calcinations, the humble men. He draws effects from piles of old bricks and rags, from illuminated obscurities, from cellars lighted with thready rays, and from doubtful tones, a little heavy, but expressive and suited to painting." At the Paris Exposition of 1878 he exhibited "Alone in the World," "The Poor of the Village," "The Dinner of the Cobblers," and "The Anniversary;" of which the three later were owned in England. In the scene which our wood-cut reproduces the occasion is more cheerful; the careful mother of these attentive children is preparing the pudding for the great midsummer festival of mediæval Christendom,—the Eve of St. John,—when fires were kindled in all the









THE SLAVE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LOUIS LELOIR.



streets and market-places, to be leaped over by the young people and to be fed with garlands and flowers, and when, in the night-time, the soul of every sleeper left the body to journey over sea and land to the spot where death should finally separate it from the tenement of clay. Israël was born at Amsterdam in 1824, and studied there under Kruseman, and in Paris under Picot. He resided for some years in the former city, but now lives at The Hague. He received a medal at the Philadelphia Exhibition, and is Chevalier of the Order of Léopold and of the Legion of Honor. He has also, occasionally, essayed historical subjects, as in his "William, Prince of Orange, Opposing for the first time the Decree of the King of Spain," exhibited in Paris in 1855, and received with much favor.

Alfred Stevens, the Belgian painter, though born in Brussels as far back as 1828, is essentially an artist of the present day, a modern of the moderns. He has known how to change his style and to abandon his earlier, richer, and, perhaps, more conscientious method for the elegant, sensitive, cleverness with which he portrays so well the woman of the nineteenth century. Pupil of Navez, in Belgium, and of Roqueplan, in Paris, he was for a period considerably under the influence of the manner of his friend Baron Leys; but the mediæval themes of the latter tempted for only the briefest of periods this sympathetic painter of *Parisiennes*. His innumerable pictures are of surprisingly even merit, though they belong, in reality, to the schools of two countries. He has exhibited in Brussels and Paris since 1849; he sent eighteen pictures to the Exposition of 1867, and received a second-class medal for his first Salon exhibit, that of 1853. After this date he devoted himself exclusively to his modern themes, believing with Paul Veronese that it is doing not only artistic work, but historical, to paint the costumes of your own times; and with Goethe that life is "eternally feminine." A French journalist relates an incident of a journey he took in company with the painter, from Paris to Brussels, in January, 1873; the railway train was thrown from the track,—“as is not infrequent on the Belgian lines,”—three of the carriages were destroyed, and one of the employees was carried out, mortally wounded, from under the baggage-car.



ALFRED STEVENS.

No physicians appeared to be on the train; the unfortunate man was laid on the ground without any care of relieving his dying agony, until a lady passenger, young, and richly dressed, came forward and, kneeling beside him in the snow, bravely attempted to stanch his dreadful wounds with her lace handkerchief dipped in a little water. Stevens, though his own face was scarred with broken glass, made a rapid sketch of the group and said to his friend: "There does not exist a painter capable of imagining a more moving picture than that,—that charming woman kneeling by the workman covered with blood. And there are those who prefer to paint 'Clovis at the Battle of Tolbiac!'"

Louis Leloir is a born Parisian, and is of a family of painters, having been the pupil of his father, Jean Baptiste Auguste, and instructor in turn to his brother Maurice. The father, a pupil of Picot, was a painter of "the grand style," and his decorative frescoes may be seen in some of the principal churches of Paris and Belleville. His two sons have taken to lighter themes, and Louis is known as much by his water-colors as by his graver paintings in oil. "The Slave," from which our wood-cut is taken, was exhibited in 1874, and is similar in subject to a picture by Regnault. The *brutality* of the Orient has never been more vividly portrayed,—it is almost a breach of good manners to contemplate this harem interior, this fat and beastly master grinning at the helplessness of his slave. But this disquieting strain is unusual with the artist, and in his *aquarelles* especially he gives vein to a lightness and grace of invention that seems especially adapted to his subjects of gallantry and ornament,—to his capricious conceptions, light dreams and pretty allegories "that give delight and hurt not."





THE KNITTING-SCHOOL.

[FROM A PAINTING BY G. HENKES.]

## THE KNITTING-SCHOOL.

BY G. HENKES.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY G. ROCHEGROSSE.

R. HENKES gives us the quiet local character, with its intense but decorous comicality, of his own land; he is a resident of The Hague. Another painter of the Low Countries, Mr. Bakker-korff, depicts nothing but his old aunts. Having the good fortune to possess a pair of aunts who were perfect mines of fun in their whimsical ways, he painted them assiduously as long as they could be kept alive; he painted them drinking tea, enclosed in the folds of an old Indian screen; he painted them nursing cats; he painted them knitting; he painted them (blushing as he did so) in the act of divesting themselves for bed; he painted them putting on coal-scuttle bonnets, adorned with enormous bows; he painted them pouring confidences into each other's sympathetic ears; he painted them direfully quarreling. In all of his subjects these farcical aunts, in their tremendous self-complacency, their ignorance of the age, their narrowness, their little world of creature-comforts, were the star actresses; he exhausted in their persons the whole drama of the Comic Aunt. He kept them alive as long as he could,—for they were his sole fortune. But at last, as a queer fish will when kept in an aquarium, as the *rara avis* when preserved in the aviary, these invaluable beings forsook a world not good enough for them. But even then the good they had done lived after them, for they left to Bakker-korff their wardrobes, furniture and china, and his studio is set up with bric-à-brac forever.

Bakker-korff, still painting his aunts' costumes, but on disadvantageous lay-figures or hired models, can no longer keep up his exquisite comedy of character. But his compatriot, Henkes, has found, in the type of his knitting-school mistress, a physiognomy of humor all bright, alive, alert, and apparently unsusceptible to death. She seems to be immemorially old, this mistress of seam and snarl and toeing-off and narrowing and heeling. The glare from her white spectacles is desperately calm, good-natured, and tireless. Her hollow cheeks themselves are watchful, as if they had speculative orbits in them, like a



death's-head. The bridling up of her chin has a world of character in it. She will never get out of patience, you can see, but she will implacably, cheerfully, tirelessly and successfully hold those wretched little girls to their work, until her own idea of a day's task is done. She is the Sarah Battle of an endless game, which in her case is not whist but twist. The incessant flying out of her forefinger, with a loop of thread on it has become chronic; it probably works even in her sleep. She has become lean at it. Her knuckles are sharp as pegs; her arm looks and works like a sort of flail; her body is as flat as a violin; and her venerable legs—it is painful to think how much like knitting-needles they must have become. Altogether this thoroughly alive old lady is a gem of price—none the less valuable in the world of art that she would not be very fascinating, perhaps, to live with. Thanks, worthy Mr. Henkes, for this venerable crockery image of a true Dutch *lang lizen*.



## THE TREACHEROUS HORSE.

BY E. BERNE-BELLECOUR.



INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY SIMON DURAND.

RIDE, says Sancho Panza, or Falstaff, or Jeremy Taylor, goeth before a fall. He had ridden out for a day's sport,—the old country gentleman,—vain of his bay hunter, of his dogs, and of himself. His experience, was it not that of fifty years? The country, was it not delightful to cross, with its variety of thickets, and hedges, and ditches, and sunken roads,—its downs covered with broom and scrub? Alas! how soon is pride turned to humiliation! Fate has been against the boastful horseman. The bay has shied at a hedge, and has earned his liberty by declining to assume the responsibility of bearing his master any longer. The steed is uninjured—

All that a horse should have he doth not lack,  
Save a proud rider on so proud a back!

But the owner, how is he? Helped home to the manor in incredible ignominy, leaning on the arm of a groom who laughs in his sleeve,—his ribs bent out of shape, his face dark with pain and mortification,—he feels the smile on the face of his servant; he feels that the fox is safely grinning in his hole; he feels that his horse is rolling and whinnying with ecstasy—

that in short the laugh is for everybody else, and against him.





E. P. BERNÉ-BELLECOUR.

This spirited canvas was painted in 1869, and purchased by J. Evrard. The artist, Etienne Prosper Berne-Bellecour, was born at Boulogne, and became the pupil of Picot and of F. Barrias, the painter of the large "Victims of Tiberius," in the Luxembourg collection. He exposes two other oil-paintings, "A Cannon-Shot," and "An Officer of Mobiles." Of late years, since the fame of English water-color painting has spread into France, M. Berne-Bellecour has paid great attention to that method of art, and has won a high place for the ingenious subjects and firm, brilliant treatment of his pictures in this lighter line. Four of his water-colors,—*"The Lover," "The Bouquet," "A Japanese Girl,"* and *"A Russian Driver,"*—adorn the proper department of the Exposition, and by their variety indicate the suppleness of his talent. The most serious class of topics treated by M. Berne-Bellecour are his war-subjects. He has represented a number of the thrilling episodes between the German troops and the French; otherwise his pictures are usually painted anecdotes, of a witty and entertaining character.



THE TREACHEROUS HORSE, BY E. P. BERNÉ-BELLECOUR.









RENOWN.

THE FIGURE ON THE SUMMIT OF THE TROCADERO.]

FROM THE SCULPTURE BY ANTONIN MERCIÉ.



# RENOWN.

(THE CROWNING FIGURE OF THE TROCADÉRO PALACE.)

BY ANTONIN MERCIÉ.

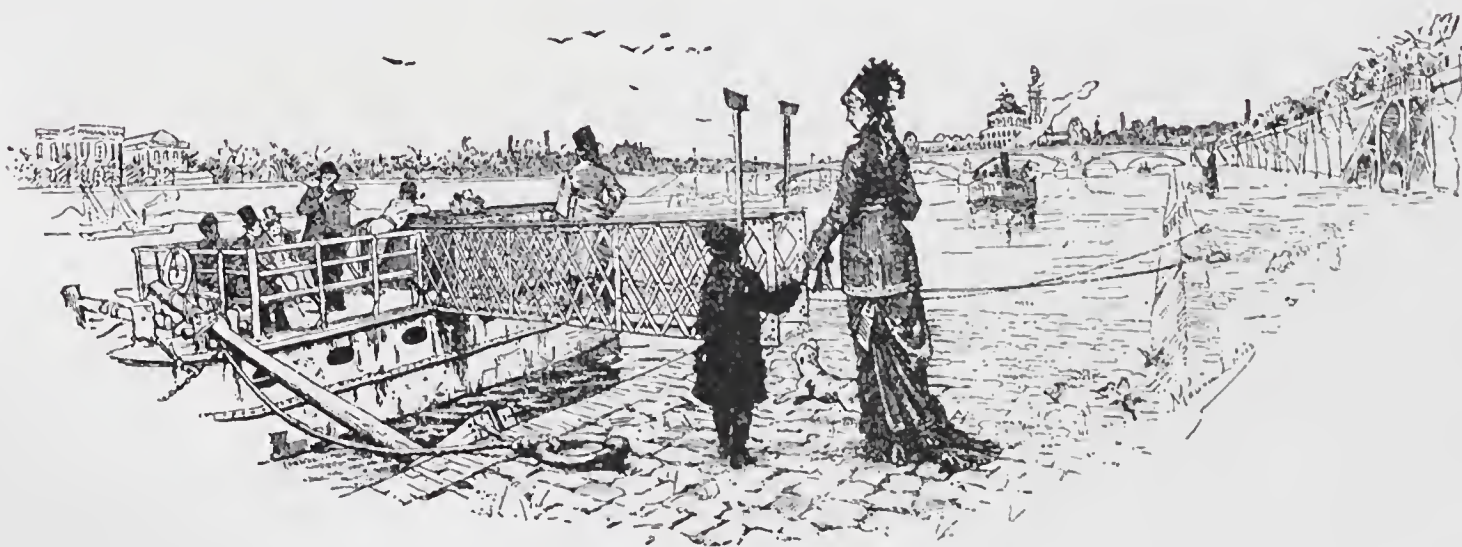


INITIAL FROM A DESIGN BY S. ARCOS.

LEVATED to the summit of the Trocadéro Palace, the statue of "Renown," by Mercié, with opened wings pointing upward, garments fluttering in the breeze, and arms generously extended, would seem to be a remarkable effort of sculpture, but it is placed so high that the impression is belittled. It would have been unwise, in fact, to make it larger, for it has to stand on the ribs of an open-work lantern, which, although not really weak, has the appearance of weakness, and would never do for the support of a figure large enough to be visible. It is something to be able to say of this telescopic image that the movement is pleasingly indicated in its outline on the sky; but it is hard that they have not placed somewhere in the park, on an ordinary pedestal, a casting or a plaster of the "Renown," which would allow us to take account of the beauties of the figure

while the original was still in view on its perch. This nearer view, denied to the visitor at the Exposition, is practically conceded to the reader of the *Chefs-d'œuvre*.

From the collection of Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York, we select for our last illustration one of the superb pair of plaques from the celebrated establishment of M. Théodore Deck, who has secured for his ceramics a European reputation, and for himself the cross of officer of the Legion of Honor, by the perfecting of his process of gilding under glaize. Visitors to the Paris Exposition of 1878 will remember the façade of the French Pavilion of Fine Arts, splendidly decorated with this faïence, and some of the most distinguished names of modern Paris artists, MM. Anker, Ehrmann, Laurens, and others, are signed on these permanent paintings. The plaque which we reproduce—and which, with its fellow, cost the owner ten thousand francs at the Exposition—was painted by L. J. R. Collin, one of the innumerable distinguished pupils of M. Cabanel. On the brilliant gold ground the head of a mediæval Swiss girl is seen in profile, the *mat* tones of the face relieved against the black of the broad hat shaded with blue plumes, and the technical excellence of the painting gives the pottery an artistic value seldom approached by the old majolica.









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